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THE CENTENARY BURNS

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No. 89.....



Painted by Alexander Nasmyth.

(The National Portrait Gallery, London 12½ by 9½ in.)

THE POETRY OF ROBERT BURNS

EDITED BY
WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY
AND
THOMAS F. HENDERSON

VOLUME III

SONGS

JOHNSON'S
MUSICAL MUSEUM
1787:1803

THOMSON'S
SCOTTISH AIRS
1793:1818

EDINBURGH
T. C. AND E. C. JACK
CAUSEWAYSIDE
1897

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FROM THE PICTURE BY ALEXANDER
NASMYTH . . . *Frontispiece*
(*The National Portrait Gallery, London*)

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY JOHN BEUGO *At page 128*
(*Edinburgh Edition, 1787*)

FROM SILHOUETTE 209
(*G. Burns Begg, Esq., Motherwell*)

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YOUNG PEGGY

I

YOUNG Peggy blooms our boniest lass :
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn the springing grass
With early gems adorning ;
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

II

Her lips, more than the cherries bright—
A richer dye has graced them—
They charm the admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them.
Her smile is as the evening mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

III

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
 Such sweetness would relent her :
 As blooming Spring unbends the brow
 Of surly, savage Winter.
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain
 Her winning powers to lessen,
 And fretful Envy grins in vain
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

IV

Ye Pow'rs of Honour, Love, and Truth,
 From ev'ry ill defend her !
 Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
 The destinies intend her !
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame
 Responsive in each bosom,
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom !

BONIE DUNDEE

I

[Notes]	'O, WHAR gat ye that hauver-meal bannock ?'
do not	'O silly blind body, O, dinna ye see ?
	I gat it frae a young, brisk sodger laddie
Perth	Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.

TO THE WEAVER'S GIN YE GO 3

O, gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!	would that
Aft has he doudl'd me up on his knee :	dandled
May Heaven protect my bonie Scots laddie,	
And send him hame to his babie and me !	

II

' My blessin's upon thy sweet, wee lippie !	
My blessin's upon thy bonie e'e brie !	eyebrow
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,	
Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me !	Thou art
But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,	build
Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear ;	meandering
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,	clothe
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.'	

TO THE WEAVER'S GIN YE GO should

Chorus

To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,	
To the weaver's gin ye go,	
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,	warn you
To the weaver's gin ye go.	true ; go

I

My heart was ance as blythe and free	once
As simmer days were lang ;	
But a bonie, westlin weaver lad	western
Has gart me change my sang.	made

4 TO THE WEAVER'S GIN YE GO

II

[Notes] My mither sent me to the town,
 To warp a plaiden wab ;
sob But the weary, weary warpin o't
 Has gart me sigh and sab.

III

A bonie, westlin weaver lad
Sat working at his loom ;
He took my heart, as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.

IV

drove I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
 And ay I ca'd it roun' ;
 And every shot and every knock,
ache My heart it gae a stoun.

V

The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonie, westlin weaver lad
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.

VI

befall ; if But what was said, or what was done,
country Shame fa' me gin I tell ;
 But O ! I fear the kintra soon
 Will ken as weel's mysel !

Chorus

To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,
 To the weaver's gin ye go,
 I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,
 To the weaver's gin ye go.

O, WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME TO YE,
 MY LAD

Chorus

O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad !
 O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad !
 Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad, go
 O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad !

I

But warily tent when ye come to court me,	spy
And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee ;	not ; -gate ;
Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see,	ajar
And come as ye were na comin to me,	Then
And come as ye were na comin to me !	not

II

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,	
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie ;	Go ; fly
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,	glance
Yet look as ye were na lookin to me,	
Yet look as ye were na lookin to me !	

6 I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET

III

sometimes;
disparage;
little

entice

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither tho' jokin ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me!

Chorus

O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad!
O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad!
Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad,
O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad!

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET

Chorus

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet!
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammie yet.

I

only child
strange

I fear;
[Notes]

I AM my mammie's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir,
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd it make me eerie, Sir.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDIE 7

II

Hallowmass is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, Sir,
And you an' I in ae bed— one
In trowth, I dare na venture, Sir !

III

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir, woods
But if ye come this gate again, way
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir. older be by

Chorus

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet !
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammie yet.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDIE birches

Chorus

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go ?
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldie ?

8 THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDIE

I

shines ;
slopes

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays,
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldie !

II

hang

The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldie.

III

woods

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream, deep-roaring, fa's
O'er hung with fragrant-spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldie.

IV

falls ;
brooklet
wets

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldie.

V

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldie.

Chorus

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go?
 Bonie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldie?

M'PERSON'S FAREWELL

Chorus

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,	jovially
Sae dauntingly gaed he,	went
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round	
Below the gallows-tree.	

I

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie!
 M'Pherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree.

II

O, what is death but parting breath?
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again!

III

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword,
 And there's no a man in all Scotland
 But I'll brave him at a word.

10 MY HIGHLAND LASSIE, O

IV

trouble

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;
I die by treacherie :
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avengèd be.

V

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky !
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dare not die !

Chorus

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round
Below the gallows-tree.

MY HIGHLAND LASSIE, O

Chorus

Above; rushy

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,
I set me down wi' right guid will
To sing my Highland lassie, O !

I

No highborn

NAE gentle dames, tho' ne'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care :
Their titles a' are empty show—
Gie me my Highland lassie, O !

Give

II

O, were yon hills and vallies mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine,
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O!

III

But fickle Fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea ; must
But while my crimson currents flow
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

IV

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change ;
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

V

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.

VI

She has my heart, she nas my hand,
My secret troth and honour's band !
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O !

STAY, MY CHARMER

Chorus

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O !
 Farewell the plain sae rashy, O !
 To other lands I now must go
 To sing my Highland lassie, O.

THO' CRUEL FATE

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part
 Far as the pole and line,
 Her dear idea round my heart
 Should tenderly entwine.
 Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,
 And oceans roar between,
 Yet dearer than my deathless soul
 I still would love my Jean.

STAY, MY CHARMER

I

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me ?
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me !
 Well you know how much you grieve me :
 Cruel charmer, can you go ?
 Cruel charmer, can you go ?

II

By my love so ill-requited,
 By the faith you fondly plighted,
 By the pangs of lovers slighted,
 Do not, do not leave me so !
 Do not, do not leave me so !

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT

I

THICKEST night, surround my dwelling !
 Howling tempests, o'er me rave !
 Turbid torrents wintry-swelling,
 Roaring by my lonely cave !
 Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

II

In the cause of Right engagèd,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly wagèd,
 But the heavens deny'd success.
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us :
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us,
 But a world without a friend.

lamb

MY HOGGIE

I

should

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die ?

My joy, my pride, my hoggie !

no more

My only beast, I had nae mae,

vain

And vow but I was vogie !

live-long ;
fold

The lee-lang night we watched the fauld,

Me and my faithfu' doggie ;

waterfall

We heard nocht but the roaring linn

hill-sides ;
scrubby

Amang the braes sae scroggie.

II

owl

But the houlet cry'd frae the castle wa',

snipe

The blitter frae the boggie,

fox

The tod reply'd upon the hill :

I trembled for my hoggie.

dawn

When day did daw, and cocks did craw,

The morning it was foggie,

strange dog ;
leaped ;
stone fence
almost

An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,

And maist has kill'd my hoggie !

JUMPIN JOHN

Chorus

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John

Beguil'd the bonie lassie !

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John

Beguil'd the bonie lassie !

I

HER daddie forbad, her minnie forbad ;	
Forbidden she wadna be :	would not
She wadna trow 't, the browst she brew'd	believe it ;
Wad taste sae bitterlie !	liquor

II

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,	ewe ; half
And thretty guid shillins and three :	thirty
A vera guid tocher ! a cotter-man's dochter,	dowry ;
The lass with the bonie black e'e !	daughter

Chorus

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
 Beguil'd the bonie lassie !
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
 Beguil'd the bonie lassie !

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

Chorus

Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early !
 When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly !

16 THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER

I

sorely CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly,
Sae loud and shrill 's I hear the blast—
I'm sure it's winter fairly !

II

All The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely ;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Chorus

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early !
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly !

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER

I

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover.
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland rover
Far wanders nations over,

Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden !
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey
 And bonie Castle Gordon !

II

The trees, now naked groaning,	
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,	hanging
The birdies, dowie moaning,	droopingly
Shall a' be blythely singing,	
And every flower be springing :	
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,	live-long
When (by his mighty Warden)	
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey	
And bonie Castle Gordon.	

THE DUSTY MILLER

I

HEY the dusty miller	
And his dusty coat !	
He will spend a shilling	
Or he win a groat.	Ere
Dusty was the coat,	
Dusty was the colour,	
Dusty was the kiss	
That I gat frae the miller !	

II

Hey the dusty miller
 And his dusty sack !
 Leeze me on the calling
 Fills the dusty peck !
 Fills the dusty peck,
 Brings the dusty siller !
 I wad gie my coatie
 For the dusty miller !

I DREAM'D I LAY

I

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing
 Gaily in the sunny beam,
 List'ning to the wild birds singing,
 By a falling crystal stream ;
 Straight the sky grew black and daring,
 Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave,
 Trees with agèd arms were warring
 O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

turbid

II

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd !
 But lang or noon loud tempests, storming,
 A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.

ere

All

Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me
(She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill),
Of monie a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

DUNCAN DAVISON

I

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moors to spin ;
THERE was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
THE moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh, dull ; skittish
 Her favour Duncan could na win ;
FOR wi' the rock she wad him knock, distaff
 And ay she shook the temper-pin. [Notes]

IX

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green ;
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
And ay she set the wheel between :
But Duncan swoor a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn ;
Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

fared

holy oath
to-morrow
-instruments
across the
brook

III

build

We will big a wee, wee house,
 And we will live like king and queen,
 Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en!
 A man may drink, and no be drunk;
 A man may fight, and no be slain;
 A man may kiss a bonie lass,
 And ay be welcome back again!

aside

THENIEL MENZIES' BONIE MARY

Chorus

lost

Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
 Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
 Charlie Grigor tint his plaidie,
 Kissin Theniel's bonie Mary!

I

while

dawning

IN comin by the brig o' Dye,
 At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
 As day was dawin in the sky,
 We drank a health to bonie Mary.

II

eyes

side

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
 Her haffet locks as brown's a berry,
 And ay they dimpl't wi' a smile,
 The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.

LADY ONLIE, HONEST LUCKY 21

III

We lap an' danc'd the lee-lang day,	leaped ; live-
Till piper-lads were wae and weary ;	long
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,	sad
For kissin Theniel's bonie Mary.	tune

Chorus

Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
Charlie Grigor tint his plaidie,
Kissin Theniel's bonie Mary !

LADY ONLIE, HONEST LUCKY

Chorus

Lady 'Onlie, honest lucky,	[Notes]
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky :	Buchan
I wish her sale for her guid ale,	
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky !	

I

A' THE lads o' Thorniebank,	
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,	go
They'll step in an' tak a pint	
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.	

22 THE BANKS OF THE DEVON

II

snug ;
kerchief
old dear
glances ;
-blaze

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean—
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
And cheery blinks the ingle-gleede
O' Lady Onlie, honest lucky !

Chorus

Lady Onlie, honest lucky,
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky :
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky !

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON

I

slopes

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair !
But the boniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn; as it bathes in the dew !
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew !

II

O, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill, hoary wing as ye usher the dawn !
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn !

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England triumphant display her proud rose !
 A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

DUNCAN GRAY

I

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray !	Woe befall
(Ha, ha, the girdin o't !)	girthin
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray !	Woe go with
(Ha, ha, the girdin o't !)	
When a' the lave gae to their play,	rest
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,	must ;
And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,	live-long
And a' for the girdin o't !	jog ; toe

II

Bonie was the Lammas moon	
(Ha, ha, the girdin o't !),	
Glowrin a' the hills aboon	above
(Ha, ha, the girdin o't !).	
The girdin brak, the beast cam down,	
I tint my curch and baith my shoon,	kerchief ;
And, Duncan, ye're an unco loun—	shoes
Wae on the bad girdin o't !	terrible rogue

III

if; oath	But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith (Ha, ha, the girdin o't!),
I'll	I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath (Ha, ha, the girdin o't!).
	Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith, The beast again can bear us baith,
damage	And auld Mess John will mend the skaith
patch	And clout the bad girdin o't.

THE PLOUGHMAN

Chorus

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
And hey, my merry ploughman !
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman !

I

THE ploughman, he's a bonie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo !
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.

II

	I hae been east, I hae been west,
Perth	I hae been at St. Johnston ;
	The boniest sight that e'er I saw
	Was the ploughman laddie dancin.

III

Snaw-white stockings on his legs	
And siller buckles glancin,	silver
A guid blue bonnet on his head,	
And O, but he was handsome !	

IV

Commend me to the barn-yard	stack-
And the corn mou, man !	heap
I never got my coggie fou	little
Till I met wi' the ploughman.	dish full

Chorus

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
 And hey, my merry ploughman !
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman !

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN reckoning

Chorus

Hey tutti, taiti,	
How tutti, taiti,	
Hey tutti, taiti,	
Wha's fou now ?	drunk

I

LANDLADY, count the lawin,	
The day is near the dawin ;	dawning
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,	
And I'm but jolly fou.	

26 RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING

II

Stoup ; full

Cog, an ye were ay fou,
Cog, an ye were ay fou,
I wad sit and sing to you,
If ye were ay fou !

III

all

Weel may ye a' be !
Ill may ye never see !
God bless the king
And the companie !

Chorus

Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti,
Hey tutti, taiti,
Wha's fou now ?

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING

I

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring :—
' Farewell hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure !
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow—
Cheerless night that knows no morrow !

II

‘O’er the Past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless Future pondering,
Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell Despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to Misery most distressing,
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark Oblivion join thee !’

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS
THE NIGHT

Chorus

For O, her lanely nights are lang,
And O, her dreams are eerie,
And O, her widow’d heart is sair,
That’s absent frae her dearie !

full of fear

I

How lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie !
I restless lie frae e’en to morn,
Tho’ I were ne’er sae weary.

II

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi’ thee, my dearie,
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie ?

28 MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN

III

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours !
The joyless day how dreary !
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie !

Chorus

For O, her lanely nights are lang,
And O, her dreams are eerie,
And O, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie !

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN

I

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me,
Wearying heav'n in warm devotion
For his weal where'er he be :

II

Hope and Fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law,
Whispering spirits round my pillow,
Talk of him that's far awa.

III

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,

Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear !

IV

Gentle night, do thou befriend me !
Downy sleep, the curtain draw !
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that 's far awa !

BLYTHER WAS SHE

Chorus

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she butt and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen !

in kitchen
and parlour ;
[Notes]

I

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw ;
But Phemie was a bonier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

oak
birch wood
heights

II

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn.
She trippèd by the banks o' Earn
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

light as

III

Her bonie face it was as meek
 As onie lamb upon a lea.
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

glance

IV

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 As o'er the Lawlands I hae been,
 But Phemie was the blythest lass
 That ever trod the dewy green.

Chorus

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
 Blythe was she butt and ben,
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blythe in Glenturit Glen!

conquer

TO DAUNTON ME

Chorus

To daunton me, to daunton me,
 An auld man shall never daunton me!

I

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
 The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
 The frost may freeze the deepest sea,
 But an auld man shall never daunton me.

II

To daunton me, and me sae young,
 Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue :
 That is the thing you ne'er shall see,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

III

For a' his meal and a' his maut,	malt
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,	
For a' his gold and white monie,	
An auld man shall never daunton me.	

IV

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,	money; kine; sheep
His gear may buy him glens and knowes ;	knolls
But me he shall not buy nor fee,	hire
For an auld man shall never daunton me.	

V

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,	hobbles two- fold ; can
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,	mouth ; bald
And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd	pate

e'e—

That auld man shall never daunton me !

Chorus

To daunton me, to daunton me,
 An auld man shall never daunton me !

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE

Chorus

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie!
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live and die wi' Charlie!

I

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie!
 I'll gie John Ross another bawbee-
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.

II

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
 Tho' some there be abhor him;
 going But O, to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him!

III

I swear and vow by moon and stars
 And sun that shines so early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd die as aft for Charlie!

Chorus

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie!
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live and die wi' Charlie!

A ROSE-BUD, BY MY EARLY WALK

I

A ROSE-BUD, by my early walk
Adown a corn-inclosèd bawk, field-path
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

II

Within the bush her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast,
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

34 AND I'LL KISS THEE YET

III

guards

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning !
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning !

AND I'LL KISS THEE YET

Chorus

And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
And I'll kiss thee o'er again,
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonie Peggy Alison.

I

such

WHEN in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O,
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O !

II

eyes

And by thy een sae bonie blue
I swear I'm thine for ever, O !
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O !

Chorus

And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 And I'll kiss thee o'er again,
 And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonie Peggy Alison

RATTLIN, ROARIN WILLIE

I

O, RATTLIN, roarin Willie,
 O, he held to the fair,
 An' for to sell his fiddle
 And buy some other ware ;
 But parting wi' his fiddle,
 The saut tear blin't his e'e—
 And, rattlin, roarin Willie,
 Ye 're welcome hame to me !

II

' O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 O, sell your fiddle sae fine !
 O Willie come sell your fiddle
 And buy a pint o' wine !'
 ' If I should sell my fiddle,
 The warld would think I was mad ;
 For monie a rantin day
 My fiddle and I hae had.'

merry

III

quietly
looked in

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben,
Rattlin, roarin Willie
Was sitting at yon boord-en' :
Sitting at yon boord-en',
And amang guid companie !
Rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me.

WHERE, BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S
STORMS

I

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes :
As one who by some savage stream
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd doubly, marks it beam
With art's most polish'd blaze.

II

Blest be the wild, sequester'd glade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r !

O TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY 37

The tyrant Death with grim control
May seize my fleeting breath,
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

O TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY

Chorus

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye wadna been sae shy !
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

would not
have
lack of
wealth; scorn
I care not
although
you do

I

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure !
Ye geck at me because I'm poor—
Put fient a hair care I !

Last night
spoke not ;
went ;
blowing dust
toss your
head
fiend

II

When comin hame on Sunday last,
Upon the road as I cam past,
Ye snufft an' gae your head a cast—
But, trowth, I care't na by !

gave
cared

III

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

wealth

IV

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows onie saucy quean,
 That looks sae proud and high !

V

direction
 Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.

VI

learning
 kine
 But if he hae the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Tho' hardly he for sense or lear
 Be better than the kye.

VII

ask
 But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice :
 Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice,
 The Deil a ane wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

VIII

shift
 makes
 There lives a lass beside yon park,
 I'd rather hae her in her sark
 Than you wi' a' your thousand mark,
 That gars you look sae high.

Chorus

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye wadna been sae shy !
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

CLARINDA, MISTRESS OF MY SOUL

I

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run !
The wretch beneath the dreary pole
So marks his latest sun.

II

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie,
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy ?

III

We part—but, by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes,
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise !

IV

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
 Has blest my glorious day ;
 And shall a glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray ?

THE WINTER IT IS PAST

I

THE winter it is past, and the simmer comes at last,
 And the small birds sing on ev'ry tree :
 The hearts of these are glad, but mine is very sad,
 For my love is parted from me.

II

The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear
 May have charms for the linnet or the bee :
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at
 rest,
 But my lover is parted from me.

III

My love is like the sun in the firmament does run—
 Forever is constant and true ;
 But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
 And every month it is new.

IV

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
 I pity the pains you endure,
 For experience makes me know that your hearts are
 full of woe,
 A woe that no mortal can cure.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET

Chorus

My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
 My bonie, bonie Sandy O!
 Tho' the love that I owe
 To thee I dare na show,
 Yet I love my love in secret,
 My Sandy O!

I

My Sandy gied to me a ring	gave
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine;	
But I gied him a far better thing,	
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.	

II

My Sandy brak a piece o' gowd,	gold
While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd;	salt; rolled
He took a hauf, and gied it to me,	half
And I'll keep it till the hour I die.	

Chorus

My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
 My bonie, bonie Sandy O !
 Tho' the love that I owe
 To thee I dare na show,
 Yet I love my love in secret,
 My Sandy O !

SWEET TIBBIE DUNBAR

I

O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
 Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

II

I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money ;
 I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly ;
 But say that thou 'lt hae me for better or waur,
 And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

worse
 short
 petticoat

HIGHLAND HARRY

Chorus

O, for him back again !
 O, for him back again !
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again.

I

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strade he on the plain, strode
But now he's banish'd far away :
I'll never see him back again.

II

When a' the lave gae to their bed, rest ; go
I wander dowie up the glen, drooping
I set me down, and greet my fill, weep
And ay I wish him back again.

III

O, were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain, every ; own
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again !

Chorus

O, for him back again !
O, for him back again !
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Highland Harry back again.

THE TAILOR FELL THRO' THE BED

I

THE tailor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a',
 The tailor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a';
 The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were
 sma'—
 The tailor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a'!

II

small The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,
 The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;
 The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still:
 She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill!

III

gentle Gie me the groat again, cannie young man!
 Gie me the groat again, cannie young man!,
 The day it is short, and the night it is lang—
 [Notes] The dearest siller that ever I wan!

IV

alone There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane!
 drooping;
 glad There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
 To see the bit tailor come skippin again.

AY WAUKIN, O

awake

Chorus

Ay waukin, O,
Waukin still and weary :
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

I

SIMMER's a pleasant time :
Flowers of every colour,
The water rins owre the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.

crag

II

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie,
Sleep I can get nane
For thinkin on my dearie.

apprehensive

III

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin,
I think on my bonie lad,
And I bleer my een wi' greetin.

rest

eyes ;
weeping*Chorus*

Ay waukin, O,
Waukin still and weary :
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

BEWARE O' BONIE ANN

I

warn you
true

YE gallants bright, I rede you right,
Beware o' bonie Ann!
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.

II

eyes

Her een sae bright like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan.

trim

Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist
That sweetly ye might span.

III

Youth, Grace, and Love attendant move,
And Pleasure leads the van :
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonie Ann.

IV

fine

The captive bands may chain the hands,
But Love enslaves the man :
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonie Ann !

LADDIE, LIE NEAR ME

Chorus

Near me, near me,
Laddie, lie near me !
Lang hae I lain my lane— alone
Laddie, lie near me !

I

LANG hae we parted been,
Laddie, my dearie ;
Now we are met again—
Laddie, lie near me !

II

A' that I hae endur'd,
Laddie, my dearie,
Here in thy arms is cur'd—
Laddie, lie near me !

Chorus

Near me, near me,
Laddie, lie near me !
Lang hae I lain my lane—
Laddie, lie near me !

spade

THE GARD'NER WI' HIS PAIDLE

I

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours,
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

II

The crystal waters gently fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round him blaw—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

III

must

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dew he maun repair—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

IV

When Day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es best,
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS

I

ON a bank of flowers in a summer day,
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful, blooming Nelly lay
 With love and sleep opprest ;
 When Willie, wand'ring thro' the wood,
 Who for her favour oft had sued—
 He gaz'd, he wish'd,
 He fear'd, he blush'd,
 And trembled where he stood.

II

Her closèd eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
 Were seal'd in soft repose ;
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
 It richer dyed the rose ;
 The springing lilies, sweetly prest,
 Wild-wanton kiss'd her rival breast :
 He gaz'd, he wish'd,
 He fear'd, he blush'd,
 His bosom ill at rest.

III

Her robes, light-waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace ;
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace.
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole :
He gaz'd, he wish'd,
He fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

IV

As flies the partridge from the brake
On fear-inspired wings,
So Nelly starting, half-awake,
Away affrighted springs.
But Willie follow'd—as he should ;
He overtook her in the wood ;
He vow'd, he pray'd,
He found the maid
Forgiving all, and good.

THE DAY RETURNS

I

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet !
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.

MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET 51

Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line,
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heav'n gave me more—it made thee mine!

II

While day and night can bring delight,
Or Nature aught of pleasure give,
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of Life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss, it breaks my heart!

MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

Chorus

My love, she's but a lassie yet,
My love, she's but a lassie yet!
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet!

I

I RUE the day I sought her, O!
I rue the day I sought her, O!
Wha gets her need na say he's woo'd,
But he may say he has bought her, O.

II

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet!
 Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
 But here I never missed it yet.

III

We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't,
 We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't!
 The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife—
 He could na preach for thinkin o't!

Chorus

My love, she's but a lassie yet,
 My love, she's but a lassie yet!
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet!

JAMIE, COME TRY ME

Chorus

Jamie, come try me,
 Jamie, come try me!
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me!

I

If thou should ask my love,
 Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me!

II

If thou should kiss me, love,
 Wha could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
 Jamie, come try me!

Chorus

Jamie, come try me,
 Jamie, come try me!
If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me!

THE SILVER TASSIE

I

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonie lassie!
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,
 And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

[Notes]

must

II

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody.
It's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar:
It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary!

THE LAZY MIST

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill.
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year!

II

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown.
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues!

III

How long I have liv'd, but how much liv'd in vain!
How little of life's scanty span may remain!
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn!
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn!

IV

How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how
pain'd !

Life is not worth having with all it can give :
For something beyond it poor man, sure, must live.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY

Chorus

O, mount and go,
Mount and make you ready !
O, mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady !

I

WHEN the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle :

II

When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we 'll go,
And in love enjoy it.

Chorus

O, mount and go,
 Mount and make you ready !
 O, mount and go,
 And be the Captain's Lady !

directions

OF A' THE AIRTS

I

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best.
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And monie a hill between,
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

roll

II

I see her in the dewy flowers—
 I see her sweet and fair.
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds—
 I hear her charm the air.
 There's not a bonie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

wood

reminds

CARL, AN THE KING COME if

Chorus

Carl, an the King come,
 Carl, an the King come,
 Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
 Carl, an the King come !

I

AN somebodie were come again,	
Then somebodie maun cross the main,	must
And every man shall hae his ain,	own
Carl, an the King come !	

II

I trow we swappèd for the worse :	swapped
We gae the boot and better horse,	gave
And that we'll tell them at the Cross,	
Carl, an the King come !	

III

Coggie, an the King come,	Stoup
Coggie, an the King come,	
I'll be fou, and thou'se be toom,	I'll be full; (i.e. drunk);
Coggie, an the King come !	thou 'lt; empty

58 WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T

Chorus

Carl, an the King come,
Carl, an the King come,
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
Carl, an the King come !

rest of it

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T

I

ask no
more

FIRST when Maggie was my care,
Heav'n, I thought, was in her air ;
Now we're married, spier nae mair,
But—whistle o'er the lave o't !
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child :
Wiser men than me's beguiled—
Whistle o'er the lave o't !

II

care nothing

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree,
I care na by how few may see—
Whistle o'er the lave o't !
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
I could write (but Meg wad see 't)—
Whistle o'er the lave o't !

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL

I

O, WERE I on Parnassus hill,	
Or had o' Helicon my fill,	[Notes]
That I might catch poetic skill	
To sing how dear I love thee !	
But Nith maun be my Muses' well,	must
My Muse maun be thy bonie sel',	
On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,	gaze ; [Notes]
And write how dear I love thee.	

II

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay !	
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day	live-long
I couldna sing, I couldna say	
How much, how dear I love thee.	
I see thee dancing o'er the green,	
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,	
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—	eyes
By Heaven and Earth I love thee !	

III

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame,
 And ay I muse and sing thy name—
 I only live to love thee.

Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run,
Till then—and then—I'd love thee !

THE CAPTIVE RIBBAND

I

MYRA, the captive ribband 's mine !
'Twas all my faithful love could gain,
And would you ask me to resign
The sole reward that crowns my pain ?

II

Go, bid the hero, who has run
Thro' fields of death to gather fame—
Go, bid him lay his laurels down,
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim !

III

The ribband shall its freedom lose—
Lose all the bliss it had with you !—
And share the fate I would impose
On thee, wert thou my captive too.

IV

It shall upon my bosom live,
 Or clasp me in a close embrace ;
 And at its fortune if you grieve,
 Retrieve its doom, and take its place.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY

I

THERE's a youth in this city, it were a great pity
 That he from our lasses should wander awa' ;
 For he's bonie and braw, weel-favor'd witha', smart
 An' his hair has a natural buckle an' a'. curl

II

His coat is the hue o' his bonnet sae blue,
 His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw, waistcoat
 His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae, blue ; shoe
 And his clear siller buckles, they dazzle us a'.

III

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin :
 Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, an' -dowered
 braw,
 But chiefly the siller that gars him gang till her— money ;
 The penny's the jewel that beautifies a' ! makes ; go to

62 MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

IV

farm ; gladly
would have
had

There's Meg wi' the mailen, that fain wad a haen
him,
And Susie, wha's daddie was laird of the Ha',
almost There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his
fancy ;
self But the laddie's dear sel he loes dearest of a'.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

Chorus

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go !

I

FAREWELL to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth !
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

II

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods !

Chorus

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
 A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go !

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

I

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,	
When we were first acquent,	acquainted
Your locks were like the raven,	
Your bonie brow was brent ;	straight
But now your brow is beld, John,	bald
Your locks are like the snaw,	
But blessings on your frosty pow,	pate
John Anderson my jo !	

II

John Anderson my jo, John,	
We clamb the hill thegither,	climbed ; together
And monie a cantie day, John,	jolly
We've had wi' ane anither ;	
Now we maun totter down, John,	must
And hand in hand we'll go,	
And sleep thegither at the foot,	
John Anderson my jo !	

AWA', WHIGS, AWA'

Chorus

Awa', Whigs, awa' !

Awa', Whigs, awa' !

Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae guid at a'.

I

thistles

OUR thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonie bloom'd our roses ;
But Whigs cam like a frost in June,
An' wither'd a' our posies.

II

dust-whirl
book

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust—
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't,
An' write their names in his black beuk,
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't !

III

describing

Our sad decay in church and state
Surpasses my describing.
The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi' thriving.

IV

awake

hare

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,
But we may see him waukin—
Gude help the day when Royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin !

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES 65

Chorus

Awa', Whigs, awa' !
 Awa', Whigs, awa' !
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
 Ye'll do nae guid at a'.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES Drive; ewes;
knolls

Chorus

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them where the heather grows,
 Ca' them where the burnie rowes, brooklet;
rolls
 My bonie dearie !

I

As I gaed down the water-side, went
 There I met my shepherd lad :
 He row'd me sweetly in his plaid, wrapped
 And he ca'd me his dearie. called

II

'Will ye gang down the water-side, go
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.'

III

'I was bred up in nae sic school, such
 My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
 An' a' the day to sit in dool, sorrow
 An' naebody to see me.'

66 O, MERRY HAE I BEEN

IV

Calf-

‘ Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Caulf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms thou ’lt lie and sleep,
An’ ye sall be my dearie.’

V

I’ll go

‘ If ye’ll but stand to what ye’ve said,
I’s gang wi’ you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.’

VI

wind
shines;
welkin; high

‘ While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death sall blin’ my e’e,
Ye sall be my dearie.’

Chorus

Ca’ the yowes to the knowes,
Ca’ them where the heather grows,
Ca’ them where the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie!

O, MERRY HAE I BEEN

I

huckling-
comb

patching

O, MERRY hae I been teethin a heckle,
An’ merry hae I been shapin a spoon!
O, merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,
An’ kissin my Katie when a’ was done!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT 67

O, a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,	knock
An' a' the lang day I whistle an' sing !	
O, a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,	mistress
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king !	

II

Bitter in dool, I lickit my winnins	sorrow ; supped ; earnings
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave.	
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linens,	winding- sheet
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!	
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,	
An' come to my arms, and kiss me again !	
Drucken or sober, here 's to thee, Katie,	
And blest be the day I did it again !	

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

I

FATE gave the word—the arrow sped,
 And pierc'd my darling's heart,
 And with him all the joys are fled
 Life can to me impart.
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 In dust dishonor'd laid :
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,
 My age's future shade.

II

The mother linnet in the brake
 Bewails her ravish'd young :
 So I for my lost darling's sake
 Lament the live-day long.
 Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow !
 Now fond I bare my breast !
 O, do thou kindly lay me low,
 With him I love at rest !

THE WHITE COCKADE

Chorus

rollicking

O, he's a ranting, roving lad !
 He is a brisk an' a bonie lad !
 Betide what may, I will be wed,
 And follow the boy wi' the White Cockade !

I

My love was born in Aberdeen,
 The boniest lad that e'er was seen ;
 But now he makes our hearts fu' sad—
 He takes the field wi' his White Cockade.

II

distaff; flax
 white-faced

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
 My guid gray mare and hawkit cow,
 To buy mysel a tartan plaid,
 To follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE 69

Chorus

O, he's a ranting, roving lad !
He is a brisk an' a bonie lād !
Betide what may, I will be wed,
And follow the boy wi' the White Cockade !

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE hills

I

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea ;
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green, lark
But nature sicken'd on the e'e ; eye
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang :—
'Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle !

II

'Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair ;
Ye birdies, dumb in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air ;
But here, alas ! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile :
Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr !
Fareweel ! fareweel sweet Ballochmyle !'

rollicking THE RANTIN DOG, THE DADDIE O'T

I

-clothes O, WHA my babie-clouts will buy ?
 attend to O, wha will tent me when I cry ?
 Wha will kiss me where I lie ?—
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't !

II

fault O, wha will own he did the faut ?
 [Notes] O, wha will buy the groanin maut ?
 name it O, wha will tell me how to ca't ?—
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't !

III

[Notes] When I mount the creepie-chair,
 Wha will sit beside me there ?
 Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair—
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't !

IV

talk ; alone Wha will crack to me my lane ?
 [Notes] Wha will mak me fidgin fain ?
 Wha will kiss me o'er again ?—
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't !

THOU LINGERING STAR

I

THOU ling'ring star with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

II

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
 To live one day of parting love ?
 Eternity cannot efface
 Those records dear of transports past,
 Thy image at our last embrace—
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

III

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods thickening green ;
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
 'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene ;

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

IV

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser-care.
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 O Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

EPPIE ADAIR

Chorus

An' O my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie !
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair ?

wouldn't

I

By love and by beauty,
 By law and by duty,
 I swear to be true to
 My Eppie Adair !

THE BATTLE OF SHERRAMUIR 73

II

A' pleasure exile me, All
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair !

Chorus

An' O my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie !
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair ?

THE BATTLE OF SHERRAMUIR

I

' O, CAM ye here the fight to shun, Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ? Or were ye at the Sherra-moor, Or did the battle see, man ?' ' I saw the battle, sair and teugh, And reekin-red ran monie a sheugh ; My heart for fear gae sough for sough, To hear the thuds, and see the cluds O' clans frae woods in tartan duds, Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.	 sore and tough furrow gave ; sigh clouds clothes grasped
---	--

74 THE BATTLE OF SHERRAMUIR

II

' The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds
 not slow To meet them were na slaw, man :
 They rush'd and push'd and bluid outgush'd,
 trunk And monie a bouk did fa', man !
 The great Argyle led on his files,
 wot ; shone I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles ;
 hocked ;
 skittles They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
 They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-swords
 clash'd,
 And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
 fated Till fey men died awa, man.

III

kilts ' But had ye seen the philibegs
 flaring ;
 trousers And skyrin tartan trews, man,
 dared When in the teeth they daur'd our Whigs
 And Covenant trueblues, man !
 - In lines extended lang and large,
 bayonets When baig'nets o'erpower'd the targe,
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath
 pigeons They fled like frightened dows, man ! '

IV

howtheDevil ' O, how Deil ! Tam, can that be true ?
 went The chase gaed frae the north, man !
 I saw mysel, they did pursue
 The horseman back to Forth, man ;

THE BATTLE OF SHERRAMUIR 75

And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might, bridge
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight ;
But, cursed lot ! the gates were shut,
And monie a huntit poor red-coat,
For fear amaisht did swarf, man !' almost ;
swoon

V

' My sister Kate cam up the gate road
Wi' crowdie unto me, man : meal and
water
She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man !
Their left-hand general had nae skill ;
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' bluid to spill ;
For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows, mugs of
porridge
And hameward fast did flee, man.

VI

' They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man !
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
But monie bade the world guid-night :
Say, pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell
How Tories fell, and Whigs to Hell
Flew off in frightened bands, man !'

YOUNG JOCKIE WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD

I

round about
goad; [Notes]

Young Jockie was the blythest lad,
In a' our town or here awa :
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.

II

praised ; eyes
trimly
mouth

He roos'd my een sae bonie blue,
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma' ;
An' ay my heart cam to my mou',
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

III

longingly
oxen ; drive

My Jockie toils upon the plain
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw ;
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
When Jockie's owsen hameward ca'.

IV

An' ay the night comes round again,
When in his arms he taks me a',
An' ay he vows he'll be my ain
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

A WAUKRIFE MINNIE

wakeful
mother

I

‘WHARE are you gaun, my bonie lass?’

going

Whare are you gaun, my hinnie?’

honey

She answer’d me right saucilie:—

‘An errand for my minnie!’

II

‘O, whare live ye, my bonie lass?’

O, whare live ye, my hinnie?’

‘By yon burnside, gin ye maun ken,

brookside;
if; must

In a wee house wi’ my minnie!’

III

But I foor up the glen at e’en

went

To see my bonie lassie,

And lang before the grey morn cam

She was na hauf sae saucy.

half

IV

O, weary fa’ the waukrife cock,

woe befall;

And the founmart lay his crawin!

polecat; stop;
crowing

He wauken’d the auld wife frae her sleep

woman

A wee blink or the dawin.

bit ere the
dawn

V

wot ; rose

An angry wife I wat she raise,
 And o'er the bed she brought her,
 And wi' a meikle hazel-rung
 She made her a weel-pay'd dochter.

big ; -cudgel

well-thrashed

VI

'O, fare-thee-weel, my bonie lass !
 O, fare-thee-weel, my hinnie !
 Thou art a gay and a bonie lass,
 But thou has a waukrife minnie !'

THO' WOMEN'S MINDS

Chorus

much as

For a' that, an' a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that,
 The bonie lass that I loe best,
 She'll be my ain for a' that !

I

most

Tho' women's minds like winter winds
 May shift, and turn, an' a' that,
 The noblest breast adores them maist—
 A consequence, I draw that.

II

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, an' a' that;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that. contradict

III

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that,
 But for how lang the flie may stang, fly; sting
 Let inclination law that!

IV

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
 They've taen me in an' a' that,
 But clear your decks, and here's:—'The Sex!'
 I like the jads for a' that! jades

Chorus

For a' that, an' a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that,
 The bonie lass that I loe best,
 She'll be my ain for a' that!

malt ' WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

Chorus

full (*i.e.*
drunk)

droplet

crow ; dawn

-brew

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e !
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley-bree !

I

live-long
would not
have ;
Christendom

O, WILLIE brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see.
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night
Ye wad na found in Christendie.

II

[Notes]

more

Here are we met three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we ;
And monie a night we've merry been,
And monie mae we hope to be !

III

shining ;
sky ; high
entice

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie :
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee !

IV

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,	go
A cuckold, coward loun is he !	rogue
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',	
He is the King amang us three !	

Chorus

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e !
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley-bree !

KILLIECRANKIE

Chorus

An ye had been whare I hae been,	If
Ye wad na been sae cantie, O !	would not have ; jolly
An ye had seen what I hae seen	
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O !	heights

I

'Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad ?	fine
Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O ?	spruce
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad ?	
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O ?'	

II

‘I faught at land, I faught at sea,
 At hame I faught my auntie, O ;
 But I met the Devil and Dundee
 On the braes o’ Killiecrankie, O.

III

furrow

knock

Else ; hawk

‘The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
 An’ Clavers gat a clankie, O,
 Or I had fed an Athole gled
 On the braes o’ Killiecrankie, O!’

Chorus

An ye had been whare I hae been,
 Ye wad na been sae cantie, O !
 An ye had seen what I hae seen
 On the braes o’ Killiecrankie, O !

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE

I

I went a
 woful way
 last night

eyes

I GAED a waefu’ gate yestreen,
 A gate I fear I’ll dearly rue :
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o’ bonie blue !

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew, wet
 Her heaving bosom lily-white :
 It was her een sae bonie blue.

II

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd, snared
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how ;
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound, ache
 Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.
 But 'spare to speak, and spare to speed' — [Notes]
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow : may be
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead death
 To her twa een sae bonie blue.

THE BANKS OF NITH

I

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand ;
 But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
 Where Cummins ance had high command. [Notes]
 When shall I see that honor'd land,
 That winding stream I love so dear ?
 Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
 For ever—ever keep me here ?

II

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where bounding hawthorns gaily bloom,
 And sweetly spread thy sloping dales,
 Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom !
 Tho' wandering now must be my doom
 Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume
 Amang my friends of early days !

TAM GLEN

I

sister

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len'.
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?

II

such ; fine
 poverty ;
 shift

must not

I'm thinking, wi' sic a brow fellow
 In poortith I might mak a fen'.
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen ?

III

in

money

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller :
 'Guid day to you,' brute ! he comes ben.
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?

IV

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men.
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me—
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

mother;
 deafen

V

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'd gie me guid hunder marks ten.
 But if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
 O, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

if

VI

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten,
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written 'Tam Glen'!

Last night
 mouth;
 spring

VII

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken—
 His likeness came up the house staukin,
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

[Notes]
 wetted shift
 stalking
 breeches

VIII

Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry!
 I'll gie ye my bonie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD

Chorus

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee !
O, sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee !

I

SWEET closes the ev'ning on Craigieburn Wood
And blythely awaukens the morrow ;
But the pride o' the spring on the Craigieburn
Wood
Can yield me naught but sorrow.

II

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing ;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

III

I can na tell, I maun na tell,
I daur na for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

IV

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I seë thee sweet and bonie ;
But O, what will my torment be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie !

V

To see thee in another's arms
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen—
My heart wad burst wi' anguish !

death

VI

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me,
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

Chorus

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee !
O, sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee !

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE

I

	FRAE the friends and land I love
relentless	Driv'n by Fortune's felly spite,
	Frae my best belov'd I rove,
	Never mair to taste delight !
must	Never mair maun hope to find
	Ease frae toil, relief frae care.
	When remembrance wracks the mind,
	Pleasures but unveil despair.

II

gloomy	Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
every	Desert ilka blooming shore,
	Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
	Friendship, love, and peace restore ;
	Till Revenge wi' laurell'd head
	Bring our banish'd hame again,
each	And ilk loyal, bonie lad
	Cross the seas, and win his ain !

O JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW

Chorus

O John, come kiss me now, now, now !
 O John, my love, come kiss me now !
 O John, come kiss me by and by,
 For weel ye ken the way to woo !

I

O, SOME will court and compliment,	
And ither some will kiss and daut ;	others ; pet
But I will mak o' my guidman,	husband
My ain guidman—it is nae faut !	fault

II

O, some will court and compliment,	
And ither some will prie their mou',	taste
And some will hause in ither's arms,	cuddle
And that's the way I like to do !	

Chorus

O John, come kiss me now, now, now !
 O John, my love, come kiss me now !
 O John, come kiss me by and by,
 For weel ye ken the way to woo !

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER

I

WHEN first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,
 He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown,
 But now he has gotten a hat and a feather—
 Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver !

90 MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL

II

spruce Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush !
 We'll over the border and gie them a brush :
 There's somebody there we'll teach better be-
 haviour—
 Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver !

dowry's MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL

I

much O, MEIKLE thinks my luv o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my luv o' my kin ;
 finely But little thinks my luv I ken brawlie
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,
 honey It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee !
 much ; money My laddie's sae meikle in luv wi' the siller,
 He canna hae luv to spare for me !

II

hansel- Your proffer o' luv's an airle-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;
 if But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune may try.
 timber Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree :
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 An' ye'll crack ye're credit wi' mair nor me !

GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN

Hostess ;
reckoning*Chorus*

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
 The lawin, the lawin !
 Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
 And bring a coggie mair !

[Notes]

I

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
 But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And blude-red wine's the risin sun.

Gone ; dark's
want

II

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And semple folk maun fecht and fen' ;
 But here we're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

simple ; fight
and defend
(i.e. shift for
themselves)
one
every

III

My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool,
 And Pleasure is a wanton trout :
 An ye drink it a', ye'll find him out !

stoup ; holy
sorrow

If

92 THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE

Chorus

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin !
Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair !

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL
JAMIE COMES HAME

I

By yon castle wa' at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey,
And as he was singing, the tears doon came :—
'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame !

II

'The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars,
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame !

III

fine 'My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
weep ; earth But now I greet round their green beds in the yerd ;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame !

IV

' Now life is a burden that bows me down,	
Sin I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;	since ; lost ;
But till my last moments my words are the same—	children
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame ! '	

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE

I

WHAT can a young lassie,	
What shall a young lassie,	
What can a young lassie	
Do wi' 'an auld man ?	
Bad luck on the penny	
That tempted my minnie	mother
To sell her puir Jenny	
For siller an' lan' !	money

II

He's always compleenin	
Frae mornin to eenin ;	
He hoasts and he hirples	coughs ;
The weary day lang ;	hobbles
He's doylt and he's dozin ;	stupid ;
His blude it is frozen—	torpid
O, dreary's the night	
Wi' a crazy auld man !	

III

He hums and he hankers,
 He frets and he cankers,
 I never can please him
 Do a' that I can.
 He's peevish an' jealous
 Of a' the young fellows—
 O, dool on the day
 I met wi' an auld man !

woe

IV

My auld auntie Katie
 Upon me taks pity,
 I'll do my endeavour
 To follow her plan :
 I'll cross him an' wrack him
 Until I heartbreak him,
 And then his auld brass
 Will buy me a new pan.

THE BONIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA

I

O, how can I be blythe and glad,
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
 When the bonie lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa ?

go ; fine

II

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw ;
But ay the tear comes in my e'e
To think on him that's far awa.

III

My father pat me frae his door, put
My friends they hae disown'd me a' ;
But I hae ane will tak my part—
The bonie lad that's far awa.

IV

A pair o' glooves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa, fillets; gave
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonie lad that's far awa.

V

O, weary Winter soon will pass,
And Spring will cleed the birken shaw, clothe; birch
woods
And my sweet babie will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa !

96 SENSIBILITY HOW CHARMING

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR

I

would have ;
ears
not

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luv,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could muve.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art so thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind
every
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

II

soon ; loses
pulled
Such

See yonder rosebud rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy,
How sune it tines its scent and hue,
When pu'd and worn a common toy !
Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile,
And sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like onie common weed, an' vile.

SENSIBILITY HOW CHARMING

I

SENSIBILITY how charming,
Thou, my friend, can'st truly tell !
But Distress with horrors arming
Thou alas ! hast known too well !

II

Fairest flower, behold the lily
Blooming in the sunny ray :
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate in the clay.

III

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys ;
But alas ! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies !

IV

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow :
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS

I

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather
to feed,
And the shepherd tends his flock as he pipes on his tends
reed.

98 YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS

II

Not Gowrie's rich valley nor Forth's sunny shores
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors ;
For there, by a lanely, sequesterèd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

III

those Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my
 path,
Each Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow
 strath ;
For there wi' my lassie the lang day I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flie the swift hours o' love.

IV

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair ;
O' nice education but sma' is her share ;
Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

V

must To Beauty what man but maun yield him a
 prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs ?
 And when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her
 darts,
eyes They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

I HAE BEEN AT CROOKIEDEN 99

VI

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond-sparkling
e'e

Has lustre outshining the diamond to me,
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her
arms,

O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !

I HAE BEEN AT CROOKIEDEN Hell

I

I HAE been at Crookieden—

My bonie laddie, Highland laddie !
Viewing Willie and his men—

William of
Cumberland

My bonie laddie, Highland laddie !
There our foes that burnt and slew—

My bonie laddie, Highland laddie !
There at last they gat their due—

My bonie laddie, Highland laddie !

II

Satan sits in his black neuk—

corner

My bonie laddie, Highland laddie !
Breaking sticks to roast the Duke—

My bonie laddie, Highland laddie !

100 IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONIE FACE

The bloody monster gae a yell—
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie !
And loud the laugh gaed round a' Hell—
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie !

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONIE FACE

I

not It is na, Jean, thy bonie face
 Nor shape that I admire,
 Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awauk desire.
every Something in ilka part o' thee
 To praise, to love, I find ;
 But, dear as is thy form to me,
 Still dearer is thy mind.

II

so Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
 Nor stronger in my breast,
 Than, if I canna mak thee sae,
 At least to see thee blest :
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee,
 And, as wi' thee I wish to live,
 For thee I 'd bear to dee.

MY EPPIE MACNAB

I

O, SAW ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab ?

O, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab ?

‘She’s down in the yard, she’s kissin the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab !’

will not

II

O, come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab !

O, come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab !

Whate’er thou has done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou’s welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

art

III

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab ?

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab ?

‘She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.’

know

IV

O, had I ne’er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab !

O, had I ne’er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab !

As light as the air and as fause as thou’s fair,
Thou’s broken the heart o’ thy ain Jock Rab !

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR

I

go your way,
ye shall not
must
do

‘WHA is that at my bower door?’
 ‘O, wha is it but Findlay!’
 ‘Then gae your gate, ye ’se nae be here.’
 ‘Indeed maun I!’ quo’ Findlay.
 ‘What mak ye, sae like a thief?’
 ‘O, come and see!’ quo’ Findlay.
 ‘Before the morn ye ’ll work mischief?’
 ‘Indeed will I!’ quo’ Findlay.

II

If

awake

‘Gif I rise and let you in’—
 ‘Let me in!’ quo’ Findlay—
 ‘Ye ’ll keep me wauken wi’ your din?’
 ‘Indeed will I!’ quo’ Findlay.
 ‘In my bower if ye should stay’—
 ‘Let me stay!’ quo’ Findlay—
 ‘I fear ye ’ll bide till break o’ day?’
 ‘Indeed will I!’ quo’ Findlay.

III

‘Here this night if ye remain’—
 ‘I ’ll remain!’ quo’ Findlay—
 ‘I dread ye ’ll learn the gate again?’
 ‘Indeed will I!’ quo’ Findlay.

‘What may pass within this bower’
 (‘Let it pass!’ quo’ Findlay!)
‘Ye maun conceal till your last hour’—
 ‘Indeed will I!’ quo’ Findlay.

BONIE WEE THING

Chorus

Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,	gentle
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,	
I wad wear thee in my bosom	
Lest my jewel it should tine.	lose

I

WISHFULLY I look and languish	
In that bonie face o’ thine,	
And my heart it stounds wi’ anguish,	aches
Lest my wee thing be na mine.	

II

Wit and Grace and Love and Beauty	
In ae constellation shine !	one
To adore thee is my duty,	
Goddess o’ this soul o’ mine !	

Chorus

Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom
 Lest my jewel it should tine.

other

THE TITHER MORN

I

oak

sweetheart

by the
darkeningtrim; leapt;
ridge

pettingly

nevertheless

THE tither morn, when I forlorn
 Aneath an aik sat moaning,
 I did na trow I'd see my jo
 Beside me gin the gloaming.
 But he sae trig lap o'er the rig,
 And dawtingly did cheer me,
 When I, what reck, did least expeck
 To see my lad sae near me!

II

aside

spruce

wot; fondness
wept

early

a little ago

His bonnet he a thought ajee
 Cock'd spunk when first he clasp'd me;
 And I, I wat, wi' fainness grat,
 While in his grips he press'd me.
 'Deil tak the war!' I late and air
 Hae wish'd since Jock departed;
 But now as glad I'm wi' my lad
 As short syne broken-hearted.

III

Fu' aft at e'en, wi' dancing keen,	Full oft
When a' were blythe and merry,	
I car'd na by, sae sad was I	cared not a jot
In absence o' my deary.	
But praise be blest ! my mind's at rest,	
I'm happy wi' my Johnie !	
At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there,	I'll
And be as canty's onie.	jolly as any

AE FOND KISS

One

I

AE fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae farewell, and then forever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
 Dark despair around benights me.

II

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy :
 Naething could resist my Nancy !
 But to see her was to love her,
 Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted—
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

III

every

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure !
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae farewell, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

LOVELY DAVIES

I

must

O, how shall I, unskilfu', try
 The Poet's occupation ?
 The tunefu' Powers, in happy hours
 That whisper inspiration,
 Even they maun dare an effort mair
 Than aught they ever gave us,
 Ere they rehearse in equal verse
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

II

Each eye, it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and every flower
The garden is adorning !
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is,
Sae droops our heart, when we maun part
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

III

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes.
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances.
The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is :
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering lovely Davies.

above ;
sky

IV

My Muse to dream of such a theme
Her feeble powers surrenders ;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendours.
I wad in vain essay the strain—
The deed too daring brave is !
I'll drap the lyre, and, mute, admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

drop

pound ; yarn THE WEARY PUND O' TOW

Chorus

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow !
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

I

stone ; flax

I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint
As guid as e'er did grow,
And a' that she has made o' that
Is ae puir pund o' tow.

one poor

II

hole in the
wall
At the back
of the fire-
place
other suck
wet the dusty

There sat a bottle in a bole
Beyond the ingle low ;
And ay she took the tither souk
To drouk the stourie tow.

III

bunch

distaff

pate

Quoth I :—‘ For shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow ! ’
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brake it o'er my pow.

IV

At last her feet—I sang to see't!—

Gaed foremost o'er the knowe,

And or I wad anither jad,

I'll wallop in a tow.

went; hill

wed

kick heels;
rope

Chorus

The weary pund, the weary pund,

The weary pund o' tow!

I think my wife will end her life

Before she spin her tow.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN

have

I

I HAE a wife o' my ain,

I'll partake wi' naebody:

I'll take cuckold frae nane,

I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

II

I hae a penny to spend,

There—thanks to naebody!

I hae naething to lend,

I'll borrow frae naebody.

110 WHEN SHE CAM BEN, SHE BOBBED .

III

I am naeboddy's lord,
I'll be slave to naeboddy;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naeboddy.

blows

IV

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naeboddy.
Naeboddy cares for me,
I care for naeboddy.

[Notes]

into the
parlour ;
curtseyed

WHEN SHE CAM BEN, SHE BOBBED

I

O, WHEN she cam ben, she bobbéd fu' law !
O, when she cam ben, she bobbéd fu' law !
And when she cam' ben, she kiss'd Cockpen,
And syne she deny'd she did it at a' !

then ; at all

II

And was na Cockpen right saucy witha' ?
And was na Cockpen right saucy witha',
In leaving the dochter o' a lord,
And kissin a collier lassie an' a' ?

III

O, never look down, my lassie, at a' !
 O, never look down, my lassie, at a' !
 Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
 As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

IV

'Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma', fine
 Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',
 Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark, shift
 And Lady Jean was never sae braw.'

Chorus

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam !
 And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam !
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam. If

I

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down, snub; sore;
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam; keep
 But three short years will soon wheel roun'— make; a
 And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam ! stupid

112 O, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE

II

[Notes];
handful of
money

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear
Was left me by my auntie, Tam.
At kith or kin I needna spier,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

Of; ask

III

dolt

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof:
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!

palm

Chorus

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

O, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE

I

O, KENMURE's on and awa, Willie,
O, Kenmure's on and awa!
An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw!

II

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,
Success to Kenmure's band !
There's no a heart that fears a Whig
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

III

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
Here's Kenmure's health in wine !
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

IV

O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O, Kenmure's lads are men !
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.

V

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live or die wi' fame !
But soon wi' sounding Victorie
May Kenmure's lord come hame !

VI

Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
Here's him that's far awa !
And here's the flower that I lo'e best—
The rose that's like the snaw !

blessings O, LEEZE ME ON MY SPINNIN-WHEEL

I

distaff
top to toe ;
clothes ;
comfortably
wraps ; well
place
low

O, LEEZE me on my spinnin-wheel !
And leeze me on my rock and reel,
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !
I'll set me down, and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the summer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O, leeze me on my spinnin-wheel !

II

either ;
brooklets
thatched
birch

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot.
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest
And little fishes' caller rest.
The sun blinks kindly in the biel,
Where blythe I turn my spinnin-wheel.

III

oaks
doleful
linnets ;
slopes
each other's

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And Echo cons the doolfu' tale.
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays.

The craik amang the claver hay,
 The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinnin-wheel.

corncraik ;
 clover
 partridge ;
 meadow
 darting ;
 cottage

IV

Wi' sma to sell and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envý,
 O, wha wad leave this humble state
 For a' the pride of a' the great ?
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinnin-wheel ?

little
 Above

noisy

MY COLLIER LADDIE

I

'O, WHARE live ye, my bonie lass,
 And tell me how they ca' ye ?'
 'My name,' she says, 'is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the collier laddie.'

call

II

'O, see you not yon hills and dales
 The sun shines on sae brawlie ?
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
 Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie !

finely

If

III

go ' An' ye shall gang in gay attire,
 adorned Weel buskit up sae gaudy,
 And ane to wait on every hand,
 Gin ye 'll leave your collier laddie !'

IV

' Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
 And the earth conceals sae lowly,
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',
 And embrace my collier laddie.

V

' I can win my five pennies in a day,
 An' spend it at night fu' brawlie,
 corner And make my bed in the collier's neuk
 And lie down wi' my collier laddie.

VI

' Looove for loove is the bargain for me,
 hold Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me,
 And the warld before me to win my bread-
 good befall And fair fa' my collier laddie !'

shed

Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel
Says :—‘ I ’ll be wed, come o’t what will !’

eld

Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild :—
‘ O’ guid advisement comes nae ill.

II

many a one

‘ It’s ye hae woovers monie ane,
And lassie, ye’re but young, ye ken !

sensibly
choose

Then wait a wee, and cannie wale

well-stocked
kitchen ;
parlour

A routhie butt, a routhie ben.

Full ; cow-
shed

There Johnie o’ the Buskie-Glen,

Fu’ is his barn, fu’ is his byre.

Tak this frae me, my bonie hen :

fans

It’s plenty beets the luvver’s fire !’

III

fly

‘ For Johnie o’ the Buskie-Glen

I dinna care a single flie :

crops ; kine

He lo’es sae weel his craps and kye,

He has nae love to spare for me.

glance ; eye

But blythe’s the blink o’ Robie’s e’e,

wot

And weel I wat he lo’es me dear :

One ; give

Ae blink o’ him I wad na gie

wealth

For Buskie-Glen and a’ his gear.’

IV

fight

‘ O thoughtless lassie, life’s a faught !

quietest way

The canniest gate, the strife is sair.

full-handed ;
fighting

But ay fu’-han’t is fechtin best :

terrible

A hungry care’s an unco care.

But some will spend, and some will spare,	
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will.	must
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,	Then
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill !'	ale

V

'O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,	ridges
And gear will buy me sheep and kye !	
But the tender heart o' leesome loove	lawful
The gowd and siller canna buy !	gold and silver
We may be poor, Robie and I ;	
Light is the burden luve lays on ;	
Content and loove brings peace and joy :	
What mair hae Queens upon a throne ?'	

FAIR ELIZA

I

TURN again, thou fair Eliza !	
Ae kind blink before we part !	One ; glance
Rew on thy despairing lover—	Take pity
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart ?	
Turn again, thou fair Eliza !	
If to love thy heart denies,	
For pity hide the cruel sentence	
Under friendship's kind disguise !	

II

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended ?
 The offence is loving thee.
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die ?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe.
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow !

III

Not the bee upon the blossom
 In the pride o' sinny noon,
 Not the little sporting fairy
 All beneath the simmer moon,
 Not the Poet in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gies to me.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME

I

Ye Jacobites by name,
 Give an ear, give an ear !
 Ye Jacobites by name,
 Give an ear !

Ye Jacobites by name,	
Your fautes I will proclaim,	faults
Your doctrines I maun blame—	must
You shall hear !	

II

What is Right, and what is Wrang,
 By the law, by the law ?
What is Right, and what is Wrang,
 By the law ?
What is Right, and what is Wrang ?
A short sword and a lang,
A weak arm and a strang
 For to draw !

III

What makes heroic strife
 Famed afar, famed afar ?
What makes heroic strife
 Famed afar ?
What makes heroic strife ?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a Parent's life
 Wi' bluidy war !

IV

Then let your schemes alone,
 In the State, in the State !
Then let your schemes alone,
 In the State !

Then let your schemes alone,
 Adore the rising sun,
 And leave a man undone
 To his fate !

THE POSIE

I

O, LUVE will venture in where it daur na weel be
 seen !

O, luve will venture in, where wisdom ance hath
 been !

But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae
 green,

pluck

And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May !

II

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms with-
 out a peer—

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May !

III

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phœbus peeps in
 view,

balmy

For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet, bonie mou.
 The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May !

IV

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there.
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May!

V

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an agèd man, it stands at break o' day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away— will not
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May!

VI

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is
near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae eyes
clear!
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to claims
wear—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May!

VII

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a'
above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall
ne'er remove,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May!

THE BANKS O' DOON

I

slopes

Y^e banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care!
 Thou 'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn!
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

II

every

plucked

stole

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
 And my fause luv^{er} staw my rose—
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

WILLIE WASTLE

I

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie.
 Willie was a wabster guid
 Could stown a clue wi' onie bodie.
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O, Tinkler Maidgie was her mither !
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

weaver
 have stolen
 stubborn ;
 dun
 Tinker
 Such

II

She has an e'e (she has but ane),
 The cat has twa the very colour,
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller ;
 A whiskin beard about her mou,
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither :
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

besides
 deafen
 each other

III

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shin'd,
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter ;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter ;

bandy ;
 [Notes]
 one; -breadth
 either

shoulder She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther :
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

IV

Old pussie Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
 palm An' wi' her loof her face a-washin ;
 trim But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 wipes; snout;
 [Notes] She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;
 ample fists ;
 [Notes] Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 foul Her face wad fyle the Logan Water :
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

LADY MARY ANN

I

O, LADY Mary Ann looks o'er the Castle wa',
 She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba',
 The youngest he was the flower amang them a'—
 - My bonie laddie's young, but he's growin yet !

II

' O father, O father, an ye think it fit,
 We'll send him a year to the college yet ;
 We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
 And that will let them ken he's to marry yet !'

III

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell and bonie was its hue,
And the longer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew,
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

IV

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik ; oak
Bonie and bloomin and straucht was its make ;
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

V

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa that we hae seen ;
But far better days I trust will come again,
For my bonie laddie's young, but he's growin yet

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES
IN A NATION

I

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory !
Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name.
Sae famed in martial story !

Now Sark rins over Solway sands,
 An' Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province
 stands—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

II

What force or guile could not subdue
 Thro' many warlike ages
 Is wrought now by a coward few
 For hireling traitor's wages.
 The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station ;
 But English gold has been our bane—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

III

O, would, or I had seen the day
 That Treason thus could sell us,
 My auld grey head had lien in clay
 Wi' Bruce, and loyal Wallace !
 But pith and power, till my last hour
 I'll mak this declaration :—
 ' We're bought and sold for English
 gold'—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

Even when
 without



Engraved by John Beugo 1787 from Nasmayth's Portrait

(Edinburgh Edition 1787)

KELLYBURN BRAES

I

THERE lived a carl in Kellyburn Braes old man
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme !),
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
prime !).

II

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen One
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme !),
He met wi' the Devil, says :—'How do you fen ?' are you
getting on
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
prime !).

III

'I've got a bad wife, sir, that's a' my complaint
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme !),
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint'
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
prime !).

IV

'It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave steer; young
horse
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme !),
'But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have'
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
prime !).

V

'O welcome most kindly!' the blythe carl said
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme !),
 worse 'But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd'
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
 prime !).

VI

The Devil has got the auld wife on his back
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme !),
 And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
 prime !).

VII

porch- He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme !),
 Then; go Syne bade her gae in for a bitch and a whore
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
 prime !).

VIII

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme !),
 Turn out on her guard in the clap o' a hand
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
 prime !).

IX

The carlin gaed thro' them like onie wud bear beldam ; mad
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme !):
Whae'er she gat hands on cam ne'er her nae mair
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
 prime !).

X

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa smoky small
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme !):—
'O help, maister, help, or she'll ruin us a' !'
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
 prime !).

XI

The Devil he swore by the edge o' his knife
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme !),
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
 prime !).

XII

The Devil he swore by the kirk and the bell
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme !),
He was not in wedlock, thank Heav'n, but in Hell
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
 prime !).

XIII

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme !),
 And to her auld husband he's carried her back
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
 prime !).

XIV

most

'I hae been a Devil the feck o' my life
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme !),
 But ne'er was in Hell till I met wi' a wife'
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
 prime !).

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT

I

It was in sweet Senegal
 That my foes did me enthrall
 For the lands of Virginia, -ginia, O !
 Torn from that lovely shore,
 And must never see it more,
 And alas ! I am weary, weary, O !

II

All on that charming coast
 Is no bitter snow and frost,
 Like the lands of Virginia, -ginia, O !

THE SONG OF DEATH 133

There streams for ever flow,
And the flowers for ever blow,
And alas ! I am weary, weary, O !

III

The burden I must bear,
While the cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia, -ginia, O !
And I think on friends most dear
With the bitter, bitter tear,
And alas ! I am weary, weary, O !

THE SONG OF DEATH

I

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye
skies,

Now gay with the broad setting sun !

Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender
ties—

Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim King of Terrors ! thou Life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave !

Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant, but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave !

II

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name !
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark,
 He falls in the blaze of his fame !
 In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save,
 While victory shines on Life's last ebbing sands,
 O, who would not die with the brave ?

SWEET AFTON

I

siopes

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes !
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise !
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream !

II

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear—
 I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair !

III

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills !

There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

IV

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow
There oft, as mild Ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me. birch

V

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides !
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear
 wave !

VI

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes !
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays !
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream !

BONIE BELL

I

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
 And surly Winter grimly flies.
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
 And bonie blue are the sunny skies.

136 THE GALLANT WEAVER

Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell :
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonie Bell.

II

The flowery Spring leads sunny summer,
The yellow Autumn presses near ;
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell ;
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonie Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER

I

rolling

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea
By monie a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me—

He is a gallant weaver !

gave
afraid ;
be lost

O, I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine,
And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

II

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band	deed of settlement
To gie the lad that has the land ;	
But to my heart I'll add my hand,	
And give it to the weaver.	
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,	
While bees delight in opening flowers,	
While corn grows green in summer showers,	
I love my gallant weaver.	

HEY, CA' THRO'	work away
----------------	-----------

Chorus

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',	
For we hae mickle ado !	much to do
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',	
For we hae mickle ado !	

I

Up wi' the carls of Dysart	old men ; [Notes]
And the lads o' Buckhaven,	
And the kimmers o' Largo	gossips
And the lasses o' Leven !	

II

We hae tales to tell,
 And we hae sangs to sing ;
We hae pennies to spend,
 And we hae pints to bring.

138 O, CAN YE LABOUR LEA

III

We 'll live a' our days,
And them that comes behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win !

wealth

Chorus

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado !
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado !

O, CAN YE LABOUR LEA

Chorus

[Notes]

Go ; way
Ye shall ;
despise

O, can ye labour lea, young man,
O, can ye labour lea ?
Gae back the gate ye came again—
Ye 'se never scorn me !

I

hired
hansel-

I FEE'D a man at Martinmas
Wi' airle-pennies three ;
But a' the faut I had to him
He couldna labour lea

THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE 139

II

O, clappin's guid in Febarwar,	stroking
An' kissin's sweet in May;	
But what signifies a young man's love,	
An't dinna last for ay?	If it do not

III

O, kissin is the key o' love	
An' clappin is the lock ;	
An' makin of's the best thing	[Notes]
That e'er a young thing got!	

Chorus

O, can ye labour lea, young man,
 O, can ye labour lea?
 Gae back the gate ye came again—
 Ye'se never scorn me!

THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE duck has knocked

I

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout :—	children ;
'The deuk's dang o'er my daddie, O !'	surprising
'The fien-ma-care,' quo' the feirrie auld wife,	fiend-may-;
'He was but a paidlin body, O !	lusty
	[Notes];
	creature

140 SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE

[Notes]

sapless old
mannikin

He paidles out, and he paidles in,
An' he paidles late and early, O !
This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O !'

II

hold

so have
testy

[Notes]

[Notes] ;
cannot-do is
feel it sorely

' O, haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
O, haud your tongue, now Nansie, O !
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wad na been sae donsie, O.
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddl'd me late and early, O ;
But downa-do's come o'er me now,
And och, I find it sairly, O !'

false

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE

I

much ; long

go
ninny ;
plenty ;
money
lost

go

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart ;
I lo'ed her meikle and lang ;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart ;
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear ;
But Woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonie lass gang !

II

Whae'er ye be that Woman love,	
To this be never blind :	
Nae ferlie 'tis, tho' fickle she prove,	No wonder is it
A woman has't by kind.	nature
O Woman lovely, Woman fair,	
An angel form 's faun to thy share,	fallen
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair ! . . .	have given
I mean an angel mind.	

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' TH' EXCISEMAN

Chorus

The Deil's awa, the Deil's awa,
 The Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman !
 He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
 He's danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman !

I

THE Deil cam fiddlin thro' the town,	
And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman,	
And ilka wife cries :—' Auld Mahoun,	every ; [Notes]
I wish you luck o' the prize, man !	

II

' We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,	malt
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man,	
And monie braw thanks to the meikle black Deil,	handsome ; big
That danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.	

III

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
 one But the ae best dance ere cam to the land
 Was *The Deil's Awa wi' th' Exciseman*.

Chorus

The Deil's awa, the Deil's awa,
 The Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman !
 He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
 He's danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman !

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS

I

THE lovely lass of Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
 For e'en to morn she cries ' Alas !'
 salt And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e :—

II

' Drumossie moor, Drumossie day—
 woful A waefu' day it was to me !
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear and brethren three,

III

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growin green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e.

IV

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be,
For monie a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!'

William of
Cumberland

sore

A RED, RED ROSE

I

O, my luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
O, my luve is like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

II

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I,
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

go

III

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun !
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

IV

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
 And fare thee weel a while !
 And I will come again, my luve,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile !

AS I STOOD BY YON ROOFLESS TOWER

Chorus

A lassie all alone was making her moan,
 Lamenting our lads beyond the sea :—
 ' In the bluidy wars they fa', and our honor's
 gane an' a',
 And broken-hearted we maun die.'

must

I

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa'flow'r scents the dewy air,
 Where the houlet mourns in her ivy bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her care :

owl

II

The winds were laid, the air was still,	
The stars they shot along the sky,	
The tod was howling on the hill,	fox
And the distant-echoing glens reply.	

III

The burn, adown its hazelly path,	brook
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',	
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,	
Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.	

IV

The cauld blae North was streaming forth	livid
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din :	
Athort the lift they start and shift,	athwart
Like Fortune's favours, tint as win.	lost as soon as won

V

Now, looking over firth and fauld,	fold
Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd,	
When lo ! in form of minstrel auld	
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.	ghost

VI

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,	such
Might rous'd the slumbering Dead to hear,	as might
But O, it was a tale of woe	have
As ever met a Briton's ear !	

146 O, AN YE WERE DEAD, GUIDMAN

VII

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times :
But what he said—it was nae play !—
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

will not

Chorus

A lassie all alone was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the sea :—
' In the bluidy wars they fa', and our honor's
gane an' a',
And broken-hearted we maun die.'

if ; husband O, AN YE WERE DEAD, GUIDMAN

Chorus

cudgel Sing, round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
An' round about the fire wi' a rung she ran :—
stall ' Your horns shall tie you to the staw,
An' I shall bang your hide, guidman !'

I

O, AN ye were dead, guidman,
A green turf on your head, guidman !
I wad bestow my widowhood
roistering Upon a rantin Highlandman !

II

There's sax eggs in the pan, guidman, six
 There's sax eggs in the pan, guidman :
 There's ane to you, and twa to me,
 And three to our John Highlandman !

III

A sheep-head's in the pot, guidman,
 A sheep-head's in the pot, guidman :
 The flesh to him, the broo to me, broth
 An' the horns become your brow, guidman !

Chorus

Sing, round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
 An' round about the fire wi' a rung she ran :—
 'Your horns shall tie you to the staw,
 An' I shall bang your hide, guidman !'

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet [Notes]
 For auld lang syne !

I

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne!

II

pay for

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine,
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne!

III

hillsides
 pulled;
 wild daisies
 foot
 Since

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pou'd the gowans fine,
 But we've wander'd monie a weary fit
 Sin' auld lang syne.

IV

waded;
 brook
 noon
 broad

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine,
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.

V

chum
 give me
 [Notes]

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine,
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
 For auld lang syne!

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne!

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE

I

Louis, what reck I by thee,
 Or Geordie on his ocean?
 Dyvor beggar louns to me!
 I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

bankrupt;
 fellows

II

Let her crown my love her law,
 And in her breast enthrone me,
 Kings and nations—swith awa!
 Reif randies, I disown ye.

off away!
 Thieving
 rascals

HAD I THE WYTE?

Was I to
 blame?

I

HAD I the wyte? had I the wyte?
 Had I the wyte? she bade me!
 She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
 And up the loan she shaw'd me;

highway
 approach;
 showed

would not
rascal
there to
oppose

And when I wadna venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me !
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,
I'd lighted when she bade me.

II

led me in
noise
surly ;
husband
beyond

Sae craftilie she took me ben
And bade me mak nae clatter :—
' For our ramgunshoch, glum guidman
Is o'er ayont the water.'
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace
When I did kiss and dawte her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne say I was the fautor !

Then ;
transgressor

III

have refused
would not ;
have been

wool-comb
blue
such
would have

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refus'd her ?
And wadna manhood been to blame
Had I unkindly used her ?
He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,
And blae and bluidy bruised her—
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excus'd her !

IV

wiped ; eyes
cursed ;
scoundrel
wot ; mouth

I dighted ay her een sae blue,
An' bann'd the cruel randy,
And, weel I wat, her willin mou'
Was sweet as sugarcandie.

COMIN THRO' THE RYE 151

At gloamin-shot, it was, I wot,	sunset
I lighted—on the Monday,	
But I cam thro' the Tyseday's dew	Tuesday's
To wanton Willie's brandy.	[Notes]

COMIN THRO' THE RYE

Chorus

O, Jenny's a' weet, poor body,	wet; creature
Jenny's seldom dry :	
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,	dragged
Comin thro' the rye !	

I

COMIN thro' the rye, poor body,
Comin thro' the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin thro' the rye !

II

Gin a body meet a body	Should
Comin thro' the rye,	
Gin a body kiss a body,	
Need a body cry ?	

III

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin thro' the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need the warld ken?

Chorus

O, Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry :
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
 Comin thro' the rye !

YOUNG JAMIE

I

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain,
 Thro' a' our lasses he did rove,
 And reign'd resistless King of Love.

II

briars

mournfully

But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,
 He strays amang the woods and breers ;
 Or in the glens and rocky caves
 His sad complaining dowie raves :—

III

‘I, wha sae late did range and rove,
And chang’d with every moon my love—
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear.

IV

‘The slighted maids my torments see,
And laugh at a’ the pangs I dree ; suffer
While she, my cruel, scornful Fair,
Forbids me e’er to see her mair.’

OUT OVER THE FORTH

I

Out over the Forth, I look to the north—
But what is the north, and its Highlands to me ?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land or the wide rolling sea !

II

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be ;
For far in the west lives he I loe best,
The man that is dear to my babie and me.

WANTONNESS FOR EVERMAIR

WANTONNESS for evermair,
 Wantonness has been my ruin.
 Yet for a' my dool and care
 It's wantonness for evermair.

Golden

I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown ;
 I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden !
 A' the colours in the town—
 I hae won their wanton favour.

CHARLIE HE'S MY DARLING

Chorus

An' Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 Charlie he's my darling—
 The Young Chevalier !

I

'Twas on a Monday morning
 Right early in the year,
 That Charlie came to our town—
 The Young Chevalier !

II

As he was walking up the street
 The city for to view,
 O, there he spied a bonie lass
 The window looking thro' !

III

Sae light's he jimpèd up the stair,
 And tirl'd at the pin ;
 And wha sae ready as hersel'
 To let the laddie in !

[Notes]

IV

He sèt his Jenny on his knee,
 All in his Highland dress ;
 For brawlie weel he kend the way
 To please a bonie lass.

finely well

V

It's up yon heathery mountain
 And down yon scroggy glen,
 We daurna gang a-milking
 For Charlie and his men !

scrubby

daren't go

Chorus

An' Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 Charlie he's my darling—
 The young Chevalier !

THE LASS O' ECCLEFECHAN

I

'GAT ye me, O, gat ye me,
 Gat ye me wi' naething?
 Rock an' reel, an' spinning wheel,
 A mickle quarter basin :
 Bye attour, my gutcher has
 A heich house and a laich ane,
 A' forbye my bonie sel,
 The toss o' Ecclefechan !'

big; [Notes]

Moreover;
goodsirehigh; low;
[Notes]

All besides

toast

II

'O, haud your tongue now, Lucky Lang,
 O, haud your tongue and jauner !
 I held the gate till you I met,
 Syne I began to wander :
 I tint my whistle and my sang,
 I tint my peace and pleasure ;
 But your green graff, now Lucky Lang,
 Wad airt me to my treasure.'

hold;
[Notes]

jabber

kept to the
strait path

Then

lost

grave

direct

THE COOPER O' CUDDY

Chorus

We'll hide the cooper behind the door,	
Behint the door, behint the door,	
We'll hide the cooper behind the door,	
And cover him under a mawn, O.	basket

I

THE Cooper o' Cuddy came here awa,	here about
He ca'd the girrs out o'er us a',	knocked ;
An' our guidwife has gotten a ca',	hoops
That's anger'd the silly guidman, O.	knock

II

He sought them out, he sought them in,	
Wi' 'Deil hae her!' an' 'Deil hae him!'	
But the body he was sae doited and blin',	creature ;
He wist na where he was gaun, O.	stupid
	going

III

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,	
Till our guidman has gotten the scorn :	
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,	each
And swears that there they sall stan', O!	shall

Chorus

We'll hide the cooper behint the door,
 Behint the door, behint the door,
 We'll hide the cooper behint the door
 And cover him under a mawn, O.

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY

I

sore

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—
 My heart is sair for Somebody:
 I could wake a winter night
 For the sake o' Somebody.
 O-hon! for Somebody!
 O-hey! for Somebody!
 I could range the world around
 For the sake o' Somebody.

II

each

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on Somebody!
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my Somebody!
 O-hon! for Somebody!
 O-hey! for Somebody!
 I wad do—what wad I not?—
 For the sake o' Somebody!

THE CARDIN O'T

Chorus

The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
 The warpin o't, the winnin o't!
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin o't.

each
 stole

I

I coft a stane o' haslock woo,
 To mak a wab to Johnie o't,
 For Johnie is my only jo—
 I lo'e him best of onie yet!

bought
 [Notes]
 web

II

For tho' his locks be lyart gray,
 And tho' his brow be beld aboon,
 Yet I hae seen him on a day
 The pride of a' the parishen.

[Notes]
 bald above

 the whole
 parish

Chorus

The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
 The warpin o't, the winnin o't!
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin o't.

THERE'S THREE TRUE
GUID FELLOWS

I

There's three true guid fellows,
There's three true guid fellows,
There's three true guid fellows,
Down ayont yon glen !

beyond

II

It's now the day is dawin,
But or night do fa' in,
Whase cock's best at crawin,
Willie, thou sall ken !

dawning
before
nightfall

shall

SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLET'S

I

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonie blue.

eyes

Her smiling, sae wyling, coaxing
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe!
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto those rosy lips to grow!
 Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
 When first that bonie face I saw,
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm—
 She says she lo'es me best of a'!

II

Like harmony her motion,
 Her pretty ankle is a spy
 Betraying fair proportion
 Wad make a saint forget the sky! Would
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air,
 Ilk feature—auld Nature Each
 Declar'd that she could dae nae mair! do no more
 Hers are the willing chains o' love
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law,
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm—
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

III

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon!
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon,

162 THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED

Fair beaming, and streaming
 Her silver light the boughs amang,
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang !
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a' ?

winding
 brook ; wood

THE LASS THAT MADE
 THE BED

I

WHEN Januar' wind was blawin cauld,
 As to the North I took my way,
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,
 I knew na where to lodge till day.
 By my guid luck a maid I met
 Just in the middle o' my care,
 And kindly she did me invite
 To walk into a chamber fair.

darksome

II

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And thank'd her for her courtesie ;
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 An' bade her mak a bed to me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
 She put the cup to her rosy lips,
 And drank :—' Young man, now sleep ye
 soun'.'

III

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
 And frae my chamber went wi' speed,
 But I call'd her quickly back again
 To lay some mair below my head : more
 A cod she laid below my head, pillow
 And servèd me with due respect,
 And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
 I put my arms about her neck.

IV

' Haud aff your hands, young man,' she Hold
 said,
 ' And dinna sae uncivil be ; do not
 Gif ye hae onie luvè for me,
 O, wrang na my virginity !'
 Her hair was like the links o' gowd, gold
 Her teeth were like the ivory,
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me !

V

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see ;
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
 The lass that made the bed to me !
 I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
 And ay she wist na what to say.
 I laid her 'tween me an' the wa'—
 The lassie thocht na lang till day.

deemed it
not long

VI

Upon the morrow, when we raise,
 I thank'd her for her courtesie,
 But ay she blush'd, and ay she sigh'd,
 And said :—' Alas, ye 've ruin'd me !'
 I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
 While the tear stood twinklin in her e'e.
 I said :—' My lassie, dinna cry,
 For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.'

rose

then
eye

VII

She took her mither's holland sheets,
 An' made them a' in sarks to me.
 Blythe and merry may she be,
 The lass that made the bed to me !
 The bonie lass made the bed to me,
 The braw lass made the bed to me !
 I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

shirts

handsome

S A E F A R A W A

I

O, SAD and heavy should I part
But for her sake sae far awa,
Unknowing what my way may thwart—
My native land sae far awa.

II

Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That formed this Fair sae far awa,
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start Give
At this my way sae far awa !

III

How true is love to pure desert !
So mine in her sae far awa,
And nòcht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, O, she is sae far awa !

IV

Nane other love, nane other dart
I feel, but hers sae far awa ;
But fairer never touched a heart,
Than hers, the Fair sae far awa.

THE REEL O' STUMPIE

I

wrap; roll	WAP and rowe, wap and rowe,
little feet	Wap and rowe the feetie o't;
	I thought I was a maiden fair,
its little cry	Till I heard the greetie o't!

II

	My daddie was a fiddler fine,
mother ;	My minnie she made mantie, O,
[Notes]	And I myself a thumpin quine,
quean (i.e.	And danc'd the Reel o' Stumpie, O.
lass)	

[Notes] I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN

Chorus

call	I'll ay ca' in by yon town
	And by yon garden green again!
	I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
	And see my bonie Jean again.

I

	THERE's nane shall ken, there's nane can guess
same way	What brings me back the gate again,
	But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
by stealth	And stow'n'lins we sall meet again.

II

She'll wander by the aiken tree,	oaken
When trystin time draws near again ;	meeting
And when her lovely form I see,	
O haith ! she's doubly dear again.	faith

Chorus

I'll ay ca' in by yon town
 And by yon garden green again !
 I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonie Jean again.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN wot ;
[Notes]

Chorus

O, wat ye wha's in yon town	
Ye see the e'enin sun upon ?	evening
The dearest maid's in yon town	
That e'enin sun is shining on !	

I

Now haply down yon gay green shaw	wood
She wanders by yon spreading tree.	
How blest ye flowers that round her blaw !	
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.	

II

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year !
 And doubly welcome be the Spring,
 The season to my Jeanie dear !

III

glances
 heights

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,
 Among the broomy braes sae green ;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

IV

Without my Love, not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy ;
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky !

V

tend

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Tho' raging Winter rent the air,
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

VI

O, sweet is she in yon town
 The sinkin sun's gane down upon !
 A fairer than's in yon town
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

WHEREFORE SIGHING ART THOU 167

VII

If angry Fate be sworn my foe,
And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear,
I'd careless quit aught else below,
But spare, O, spare me Jeanie dear!

VIII

For, while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart, One
And she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

Chorus

O, wat ye wha's in yon town
Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
The dearest maid's in yon town
That e'enin sun is shining on.

WHEREFORE SIGHING ART THOU, PHILLIS?

I

WHEREFORE sighing art thou, Phillis?
Has thy prime unheeded past?
Hast thou found that beauty's lilies
Were not made for ay to last?

HIGHLAND LADDIE

I

fine

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw—
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie !
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw—
Bonie Highland laddie !
On his head a bonnet blue—
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie !
His royal heart was firm and true—
Bonie Highland laddie !

II

Lowland

' Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie !—
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonie Lawland lassie !
Glory, Honour, now invite—
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie !—
For freedom and my King to fight,
Bonie Lawland lassie !'

III

' The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie !
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
Bonie Highland laddie !

Go, for yoursel' procure renown,
 Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And for your lawful King his crown,
 Bonie Highland laddie !'

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

I

WILT thou be my dearie ?
 When Sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 O, wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
 By the treasure of my soul—
 That's the love I bear thee—
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie !
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie !

II

Lassie, say thou lo'es me,
 Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thou 'lt refuse me !
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me !
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me !

own

will not

LOVELY POLLY STEWART

Chorus

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art !

I

THE flower it blows, it fades, it fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it ;
But Worth and Truth eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart !

II

enfold

loyal

May he whase arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart !
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart !

Chorus

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art !

THE HIGHLAND BALOU

I

HEE balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald !
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Wha gat my young Highland thief.

Finely

II

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie !
An thou live, thou 'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow !

Blessings ;
throat
horse

III

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou funder,
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me !

advance
rogues ;
lowlands
Then

BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL

soft cakes ;
barley

Chorus

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley,
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley !

I

brangle

WHA in a brulyie
 Will first cry 'a parley' ?
 Never the lads
 Wi' the bannocks o' barley !

II

woful

Wha, in his wae days,
 Were loyal to Charlie ?
 Wha but the lads
 Wi' the bannocks o' barley !

Chorus

Bannocks o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley !

WAE IS MY HEART

I

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e ;
 Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me :
 Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
 And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER 177

II

Love, thou hast pleasures—and deep hae I lov'd !
Love thou has sorrows—and sair hae I prov'd ! sorely
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.

III

O, if I were where Lappy I hae been,
Down by yon stream and yon bonie castle green !
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis' e'e !

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER

I

ALTHO' my back be at the wa',	wall
And tho' he be the fautor,	transgressor
Altho' my back be at the wa',	
Yet here's his health in water !	
O, wae gae by his wanton sides,	woe go
Sae brawly's he could flatter !	finely as
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair	
And dree the kintra clatter !	endure the talk of the countryside
But, tho' my back be at the wa',	
Yet here's his health in water !	

THE WINTER OF LIFE

I

But lately seen in gladsome green,
 The woods rejoiced the day;
 Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
 In double pride were gay;
 But now our joys are fled
 On winter blasts awa,
 Yet maiden May in rich array
 Again shall bring them a'.

II

poll; thaw

 eild; without
 bush and
 shelter

But my white pow—nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of Age!
 My trunk of eild, but buss and bield,
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
 O, Age has weary days
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why comes thou not again?

THE TAILOR

I

THE tailor he cam here to sew,
And weel he kend the way to woo,
For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou',
As he gaed but and ben, O.
For weel he kend the way, O,
The way, O, the way, O!
For weel he kend the way, O,
The lassie's heart to win, O!

tasted
went from
kitchen to
parlour

II

The tailor rase and shook his duds,
The flaes they flew awa in cluds!
And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds—
The Tailor prov'd a man, O!
For now it was the gloamin,
The gloamin, the gloamin!
For now it was the gloamin,
When a' the rest are gaun, O!

rose; clothes

fleaes; clouds

dusk

going

THERE GROWS A BONIE BRIER-BUSH

I

kitchen-
garden

THERE grows a bonie brier-bush in our kail-yard,
 There grows a bonie brier-bush in our kail-yard;
 And below the bonie brier-bush there's a lassie and
 a lad,
 And they're busy, busy courting in our kail-yard.

II

bush

not

We'll court nae mair below the buss in our kail-yard,
 We'll court nae mair below the buss in our kail-yard:
 We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be
 seen,
 Where the trees and the branches will be our safe-
 guard.

III

hall

beat

will not go

Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha' ?
 Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha',
 Where Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a' ?
 I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle-ha' !

IV

earn ; hire
if

What will I do for a lad when Sandie gangs awa !
 What will I do for a lad when Sandie gangs awa !
 I will awa to Edinburgh, and win a pennie fee,
 And see an onie lad will fancy me.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH 181

V

He's comin frae the north that's to marry me,
He's comin frae the north that's to marry me,
A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee—
He's a bonie, bonie laddie, an yon be he! that one

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH

I

HERE's to thy health, my bonie lass!
Guid night and joy be wi' thee!
I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
O, dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee: But that
I vow and swear I dinna care do not
How lang ye look about ye!

II

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry, desire
I'll be as free informing thee
Nae time hae I to tarry.
I ken thy freens try ilka means friends;
every
Frae wedlock to delay thee
(Depending on some higher chance),
But fortune may betray thee.

182 IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING

III

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me,
For I'm as free as any he—
Sma' siller will relieve me !
I'll count my health my greatest wealth
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it.
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want
As lang's I get employment.

a little
money

IV

But far off fowls hae feathers fair,
And, ay until ye try them,
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care—
They may prove as bad as I am !
But at twel at night, when the moon shines bright,
My dear, I'll come and see thee,
For the man that loves his mistress weel,
Nae travel makes him weary.

twelve

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING

I

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand ;
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear—
We e'er saw Irish land.

II

Now a' is done that men can 'do,
 And a' is done in vain,
 My Love and Native Land fareweel,
 For I maun cross the main, must
 My dear—
 For I maun cross the main.

III

He turn'd him right and round about
 Upon the Irish shore,
 And gae his bridle reins a shake, gave
 With adieu for evermore,
 My dear—
 And adieu for evermore!

IV

The soger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main,
 But I hae parted frae my love
 Never to meet again,
 My dear—
 Never to meet again.

V

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him that's far awa
 The lee-lang night, and weep, live-long
 My dear—
 The lee-lang night and weep.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT

I

O, I AM come to the low countrie—
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie !—
 Without a penny in my purse
 To buy a meal to me.

II

not so It was na sae in the Highland hills—
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie !—
 Nae woman in the country wide
 Sae happy was as me.

III

kine For then I had a score o' kye—
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie !—
 Feeding on yon hill sae high
 And giving milk to me.

IV

ewes And there I had three score o' yowes—
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie !—
 knolls Skipping on yon bonie knowes
 wool And casting woo' to me.

V

sorely I was the happiest of a' the clan—
 pick of the Sair, sair may I repine !—
 clan For Donald was the brawest man,
 And Donald he was mine.

THOU GLOOMY DECEMBER 185

VI

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last
Sae far to set us free :
My Donald's arm was wanted then
For Scotland and for me.

VII

Their waefu' fate what need I tell ? woful
Right to the wrang did yield :
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden field.

VIII

Ochon ! O Donald, O !
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !
Nae woman in the warld wide
Sae wretched now as me !

THOU GLOOMY DECEMBER

I

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December ! Once more
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care !
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember :
Parting wi' Nancy, O, ne'er to meet mair !

II

Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure,
 Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour ;
 But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever !
 Anguish unmingled and agony pure !

III

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown—
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Till my last hope and last comfort is gone !

IV

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember :
 Parting wi' Nancy, O, ne'er to meet mair !

MY PEGGY'S FACE, MY PEGGY'S FORM

I

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form
 The frost of hermit Age might warm.
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind
 Might charm the first of human kind.

II

I love my Peggy's angel air,
 Her face so truly heavenly fair,
 Her native grace so void of art ;
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

III

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye—
 Who but owns their magic sway?
 Who but knows they all decay?

IV

The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The generous purpose nobly dear,
 The gentle look that rage disarms—
 These are all immortal charms.

O, STEER HER UP, AN' HAUD
 HER GAUN

rouse ; keep
 her going

I

O, STEER her up, an' haud her gaun—
 Her mither's at the mill, jo,
 An' gin she winna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.

if ; will not

threaten	First shore her wi' a gentle kiss,
call for	And ca' anither gill, jo,
should she	An' gin she tak the thing amiss,
scold	E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

II

not bashful	O, steer her up, an' be na blate,
	An' gin she tak it ill, jo,
to	Then leave the lassie till her fate,
waste	And time nae langer spill, jo!
one rebuff	Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
	But think upon it still, jo,
	That gin the lassie winna do't,
find	Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

WEE WILLIE GRAY

I

WEE Willie Gray an' his leather wallet,
 Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket!
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and
 doublet—
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and
 doublet!

II

	Wee Willie Gray and his leather wallet,
shirt; cravat	Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and gravat!
fly	Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet—
	Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet!

WE'RE A' NODDIN

Chorus

We're a' noddin,
Nid nid noddin,
We're a' noddin
At our house at hame!

I

'Guid e'en to you, kimmer,	gossip
And how do ye do?'	
'Hiccup!' quo' kimmer,	
'The better that I'm fou!'	drunk

II

Kate sits i' the neuk,	corner
Suppin hen-broo.	chicken-
Deil tak Kate	broth
An she be na noddin too!	

III

'How's a' wi' you, kimmer?	How are all
And how do you fare?'	
'A pint o' the best o't,	
And twa pints mair!'	

IV

'How's a' wi' you, kimmer?

And how do ye thrive?

How monie bairns hae ye ?'

'Quo' kimmer, 'I hae five.'

V

'Are they a' Johnie's ?'

in truth

'Eh ! atweel na :

Twa o' them were gotten

When Johnie was awa !'

VI

Cats like milk,

broth

And dogs like broo ;

Lads like lasses weel,

And lasses lads too.

Chorus

We're a' noddin,

Nid nid noddin,

We're a' noddin

At our house at hame !

O, AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME beat

Chorus

O, ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife she bang'd me !
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith ! she 'll soon o'er-gang ye. go beyond
control

I

On peace an' rest my mind was bent,
And, fool I was ! I married ;
But never honest man's intent
Sae cursedly miscarried.

II

Some sairie comfort at the last, sorry
When a' thir days are done, man : these
My 'pains o' hell' on earth is past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man. above

Chorus

O, ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife she bang'd me !
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith ! she 'll soon o'ergang ye.

SCROGGAM

I

dwelt

THERE was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,
Scroggam !

She brew'd guid ale for gentlemen :
Sing Auld Cowl, lay you down by me—
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum !

II

daughter

The guidwife's dochter fell in a fever,
Scroggam !

The priest o' the parish fell in anither :
Sing Auld Cowl, lay you down by me—
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum !

III

together

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
Scroggam !

one ; other

That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither:
Sing Auld Cowl, lay you down by me—
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum !

O, GUID ALE COMES

Chorus

O, guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,	
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,	makes
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon—	
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon !	my heart up

I

I HAD sax owsen in a pleugh,	six oxen
And they drew a' weel enough:	
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane—	
Guid ale keeps the heart aboon !	

II

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,	keeps
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,	meddle ; girl
Stand i' the stool when I hae dune—	[Notes]
Guid ale keeps the heart aboon !	

Chorus

O, guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
 Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon—
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon !

reaped ;
harvest

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST

Chorus

Fiend ;
sickle
stuck

Robin shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him :
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I

went
web of coarse
woollen
gate

I GAED up to Dunse
To warp a wab o' plaiden
At his daddie's yett
Wha met me but Robin !

II

Wasn't ; bold

such
Elder's
daughter

Was na Robin bauld,
Tho' I was a cottar ?
Play'd me sic a trick,
An' me the Eller's dochter !

III

food
Fiend have it
(i.e. Nothing)
Goose-quills ;
knife

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle :
Fient haet he had but three
Guse feathers and a whittle !

Chorus

Robin shure in hairst,
 I shure wi' him :
 Fient a heuk had I,
 Yet I stack by him.

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

I

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the loons beware, Sir!
 There's wooden walls upon our seas
 And volunteers on shore, Sir!
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
 And Criffel sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!

rascals

II

O, let us not, like snarling tykes,
 In wrangling be divided,
 Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
 And wi' a rung decide it!

dogs

foreign

cudgel

196 DOES HAUGHTY GAUL

Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursels united !
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted !

must ;
 wrongs

III

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't ;
 But Deil a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't !
 Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it,
 By Heav'ns ! the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it !

patch
 tinker
 drive

IV

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true-sworn brother,
 Who would set the mob above the throne,
 May they be damn'd together !
 Who will not sing *God save the King*
 Shall hang as high 's the steeple ;
 But while we sing *God save the King*,
 We 'll ne'er forget the People !

O, ONCE I LOV'D A BONIE LASS

I

O, ONCE I lov'd a bonie lass,
Ay, and I love her still !
And whilst that virtue warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.

II

As bonie lasses I hae seen,
And monie full as braw, fine
But for a modest gracefu' mien
The like I never saw.

III

A bonie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e ;
But without some better qualities
She's no a lass for me.

IV

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet,
And, what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete
And fair without a flaw.

V

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
 Both decent and genteel;
 And then there's something in her gait
 Gars onie dress look weel.

VI

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart;
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

VII

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul;
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without controul.

MY LORD A-HUNTING

Chorus

slashes
 golden
 stays; bodice
 much more

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,
 And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;
 But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
 My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't!

I

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
 But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
 By Colin's cottage lies his game,
 If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

II

My lady's white, my lady's red,
 And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
 But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid dowry
 Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

III

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss, bog
 Where gor-cocks thro' the heather pass, moor-
 There wons auld Colin's bonie lass, dwells
 A lily in a wilderness.

IV

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
 Like music notes o' lovers' hymns!
 The diamond-dew in her een sae blue, eyes
 Where laughing love sae wanton swims!

V

My lady's dink, my lady's drest, trim
 The flower and fancy o' the west;
 But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
 O, that's the lass to mak him blest!

Chorus

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,
 And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;
 But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
 My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't!

SWEETEST MAY

I

SWEETEST May, let Love inspire thee!
 Take a heart which he designs thee:
 As thy constant slave regard it,
 For its faith and truth reward it.

II

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
 Not the wealthy but the bonie,
 Not the high-born but noble-minded,
 In love's silken band can bind it.

MEG O' THE MILL

I

got

O, KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 A braw new naig wi' the tail o' a rottan,
 And that's what Meg o' the Mill has gotten!

horse; rat

JOCKIE'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS 201

11

O, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dearly?
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dearly?
A dram o' guid strunt in a morning early,
And that's what Meg o' the Mill loes dearly!

liquor

III

O, ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was married?
An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was married?
The priest he was oxter'd, the clark he was carried, ^{held up under}
And that's how Meg o' the Mill was married! _{the arms}

held up under
the arms

IV

O, ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded?
An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded?
The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it,
And that's how Meg o' the Mill was bedded!

[Notes]

bridegroom ;
drunk ;
backways

JOCKIE'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS

I

JOCKIE'S ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane,
And with him is a' my bliss—
Nought but griefs with me remain.

202 O, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS

II

Spare my luv, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain !
Spare my luv, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain !

III

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be !

IV

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he 'll repeat her name ;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockie's heart is still at hame.

palm

O, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS

Chorus

O, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain !

own

CAULD IS THE E'ENIN BLAST 203

I

A SLAVE to Love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae; [Notes]
But now he is my deadly fae, foe
Unless thou be my ain.

II

There's monie a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.

Chorus

O, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain!

CAULD IS THE E'ENIN BLAST

I

CAULD is the e'enin blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool
An' dawin, it is dreary,
When birks are bare at Yule.

dawning
birches;
Christmas-
tide

204 THERE WAS A BONIE LASS

II

dark

O, cauld blaws the e'enin blast,
When bitter bites the frost,
And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost !

III

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill,
But bonie Peg-a-Ramsay
Gat grist to her mill.

THERE WAS A BONIE LASS

I

THERE was a bonie lass, and a bonie, bonie lass,
And she loed her bonie laddie dear,
Till War's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms
Wi' monie a sigh and a tear.

II

nought

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear,
And nocht could him quail, or his bosom assail,
But the bonie lass he loed sae dear.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS

Chorus

The wean wants a cradle,	child
And the cradle wants a cod,	pillow
An' I'll no gang to my bed	not go
Until I get a nod.	

I

THERE's news, lasses, news,
 Guid news I've to tell!
 There's a boatfu' o' lads
 Come to our town to sell!

II

'Father,' quo' she, 'Mither,' quo' she,
 'Do what you can :
 I'll no gang to my bed
 Until I get a man !'

III

I hae as guid a craft rig	croft-ridge
As made o' yird and stane ;	earth
And waly fa' the ley-crap	woe befall ;
For I maun till'd again.	pasture-
	must
	plough it

Chorus

The wean wants a cradle,
 And the cradle wants a cod,
 An' I'll no gang to my bed
 Until I get a nod.

O, THAT I HAD NE’ER BEEN
MARRIED

Chorus

meal and
water

Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day!
Gin ye crowdie onie mair,
Ye’ll crowdie a’ my meal away.

I

children

O, THAT I had ne’er been married,
I wad never had nae care!
Now I’ve gotten wife an’ bairns,
An’ they cry ‘Crowdie’ evermair.

II

scare
the end of
the porch
Hard ; fight
frightened
in

Waefu’ Want and Hunger fley me,
Glowrin by the hallan en’ ;
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But ay I’m eerie they come ben.

Chorus

Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day!
Gin ye crowdie onie mair,
Ye’ll crowdie a’ my meal away.

MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET Mollie's

Chorus

Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's ev'ry way complete.

I

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet;
But O, the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet!

II

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon!
An' 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon!

above

Chorus

Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's ev'ry way complete.

WANDERING WILLIE

I

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 hold Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame !
 one Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
 And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

II

Loud tho' the Winter blew cauld at our parting,
 'Twas na the blast brought the tear in my e'e :
 Summer Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me !

III

Rest, ye wild storms in the cave o' your slumbers—
 How your wild howling a lover alarms !
 Awake ; roll Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

IV

But O, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 remembers Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main !
 not May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain !



Silhouette

*In the possession of G. Burns Begg Esq. Motherwell, who inherited it
through Miss Begg, Bellisle, from M^{rs}. Begg sister of Burns*

BRAW LADS O' GALLA WATER Handsome

I

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,	heights
They rove amang the blooming heather ;	
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws	woods
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.	

II

But there is ane, a secret ane,	
Aboon them a' I loe him better ;	Above
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,	
The bonie lad o' Galla Water.	

III

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,	
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher,	much dowry
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,	
We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.	watch

IV

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, and pleasure : bought
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O, that's the chiefest warld's treasure !

AULD ROB MORRIS

I

dwells THERE 's Auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
 pick He 's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men:
 gold He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
 one; pet And ae bonie lassie, his dautie and mine.

II

She 's fresh as the morning the fairest in May,
 She 's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay,
 As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

III

But O, she 's an heiress, auld Robin 's a laird,
 garden And my daddie has nocht but a cot-house and yard!
 mustn't A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed:
 death The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

IV

brings me The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
 no delight The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
 alone; ghost I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

V

O, had she but been of a lower degree,
 would have I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
 describing O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express!

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, O

I

O, OPEN the door some pity to shew,
If love it may na be, O !
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true—
O, open the door to me, O !

II

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, O :
The frost, that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, O !

III

The wan moon sets behind the white wave,
And Time is setting with me, O :
False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, O !

IV

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
She sees the pale corse on the plain, O,
'My true love !' she cried, and sank down by his
side—
Never to rise again, O !

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST

I

WHEN wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle Peace returning,
 Wi' monie a sweet babe fatherless
 And monie a widow mourning,
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 all My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor and honest sodger.

II

loyal A leal, light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder,
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander :
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 remembered And ay I mind't the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

III

At length I reach'd the bonie glen,
 Where early life I sported.
 I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted.

Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling,
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling !

eyes

IV

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I :—' Sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
 O, happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom !
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain wad be thy lodger ;
 I've serv'd my king and country lang—
 Take pity on a sodger.'

go

V

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier was than ever.
 Quo' she :—' A sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never.
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it ;
 That gallant badge—the dear cockade—
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't !'

VI

She gaz'd, she redden'd like a rose,
 Syne, pale like onie lily,
 She sank within my arms, and cried :—
 ' Art thou my ain dear Willie ?'

Then

‘By Him who made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love’s regarded,
 I am the man ! And thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded !

VII

‘The wars are o’er and I’m come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted.
 Tho’ poor in gear, we’re rich in love,
 And mair, we’s ne’er be parted.’
 Quo’ she :—‘ My grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish’d fairly !
 And come, my faithfu’ sodger lad, ‘
 Thou’rt welcome to it dearly !’

wealth
 we’ll
 gold
 farm

VIII

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor ;
 But glory is the sodger’s prize,
 The sodger’s wealth is honour !
 The brave poor sodger ne’er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger :
 Remember he’s his country’s stay
 In day and hour of danger.

DUNCAN GRAY

I

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo

(Ha, ha, the wooing o't !)

On blythe Yule-Night when we were fou

Christmas
Eve ; drunk

(Ha, ha, the wooing o't !).

Maggie coost her head fu' high,

cast
askance ;
very skittish

Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,

Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh—

Made ; off

Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

II

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd

wheedled

(Ha, ha, the wooing o't !),

Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig

[Notes]

(Ha, ha, the wooing o't !).

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,

both

Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin',

Wept ; eyes

Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn—

leaping ;
waterfall

Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

III

Time and Chance are but a tide

(Ha, ha, the wooing o't !):

Slighted love is sair to bide

hard to
endure

(Ha, ha, the wooing o't !).

jade

go

‘Shall I like a fool,’ quoth he,
 ‘For a haughty hizzie die?’
 She may gae to—France for me!—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o’t!

IV

eyes; such

How it comes, let doctors tell
 (Ha, ha, the wooing o’t!):
 Meg grew sick, as he grew hale
 (Ha, ha, the wooing o’t!).
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings,
 And O! her een they spak sic things!—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o’t!

V

smothered

proud; jolly

Duncan was a lad o’ grace
 (Ha, ha, the wooing o’t!),
 Maggie’s was a piteous case
 (Ha, ha, the wooing o’t!):
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor’d his wrath;
 Now they’re crouse and canty baith—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o’t!

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE

I

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle Fair can give thee
Is but a fairy treasure—
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee :
The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The cloud's uncertain motion,
They are but types of Woman !

II

O, art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature ?
If Man thou would'st be namèd,
Despise the silly creature !
Go, find an honest fellow,
Good claret set before thee,
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory !

HERE IS THE GLEN

I

HERE is the glen, and here the bower
All underneath the birchen shade,
The village-bell has toll'd the hour—
O, what can stay my lovely maid?
'Tis not Maria's whispering call—
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixed with some warbler's dying fall
The dewy star of eve to hail!

II

It is Maria's voice I hear!—
So calls the woodlark in the grove
His little faithful mate to cheer:
At once 'tis music and 'tis love!
And art thou come? And art thou true?
O, welcome, dear, to love and me,
And let us all our vows renew
Along the flowery banks of Cree!

LET NOT WOMEN E'ER COMPLAIN

I

LET not women e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love !
Let not women e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove !
Look abroad thro' Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change :
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove ?

II

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow.
Sun and moon but set to rise.
Round and round the seasons go.
Why then, ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan ?
We'll be constant, while we can—
You can be no more, you know !

LORD GREGORY

I

dark

O, Mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar !
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower—
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

II

hall

show

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for sake o' thee,
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

III

rememb'rest

Lord Gregory mind'st thou not the grove
By bonie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied ?

IV

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for ay be mine !
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

V

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast :
 Thou bolt of Heaven that flashest by,
 O, wilt thou bring me rest !

VI

Ye mustering thunders from above,
 Your willing victim see,
 But spare and pardon my fause love
 His wrangs to Heaven and me !

O POORTITH CAULD cold poverty

Chorus

O, why should Fate sic pleasure have such
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love
 Depend on Fortune's shining ?

I

O POORTITH cauld and restless Love,
 Ye wrack my peace between ye ! wreck
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An 'twere na for my Jeanie. If

II

rest

The world's wealth when I think on,
 Its pride and a' the lave o't—
 My curse on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't!

III

eyes

Her een sae bonie blue betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword ay:
 She talks o' rank and fashion.

IV

O, wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him?
 O, wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am?

V

hobgoblins

fearful

How blest the wild-wood Indian's fate!
 He woos his artless dearie—
 The silly bogles, Wealth and State,
 Can never make him eerie.

Chorus

O, why should Fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

O, STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOOD-LARK

I

O, STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray !
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing, fond complaining.
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art !
For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

II

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind ?
O, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken !
Thou tells o' never-ending care,
O' speechless grief and dark despair—
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
 Or my poor heart is broken !

nothing

Such:
awake

SAW YE BONIE LESLEY

I

went

O, saw ye bonie Lesley,
 As she gaed o'er the Border?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther!

II

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And never made anither!

III

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley—
 Thy subjects, we before thee!
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley—
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

IV

harm

belong to

The Deil he could na skaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee:
 He'd look into thy bonie face,
 And say:—'I canna wrang thee!'

V

The Powers aboon will tent thee,	above; guard
Misfortune sha'na steer thee:	meddle with
Thou 'rt like themsel' sae lovely,	
That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.	

VI

Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie!
 That we may brag we hae a lass
 There's nane again sae bonie.

SWEET FA'S THE EVE

I

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,	
And blythe awakes the morrow,	
But a' the pride o' Spring's return	
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.	nothing

II

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And Care his bosom is wringing?

III

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

IV

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love another,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they 'll wither.

YOUNG JESSIE

I

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the
Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks of the
Ayr ;
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding
river
Are lovers as faithful and maidens as fair :
To equal young Jessie seek Scotia all over—
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain !
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

II

Fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
 And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
 Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring ;
 Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law ; eyes
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger :
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

ADOWN WINDING NITH

Chorus

Awa wi' your belles and your beauties—
 They never wi' her can compare !
 Whae'er hae met wi' my Phillis
 Has met wi' the Queen o' the Fair !

I

Adown winding Nith I did wander
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring.
 Adown winding Nith I did wander
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

II

The Daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild :
 'Thou emblem,' said I, 'o' my Phillis'—
 For she is Simplicity's child.

III

The rose-bud 's the blush o' my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest.
 How fair and how pure is the lily !
 But fairer and purer her breast.

IV

Yon knot of gay flowers in the harbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :
 Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

V

Her voice is the song o' the morning,
 That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
 When Phebus peeps over the mountains
 On music, and pleasure, and love.

VI

But Beauty, how frail and how fleeting !
 The bloom of a fine summer's day !
 While Worth in the mind o' my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.

Chorus

Awa wi' your belles and your beauties—
 They never wi' her can compare !
 Whae'er hae met wi' my Phillis
 Has met wi' the Queen o' the Fair !

A LASS WI' A TOCHER dowry

Chorus

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 The nice yellow guineas for me !

I

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' Beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms !
 O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms !
 O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms !

II

Your Beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster the faster it grows ;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes, knolls
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yowes ! ewes

III

And e'en when this Beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' Beauty may cloy when possess'd ;
 But the sweet, yellow darlings wi' Geordie impress'd,
 The langer ye hae them, the mair they're carest !

230 BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL

Chorus

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me !

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL

I

every
BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill
As the lambs before me,
Careless ilka thought, and free
As the breeze flew o'er me.
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me :
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

II

can do
nothing but
stare
will not ;
throes
must
Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring !
Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb despairing !
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod
Soon maun be my dwelling.

BY ALLAN STREAM

I

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
While Phebus sank beyond Benledi;
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready;
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
An' thought on youthfu' pleasures monie,
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang:—
'O, my love Annie's very bonie!

II

'O, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie!
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said:—"I'm thine for ever!"
While monie a kiss the seal imprest—
The sacred vow we ne'er should sever.'

hobgoblin
fearful

III

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae.
The Summer joys the flocks to follow.
How cheery thro' her short'ning day
Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow!

-bank

232 CANST THOU LEAVE ME

But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

CANST THOU LEAVE ME

Chorus

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie!
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie!
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

I

Is this thy plighted, fond regard:
Thus cruelly to part, my Katie?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward:
An aching broken heart, my Katie?

II

Farewell! And ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katie!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,
But not a love like mine, my Katie.

Chorus

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie!
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie!
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE

I

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder,
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The world's wealth and grandeur!
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her.

II

Thus in my arms, wi' a' her charms,
I clasp my countless treasure,
I'll seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure!
And by thy een sae bonie blue
I swear I'm thine for ever,
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never!

such
eyes

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE

I

jolly CONTENTED wi' little and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' Sorrow and Care,
 smack I gie them a skelp, as they 're creepin alang,
 [Notes]; Wi' a cog o' guid swats and an auld Scottish sang.
 new ale

II

sometimes I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome Thought;
 scratch
 fight But Man is a soger, and Life is a faught.
 My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch daur
 touch.

III

twelve- A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 month; lot A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a':
 solders When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the Deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

IV

stumble; Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
 stagger
 go Be 't to me, be 't frae me, e'en let the jade gae!
 Come Ease or come Travail, come Pleasure or Pain,
 worst My warst word is :—' Welcome, and welcome again!'

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM

I

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling !
 O Mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
 Within my bosom swelling :
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain
 And yet in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in every vein
 Nor dare disclose my anguish !

II

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my griefs would cover :
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan
 Betray the hapless lover.
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,
 Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me ;
 But, O Eliza, hear one prayer—
 For pity's sake forgive me !

unconscious

III

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me !
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 Till fears no more had sav'd me !

Th' unwary sailor thus, aghast
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

HAD I A CAVE

I

HAD I a cave
On some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl
To the wave's dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more !

II

Falsest of womankind,
Can'st thou declare
All thy fond, plighted vows
Fleeting as air?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there !

HERE 'S A HEALTH

Chorus

Here's a health to ane I loe dear !
Here's a health to ane I loe dear !
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers
 meet,
And soft as their parting tear,
 Jessy—
And soft as their parting tear !

I

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine, must
Altho' even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than ought in the world beside,
 Jessy—
Than ought in the world beside !

II

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms ;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber !
For then I am lockt in thine arms,
 Jessy—
For then I am lockt in thine arms !

Chorus

Here's a health to ane I loe dear !
 Here's a health to ane I loe dear !
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers
 meet,
 And soft as their parting tear,
 Jessy—
 And soft as their parting tear !

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS

I

How cruel are the parents
 Who riches only prize,
 And to the wealthy booby
 Poor Woman sacrifice !
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter
 Has but a choice of strife :
 To shun a tyrant father's hate
 Become a wretched wife !

II

The ravening hawk pursuing,
 The trembling dove thus flies :
 To shun impending ruin
 Awhile her pinion tries,

Till, of escape despairing,
 No shelter or retreat,
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE

I

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir !
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, sir.
 ' One of two must still obey,
 Nancy, Nancy !
 Is it Man or Woman, say,
 My spouse Nancy ? '

II

' If 'tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience,
 I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
 And so goodbye, allegiance !'
 ' Sad will I be so bereft,
 Nancy, Nancy !
 Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 My spouse Nancy !'

III

' My poor heart, then break it must,
 My last hour I am near it :
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, how will you bear it ? '
 ' I will hope and trust in Heaven,
 Nancy, Nancy !
 Strength to bear it will be given,
 My spouse Nancy.'

IV

' Well, sir, from the silent dead,
 Still I'll try to daunt you :
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you ! '
 ' I'll wed another like my dear,
 Nancy, Nancy !
 Then all Hell will fly for fear,
 My spouse Nancy ! '

IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH

Chorus

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe !

I

It was the charming month of May,
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
 One morning, by the break of day,
 The youthful, charming Chloe,
 From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes—
 The youthful, charming Chloe !

II

The feather'd people you might see
 Perch'd all around on every tree !
 With notes of sweetest melody
 They hail the charming Chloe,
 Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise,
 Outrival'd by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.

Chorus

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe !

fine LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER

I

LAST May a braw wooper cam down the lang glen,
 deafen And sair wi' his love he did deave me.
 I said there was naething I hated like men :
 go The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me—
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me !

II

eyes He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was diein.
 I said, he might die when he liket for Jean :
 The Lord forgie me for liein, for liein—
 The Lord forgie me for liein !

III

farm ;
 landlord A weel-stocket mailen, himsel for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand were his proffers :
 let I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
 worse But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers—
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

IV

But what wad ye think ? In a fortnight or less
 (The Deil tak his taste to gae near her !)
 He up the Gate-Slack to my black cousin, Bess !
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could
 bear her—
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

V

But a' the niest week, as I petted wi' care,	next
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,	cattle-fair
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there?	
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock—	stared
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.	

VI

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,	shoulder ;
Lest neebours might say I was saucy.	glance
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,	
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie—	
And vow'd I was his dear lassie !	

VII

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet :	asked ;
Gin she had recover'd her hearin ?	affable
	If
And how her new shoon fit her auld, shachl'd feet ?	shoes ;
	shapeless
But heavens ! how he fell a swearin, a swearin—	
But heavens ! how he fell a swearin !	

VIII

He beggèd, for gudesake, I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow— must
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow !

MY NANIE'S AWA

I

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
 heights And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 every; wood While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw,
 But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa.

II

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 wet [*i.e.* dew] And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn.
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw :
 They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa !

III

Thou lav'rock, that springs frae the dews of the
 lawn
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa,
 Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

IV

Come Autumn, sae pensive in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay !
 The dark, dreary Winter and wild-driving snaw
 Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

NOW ROSY MAY

Chorus

Meet me on the Warlock Knowe,
Dainty Davie, Dainty Davie!
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear Dainty Davie.

knoll

own

I

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
And now comes in the happy hours
To wander wi' my Davie.

II

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.

III

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

| IV

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
 I flee to his arms I loe the best :
 And that's my ain dear Davie !

Chorus

Meet me on the Warlock Knowe,
 Dainty Davie, Dainty Davie !
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear Dainty Davie.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD

I

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
 And strew'd the lea wi' flowers ;
 The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
 Rejoice in fostering showers ;
 While ilka thing in nature join
 Their sorrows to forego,
 O, why thus all alone are mine
 The weary steps o' woe !

every

II

The trout within yon wimpling burn
 Glides swift, a silver dart,
 And, safe beneath the shady thorn,
 Defies the angler's art :

winding

My life was ance that careless stream,
 That wanton trout was I,
 But Love wi' unrelenting beam
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

III

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows,
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 Nae ruder visit knows,
 Was mine, till Love has o'er me past,
 And blighted a' my bloom ;
 And now beneath the withering blast
 My youth and joy consume.

guess

IV

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
 And climbs the early sky,
 Wincing blythe his dewy wings
 In Morning's rosy eye :
 As little reck't I Sorrow's power,
 Until the flowery snare
 O' witching Love in luckless hour
 Made me the thrall o' care !

V

O, had my fate been Greenland snows
 Or Afric's burning zone,
 Wi' Man and Nature leagu'd my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known !

248 O, THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE

The wretch, whose doom is 'hope nae mair,'
What tongue his woes can tell,
Within whose bosom, save Despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell!

O, THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE

Chorus

O, this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be :
Weel ken I my ain lassie—
Kind love is in her e'e.

I

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

II

She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in the e'e.

III

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,	artful
To steal a blink by a' unseen !	glance
But gleg as light are lover's een,	sharp ; eyes
When kind love is in the e'e.	

IV

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks ;
But well the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

Chorus

O, this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be :
Weel ken I my ain lassie—
Kind love is in her e'e.

O, WAT YE WHA THAT LO'ES ME wot ;
who

Chorus

O, that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer !
O, that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her !

I

O, WAT ye wha that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a keeping?
 O, sweet is she that lo'es me
 As dew's o' summer weeping,
 In tears the rosebuds steeping!

II

If thou shalt meet a lassie
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming:—

such

III

If thou hadst heard her talking
 (And thy attention's plighted),
 That ilka body talking
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all-delighted:—

every

Except

IV

If thou hast met this fair one,
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one
 But her thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted:—

Chorus

O, that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer !
O, that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her !

SCOTS, WHA HAE

I

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victorie !

II

Now's the day, and now's the hour :
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie !

III

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?—
Let him turn, and flee !

IV

Wha for Scotland's King and Law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me !

V

By Oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins
 But they shall be free !

VI

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Let us do, or die !

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE

I

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands
 reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the per-
 fume !
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow
 broom ;

ferns

brook

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly, unseen; wild daisy
For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,
A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

II

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,
And could Caledonia's blast on the wave,
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
palace,
What are they?—The haunt of the tyrant and
slave!
The slave's spicy forests and gold-bubbling fountains
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain:
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

THINE AM I

I

THINE am I, my faithful Fair,
Thine my lovely Nancy!
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy!
To thy bosom lay my heart
There to throb and languish.
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

II

Take away those rosy lips
 Rich with balmy treasure !
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure !
 What is life when wanting love ?
 Night without a morning !
 Love the cloudless summer's sun,
 Nature gay adorning.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE

I

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever !
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever !
 Aften hast thou vow'd that Death
 Only should us sever ;
 Now thou 'st left thy lass for ay—
 I maun see thee never, Jamie,
 I'll see thee never !

must

II

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken !
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken !

Thou canst love another jo,
While my heart is breaking-
Soon my weary een I'll close, eyes
Never mair to waken, Jamie, more
Never mair to waken !

HIGHLAND MARY

I

YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie ! turbid
There Summer first unfald her robes, unfold
And there the langest tarry !
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary !

II

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk, birch
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie :
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

III

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder.
But O, fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

IV

O, pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly ;
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwalt on me sae kindly ;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

MY CHLORIS, MARK

I

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair !
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

II

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay, lark
And o'er the cottage sings :
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

III

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly, lighted ha' : hall
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe in the birken shaw. birch wood

IV

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

V

The shepherd in the flowery glen
In shepherd's phrase will woo :
The courtier tells a finer tale—
But is his heart as true ?

VI

Here wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine :
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine !

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS

Chorus

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou wert wont to do ?

I

FULL well thou know'st I love thee dear—
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear !
 O, did not Love exclaim :—‘ Forbear,
 Nor use a faithful lover so !’

II

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
 Those wonted smiles, O, let me share,
 And by thy beauteous self I swear
 . No love but thine my heart shall know !

Chorus

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou wert wont to do ?

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS

Chorus

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tend the flocks— tend
Wilt thou be my dearie, O ?

I

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea, clothes
And a' is young and sweet like thee,
O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou 'lt be my dearie, O ?

II

The primrose bank, the wimpling burn, meandering
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,
The wanton lambs at early morn
Shall welcome thee, my dearie, O.

III

And when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower, each
We'll to the breathing woodbine-bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

IV

reaper's When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray
 The weary shearer's hameward way,
 Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
 And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

V

And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
 Enclaspèd to my faithfu' breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

Chorus

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks—
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O ?

LONG, LONG THE NIGHT

Chorus

Long, long the night,
 Heavy comes the morrow,
 While my soul's delight
 Is on her bed of sorrow.

I

CAN I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish !

II

Ev'ry hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror :
Slumber ev'n I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror.

III

Hear me, Powers Divine :
O, in pity, hear me !
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me !

Chorus

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

LOGAN WATER

I

since then
have

dull

must

slopes

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride,
And years sin syne hae o'er us run
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

II

Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and vallies gay ;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers ;
Blythe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
And Evening's tears are tears o' joy :
My soul delightless a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

III

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush :
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile.

But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

IV

O, wae upon you, Men o' State,
 That brethren rouse in deadly hate !
 As ye make monie a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return !
 Ye mindna 'mid your cruel joys
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cries ;
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan braes !

remember
 not

YON ROSY BRIER

I

O, BONIE was yon rosy brier
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man,
 And bonie she—and ah, how dear !—
 It shaded frae the e'enin sun !

yonder

II

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure among the leaves sae green !
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witnessed in their shade yestreen.

last night

III

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose how sweet and fair!
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

IV

winding

The pathless wild and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine,
 And I the warld nor wish nor scorn—
 Its joys and griefs alike resign!

WHERE ARE THE JOYS

I

WHERE are the joys I hae met in the morning,
 That danc'd to the lark's early sang?
 Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring
 At e'ening the wild-woods amang?

II

Nae mair a-winding the course o' yon river
 And marking sweet flowerets sae fair,
 Nae mair I trace the light footsteps o' Pleasure,
 But Sorrow and sad-sighing Care.

III

Is it that Summer's forsaken our vallies,
And grim, surly Winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses
Proclaim it the pride o' the year.

IV

Fain wad I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet lang, lang, too well hae I known:
A' that has causèd the wreck in my bosom
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone!

V

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Not Hope dare a comfort bestow.
Come then, enamor'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe!

BEHOLD THE HOUR

I

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive!
Thou goest, the darling of my heart!
Sever'd from thee, can I survive?
But Fate has will'd and we must part.

I'll often greet the surging swell,
 Yon distant isle will often hail :—
 'E'en here I took the last farewell ;
 There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.'

II

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye :—
 'Happy, thou Indian grove,' I'll say,
 'Where now my Nancy's path may be !
 While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
 O, tell me, does she muse on me ?'

FORLORN MY LOVE

Chorus

O, wert thou, love, but near me,
 But near, near, near me,
 How kindly thou would cheer me,
 And mingle sighs with mine, love !

I

FORLORN my love, no comfort near,
 Far, far from thee I wander here ;
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe,
 At which I most repine, love.

II

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
Blasting each bud of hope and joy,
And shelter, shade, nor home have I
Save in these arms of thine, love.

III

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart !
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love !

IV

But, dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O, let me think we yet shall meet !
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love !

Chorus

O, wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me,
How kindly thou would cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love !

268 CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES

Drive ; ewes ;
knolls

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES

SECOND SET

Chorus

brooklet runs

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie.

I

[Notes] ; go

HARK, the mavis' e'en'ing sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonie dearie.

II

go

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels, spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

III

Yonder Clouden's silent towers
Where, at moonshine's midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheery.

IV

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear—
 Thou'rt to Love and Heav'n sae dear
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,
 My bonie dearie

hobgoblin

Chorus

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them where the heather grows,
 Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
 My bonie dearie.

HOW CAN MY POOR HEART

I

How can my poor heart be glad
 When absent from my sailor lad?
 How can I the thought forego—
 He's on the seas to meet the foe?
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love.
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are with him that's far away.
 On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away—
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day,
 Are ay with him that's far away.

II

When in summer noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun.
Bullets, spare my only joy !
Bullets, spare my darling boy !
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away !
 On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away—
 Fate, do with me what you may,
 Spare but him that's far away !

III

At the starless, midnight hour
When Winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forests tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away.
 On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away,
 All I can—I weep and pray
 For his weal that's far away.

IV

Peace, thy olive wand extend
 And bid wild War his ravage end ;
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as brother kindly greet !
 Then may Heaven with prosperous gales
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away !
 On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away !

IS THERE FOR HONEST POVERTY

I

Is there for honest poverty
 That hings his head, an' a' that ? hangs
 The coward slave, we pass him by—
 We dare be poor for a' that !
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that. gold

II

coarse grey
woollen

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that?
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

III

fellow;
called

dolt

Ye see yon birkie ca'd 'a lord,'
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that?
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a cuif for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His ribband, star, an' a' that,
 The man o' independent mind,
 He looks an' laughs at a' that.

IV

above
must not
[Notes]

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that!
 But an honest man's aboon his might—
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities, an' a' that,
 The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth
 Are higher rank than a' that.

V

Then let us pray that come it may
 (As come it will for a' that)
 That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth
 Shall bear the gree an' a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's comin yet for a' that,
 That man to man the world o'er
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

have the
 first place

MARK YONDER POMP

I

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion
 Round the wealthy, titled bride!
 But, when compar'd with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride.

II

What are the showy treasures?
 What are the noisy pleasures?
 The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art!
 The polish'd jewel's blaze
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart!

274 O, LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT

III

But did you see my dearest Chloris
In simplicity's array,
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day :

IV

O, then, the heart alarming
And all resistless charming,
In love's delightful fetters she chains the
willing soul !
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown !
Ev'n Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll !

one

O, LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT

Chorus

O, let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night !
O, let me in this ae night,
And rise, and let me in !

I

O LASSIE, are ye sleepin yet,	
Or are ye waukin, I wad wit?	awake ;
For Love has bound me hand an' fit,	know
And I would fain be in, jo.	foot

II

Thou hear'st the winter wind an' weet :	wet
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet !	shines
Tak pity on my weary feet,	
And shield me frae the rain, jo.	

III

The bitter blast that round me blows,
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's :
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 Of a' my care and pine, jo.

Chorus

O, let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night !
 O, let me in this ae night,
 And rise and let me in !

HER ANSWER

Chorus

I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night,
 And ance for a' this ae night,
 I winna let ye in, jo.

will not

276 I TELL YOU NOW THIS AE NIGHT

I

not

O, TELL me na o' wind an' rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
way Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let ye in, jo !

II

keenest ;
darkest

nothing \

The snellest blast at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

III

fate ; own

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed—
Let simple maid the lesson read !
The weird may be her ain, jo.

IV

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
And now the cruel fowler's prey,
Let that to witless woman say :—
'The gratefu' heart of man,' jo

Chorus

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let ye in, jo.

O PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY

Chorus

He and She. For a' the joys that gowd can gie, gold
I dinna care a single flie ! do not

The {lad } I love's the {lad }
 {lass } {lass }

And that's my ain dear {Willy }
 {Philly }

I

He. O PHILLY, happy be that day
When, roving thro' the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away, stolen
And by thy charms, my Philly !

She. O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

II

He. As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, each
So ilka day to me mair dear succeeding
And charming is my Philly.

She. As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes, and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

III

He. The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

She. The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring
As meeting o' my Willy.

IV

He. The bee, that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the op'ning flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor
Upon the lips o' Philly.

She. The woodbine in the dewy weat,
When ev'ning shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

V

He. Let Fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win !
My thoughts are a' bound up on ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

She. What's a' the joys that gowd can gie ?
I dinna care a single flie !
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.

Chorus

He and She. For a' the joys that gowd can gie,

I dinna care a single fie !

The $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{lad} \\ \text{lass} \end{array} \right\}$ I love's the $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{lad} \\ \text{lass} \end{array} \right\}$ for me,

And that's my ain dear $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Willy} \\ \text{Philly} \end{array} \right\}$

O, WERE MY LOVE

I

O, WERE my love yon lilac fair

Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,

And I a bird to shelter there,

When wearied on my little wing,

How I wad mourn when it was torn

By Autumn wild and Winter rude !

But I wad sing on wanton wing,

When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

II

O, gin my love were yon red rose,

if

That grows upon the castle wa'.

And I mysel a drap o' dew

Into her bonie breast to fa',

O, there, beyond expression blest,

I'd feast on beauty a' the night,

Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,

-soft ; folds

Till fley'd awa by Phoebus' light !

scared

SLEEP'ST THOU

I

SLEEP'ST thou, or wauk'st thou, fairest creature?

Rosy Morn now lifts his eye,

each

Numbering ilka bud, which Nature

Waters wi' the tears o' joy.

Now to the streaming fountain

Or up the heathy mountain

The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton
stray ;

In twining hazel bowers

His lay the linnet pours ;

The laverock to the sky

Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,

While the sun and thou arise to bless the day !

II

Phœbus, gilding the brow of morning,

Banishes ilk darksome shade,

Nature gladdening and adorning :

Such to me my lovely maid !

When frae my Chloris parted,

Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,

The night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'er-cast
my sky ;

But when she charms my sight
 In pride of Beauty's light,
 When thro' my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart,
 'Tis then—'tis then I wake to life and joy !

THERE WAS A LASS

I

THERE was a lass, and she was fair !
 At kirk and market to be seen
 When a' our fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonie Jean.

II

And ay she wrought her country wark,
 And ay she sang sae merrilie :
 The blythest bird upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she !

III

But hawks will rob the tender joys,
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest,
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
 And love will break the soundest rest.

linnet's

IV

handsomest	Young Robie was the brawest lad,
	The flower and pride of a' the glen,
oxen ; kine	And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
horses	And wanton naigies nine or ten.

V

went ; [Notes]	He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
	He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down,
	And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
lost ; stolen	Her heart was tint, her peace was stown !

VI

As in the bosom of the stream
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en,
 So, trembling pure, was tender love
 Within the breast of bonie Jean.

VII

	And now she works her country's wark,
	And ay she sighs wi' care and pain,
knew not ; complaint	Yet wist na what her ail might be,
well	Or what wad make her weel again.

VIII

not ; leap	But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
glance	And did na joy blink in her e'e,
	As Robie tauld a tale o' love
One	Ae e'enin on the lily lea ?

IX

While monie a bird sang sweet o' love,
 And monie a flower blooms o'er the dale,
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And whisper'd thus his tender tale:—

X

' O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear.
 O, canst thou think to fancy me?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me? tend

XI

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, cowhouse
 Or naething else to trouble thee,
 But stráy among the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.'

XII

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
 She had nae will to say him na!
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was ay between them twa.

meadow-
ridge

THE LEA-RIG

I

folding

dull

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin time is near, my jo,
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and weary, O,
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hangin clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

II

frightened
went

At midnight hour in mirkest glen
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

III

The hunter lo'es the morning sun
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher takes the glen
Adown the burn to steer, my jo:

Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey—	twilight
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,	
To meet thee on the lea-rig,	
My ain kind dearie, O !	

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

Chorus

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a lo'esome wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine !

I

I NEVER saw a fairer,	
I never lo'ed a dearer,	
And neist my heart I'll wear her,	next
For fear my jewel tine.	be lost

II

The world's wrack, we share o't ;	[Notes]
The warstle and the care o't,	
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,	
And think my lot divine.	

Chorus

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a lo'esome wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine

MARY MORISON

I

O MARY, at thy window be !

[Notes]

It is the wish'd, the trysted hour.
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor.
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure—
 The lovely Mary Morison !

bear the
 struggle

II

Last night
 went

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard or saw :
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd and said amang them a' :—
 Ye are na Mary Morison !'

fine

the other

III

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown :
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

fault

give

cannot

NOTES

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL

THE present Volume consists of songs sent by Burns to Johnson's *Musical Museum* and Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, and duly set forth in these collections. Some he sent which were not used, and some were used which he did not send. These will appear in our fourth and last instalment of all.

Burns's earliest reference to the *Museum* is contained in a letter, written as he was leaving Edinburgh, of the 4th May 1787. He tells Johnson that he sends a song ('never before known') for his publication, and that had the acquaintance been a little older, he would have asked the favour of a 'correspondence.' Only two of his songs appeared in Johnson's First Volume, the Preface to which is dated 22nd May 1787; and it is possible to observe in detail neither the growth of his acquaintance with Johnson himself nor that of his interest in Johnson's venture. He seems, however, to have made special arrangements with Johnson during his visit to Edinburgh in the autumn: at any rate, there are indications that he has resolved—entirely as a labour of love—to do his best for both the man and the book. On the 20th October he informs Mr. Hoy, chamberlain to the Duke of Gordon, that, to 'the utmost of his small power,' he assists 'in collecting the old poetry, or sometimes for a fine air' makes 'a stanza when it has no words'; on the 25th he confides to Skinner, the parson poet, that he has 'been absolutely crazed about' the project, and is 'collecting old stanzas, and every information respecting their origin, authors,' *etc.*; and in November he is found asking his friend

James Candlish to send him '*Pompey's Ghost*, words and music,' and confessing that he has already 'collected, begged, borrowed, and stolen all the songs' he could. All this is in the beginning; and of itself it were enough to show that, even had he done no more, still Johnson's debt to him had been considerable.

But there is evidence in plenty that he was very soon a great deal more than a mere contributor, however unwearied and unselfish. Johnson—an engraver, who could neither write grammatically nor even spell—was quite incompetent himself to edit the *Museum*; and at first he was helped by the elder Tytler. But that Burns was virtually editor of the work from the autumn of 1787 until his health began to fail, is proved (1) by what is left of his correspondence with Johnson; (2) by his annotations on the Hastie mss. (British Museum); and (3) by certain draft-plans of volumes, lists of songs, and other ms. scraps now in the library of Mr. George Gray, Glasgow, which we have been privileged to consult for this Edition. Thus, in November 1788, he tells Johnson that he has prepared a 'flaming preface' for Vol. iii. The tone of it is not exactly that of the Preface to Vol. ii.; but Burns was a creature of moods, and he may very well have written both. If he did, he ends the earlier thus:— 'Ignorance and Prejudice may perhaps affect to sneer at the simplicity of the poetry or music of some of those pieces, but their having been for ages the favourites of Nature's judges, the Common People, was to the Editor a sufficient test of their merit.' The next is less humble and more cynical as regards the *Vox Populi*. 'As this is not,' it runs, 'one of those many Publications which are hourly ushered into the World merely to catch the eye of Fashion in her frenzy of a day, the Editor has little to hope or fear from the herd of readers. Consciousness of the well-known merit of our Scottish Music, and the natural fondness of a Scotchman for the productions of his own country, are at once the Editor's motive

and apology for the Undertaking ; and where any of the Pieces in the Collection may perhaps be found wanting at the Critical Bar of the First, he appeals to the honest prejudices of the Last.' Burns's hand is also plain in the Preface to Vol. iv., which ends with this pronouncement : — 'To those who object that this Publication contains pieces of inferior or little value the Editor answers by referring to his plan. All our songs cannot have equal merit. Besides, as the world have (*sic*) not yet agreed on any unerring balance, any undisputed standard, in matters of Taste, what to one person yields no manner of pleasure, may to another be a high enjoyment.' He died before the appearance of Vol. v. (there were six in all), but the Preface thereto contains an extract from a letter of his : — 'You may probably think that for some time past I have neglected you and your work ; but alas the hand of pain and sorrow and care has these many months lain heavy on me ! Personal and domestic affliction have almost entirely banished that alacrity and life with which I used to woo the rural Muse of Scotia. In the meantime let us finish what we have so well begun.'

In the September of 1792 he was invited by George Thomson to contribute to his *Scottish Airs*, a more ambitious and—musically speaking—a more elaborate adventure than the *Museum*. He replied that, inasmuch as it would positively add to his enjoyment to comply with the request, he would 'enter into the undertaking with all the small portion of the abilities' he had, 'strained to the utmost exertion by the impulse of enthusiasm.' 'As to remuneration,' he added, 'you may think my songs either above or below price ; for they shall absolutely be the one or the other. In the honest enthusiasm with which I embark in your undertaking, to talk of money, wages, fee, hire, *etc.*, would be downright sodomy of soul. A proof of each of the songs that I compose or amend I shall receive as a favour. In the rustic phrase of the season :—"God speed the work."

Thomson returns his 'warmest acknowledgement for the enthusiasm with which' Burns has 'entered into our undertaking'; but as he says nothing of Burns's admirable generosity, it is reasonable to infer that the idea of payment would have been unwelcome to his mind.

Even so, it is fair to add that the best of time had passed for Burns ere his connexion with Thomson began. Misfortunes, hardships, follies, excesses in fact and sentiment, success itself, so barren of lasting profit to him—all these had done some part of their work; and already his way of life was falling into the sere and yellow leaf. Though few, the years had been full exceedingly; and his inspiration was its old rapturous, irresistible self no longer. Moreover, he had to content Thomson as well as to satisfy himself; and Thomson, a kind of poetaster, whose taste in verse was merely academic, persuaded him to write more English than was good for him; being in this matter wholly of his time, he could find nothing to 'fire his vocal rage' but the amatory 'effusions' of one of the least lyrical schools in letters; and the consequences were disastrous to his art. The Thomson songs, indeed, some distinguished and delightful exceptions to the contrary, are not in his happier vein. They have not the fresh sweetness and the unflagging spirit of his *Museum* numbers. They are less distinctively Scots than these, for one thing; and for another, they are often vapid in sentiment and artificial in effect. Now, his work for the *Museum* consisted largely in the adaptation of old rhymes and folk-songs to modern uses. Some he arranged, some he condensed, some he enlarged, some he reconstructed and rewrote. Stray snatches, phrases, lines, thin echoes from a vanished past—nothing came amiss to him, nor was there anything he could not turn to good account. His appreciation was instant and inevitable, his touch unerring. Under his hand a patch-work of catch-words became a living song. He would take you two fragments of different epochs, select the

best from each, and treat the matter of his choice in such a style that it is hard to know where its components end and begin : so that nothing is certain about his result except that here is a piece of art. Or he would capture a wandering old refrain, adjust it to his own conditions, and so renew its lyrical interest and significance that it seems to live its true life for the first time on his lips. Here, in fact, is his chief claim to perennial acceptance. He passed the folk-song of his nation through the mint of his mind, and he reproduced it stamped with his image and lettered with his superscription : so that for the world at large it exists, and will go on existing, not as he found but as he left it. Certain critics have cavilled at the assertion (in our Préface to Vol. i.) that, 'genius apart,' Burns was '*ultimus Scotorum*, the last expression of the old Scots world.' If that statement err, it is not by excess. Burns's knowledge of the older minstrelsy was unique ; he was saturate with its tradition, as he was absolute master of its emotions and effects ; no such artist in folk-song as he (so in other words Sir Walter said) has ever worked in literature. But a hundred forgotten singers went to the making of his achievement and himself. He did not wholly originate those master-qualities—of fresh and taking simplicity, of vigour and directness and happy and humorous ease, which have come to be regarded as distinctive of his verse ; for all these things, together with much of the thought, the romance, and the sentiment for which we read and love him, were included in the estate which he inherited from his nameless forebears ; and he so assimilated them that what is actually those forebears' legacy to him has come to be regarded as his gift to them. Those forebears aiding, he stands forth as the sole great poet of the old Scots world ; and he thus is national as no poet has ever been, and as no poet ever will, or ever can be, again. Thus, too, it is that, being the 'satirist and singer of a parish'—a fact which only the Common Burnsites could

be crazy enough, or pigheaded enough, to deny—he is at the same time the least parochial—the most broadly and genuinely human—among the lyrists of his race.

In our Notes to individual songs we have done our best to trace his connexion with the past. This is now the more difficult because (1) much of the material he collected (including the origins of the publication known as *The Merry Muses* and a good deal else) has been destroyed—by his relations, or by Currie, or by later owners—in the interests partly of Scottish morals, partly of that cheap decorous chromo-lithograph (as it were) which bids fair to supplant the true Burns—ardent, impulsive, generous; but hypochondriacal, passionate, imperfect—in the minds of his countrymen; (2) owners are shy of so much as acknowledging the existence of certain holograph letters and verses; and (3) many so-called ms. collections of traditional songs, made in the first half of the century, partake, whether consciously or not, of the character of forgeries, and do not so much enlighten as betray. All the same, in mss., broadsides, chaps, rare song-books there does exist a considerable body of stuff which, being carefully sifted, is found to be, directly or indirectly, of no small illustrative value. As regards unpublished material, we might speak in no measured terms of the Herd ms. (British Museum)—given by Herd to Archibald Constable—which has hitherto escaped the notice of Burns's Editors; which includes all the songs, ballads, and scraps that David Herd—the most indefatigable and the most conscientious of the old Scots collectors—had picked together; and which distinguishes between numbers unprinted and numbers printed in Herd's own 1769 and 1776 Editions, or elsewhere. Burns may of course have had other knowledge of some of the matter here sequestered; but that he had access to the ms. while it was in Herd's hands—the probability is that it was submitted to him in the autumn of 1787)—and made large use of it

in connexion with the *Museum* is (as we think) made abundantly clear in our Notes. It supplied him with the beginnings of over twenty songs : some set down hitherto as wholly his own, and a few vaguely described as 'old,' while the rest have been riddled with speculations or assertions more or less unwarrantable and erroneous. Other ms. collections have been examined, and, so far as was deemed expedient, have been utilised ; but the most, as we have said, make rather for error than for truth.

As will be seen, much valuable information is still to be got from old broadsides and garlands. Even if a broadside, or a garland, do not set forth the very song, or ballad, on which Burns worked, it may contain the original of that song, or ballad, or at least a derivative from that original, and in this way suffice to prove that in the particular instance Burns was indebted to a predecessor. Moreover, it is highly probable, indeed it is certain—*pace* Messrs. Chappell and Ebsworth—that many English broadsides are founded on Scots originals deemed unfit for print in the foul-mouthed days of Rochester and the Second Charles. The old Scots poets—Dunbar, Kennedy, Lindsay, Montgomerie, Scott, Hume of Polwarth, and the rest—were nothing if not plain-spoken ; and from the Reformation, or before it, there existed in Scotland a large body of lyrical bawdry : in part (it may be) a legacy from the monks, but assuredly developed by the punitive rule of the Kirk and by the Kirk's discouragement—its prohibition indeed—of every kind of song except the 'godly,' and of every kind of literature except the theological. A clandestine literature somewhat similar in kind exists in England ; but the product of what we may call the Scots poetical shebeens is vastly preferable in the matter of melody and genius. Is it at all conceivable that the Scots nobles and gentlemen at Charles's court were ignorant of these delectable ditties, or would fail to make them known ? And can it be seriously argued

that Tom D'Urfey and those other English song-writers, who caricatured the Scot in love in such grotesques as *Bonnie Dundee* and *The Liggan Waters*, as *Katherine Ogie* and the rest, were never guilty of imitating or parodying a Scots original? [Of course it doesn't follow that they did so whenever they touched on Scottish themes, or tried to poke fun at the Scot by pretending to express themselves in his barbarous northern dialect.] Be this as it may, many Restoration English broadsides—whether suggested by Scots originals or not—were gathered (with modifications) into song-books by Ramsay and other Scotsmen, and had no small influence on popular song in Scotland. So that derivatives from them, or corruptions of them—in some instances of great variety—were widely circulated in those garlands and stall ballads which, particularly in the latter half of the eighteenth century, began to dispute the pre-eminence of the psalms of David as the poetic literature of the Scottish peasant: at the same time that they did their part in preparing the ground for the evolution in Britain of the great Romantic Movement.

All students of broadside literature are indebted to the publications of the Ballad Society, especially those produced under the learned editorship of Mr. Ebsworth, to whom our thanks are due for the early sheets, and an unique copy of the ballad of *Mally Stewart*. Among Collections, public and private, the first place must be assigned to those in the British Museum, which, in addition to the Roxburghe, Bagford, Osterly Park, and other famous sets of blackletter broadsides, possesses an immense assortment of whiteletter sheets and garlands, as well as an unrivalled gathering of sheet-music and old song-books. We have further to acknowledge the extraordinary kindness of the Earl of Crawford in sending us a world of ballads and broadsides from Haigh Hall, and to express our obligations to the Earl of Rosebery for permission to inspect the collection

of Scots broadsides formed by the late David Laing ; to Mrs. Mansfield, Edinburgh, for access to the Pitcairn ms. ; to Mr. A. Huth, Princes Gate, London, for access to the Huth broadsides ; and to Mr. Peskett, Librarian of Magdalene College, Cambridge, for the run of the admirable Pepys Collection. Divers other gatherings have been consulted, including the Euing Collection in the University of Glasgow. Also we are indebted to Mr. George Gray, Glasgow, for placing at our disposal his extensive assortment of Scots chaps and song-books ; to Mr. Alexander Fowlie of Inverury for the communication of several chaps ; to Mr. Wm. MacMath, Edinburgh, for information ; to Dr. Furnivall, London, for early copies of some Ballad Society's Publications ; and to Mr. Andrew Lang for information embodied in certain of our Notes.

Most of the ms. songs which Burns sent to Johnson are included in the Hastie Collection in the British Museum ; those he sent to Thomson in the Thomson Correspondence at Brechin Castle, where we were able to inspect them. But we have further to express our acknowledgments to the Committee of the Burns Exhibition, Glasgow, for permission to collate several mss. The mss. of divers numbers are also included in Collections denoted in foregoing volumes. Thus, those—and they are very many—which were sent to Mrs. Dunlop are in the Lochryan mss. ; while those sent to Maria Riddell are in the collection of her descendant, Dr. De Noë Walker, of London : to whom, as to Colonel Wallace, we have pleasure in tendering our peculiar thanks.

YOUNG PEGGY

No. 78 in Johnson (Vol. i. 1787): 'By Burns.'

Margaret, daughter of Robert Kennedy, of Daljarröch, Ayrshire, and niece of Mr. Gavin Hamilton, was born 3rd November 1766 ; fell in love with (and finally suc-

YOUNG cumbed to) Captain, afterwards Colonel, Andrew M'Doual
 PEGGY ('Sculdudd'ry M'Doual' of the second *Heron Ballad*: see Vol. ii. p. 197) in 1784; bore him a daughter in January 1794; raised an action for (1) declarator of marriage, or (2) damages for seduction; and died in February 1795, before the case was decided. Meanwhile M'Doual, who denied paternity as well as marriage, had wedded another lady; but in 1798 the Consistorial Court declared against him on both issues; and the Court of Session, having set aside its judgment as regards the marriage, ordered him to provide for his child in the sum of £3000.

Burns often met Miss Kennedy at Gavin Hamilton's. His song was enclosed to her in an undated letter:—'I have in these verses attempted some faint sketches of your portrait in the unembellished simple manner of descriptive truth.' This, and not *The Banks o' Doon*, (p. 124), which it is usual, but erroneous, to suppose was suggested by the lady's amour, must have been the song 'on Miss Peggy Kennedy,' which, with *The Lass o' Ballochmyle*, the 'jury of literati' in Edinburgh 'found defamatory libels against the fastidious powers of Poesy and Taste.' Forbidden to print it—(no doubt for the same reason as he was forbidden to print *The Lass o' Ballochmyle*), and not because it is not better than nine-tenths of the Ramsay songs, of which it is an imitation)—in the Edinburgh Edition, the writer sent it to Johnson, where it appears as alternative words to the tune, *Loch Errochside*. With a few variations it was published in one of the tracts 'printed for and sold by Stewart and Meikle'; and it is included in Stewart's Edition (Glasgow 1802); but not in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801).

STANZA I. LINE 2. '*She's blushing* like the morning,
 Stewart. 4. '*With early pearls* adorning,' Stewart.

STANZA III. LINE 4. '*Of savage surly* winter,' Stewart.

BONIE DUNDEE

No. 99 in Johnson (Vol. i. 1787): Unsigned.

A fragment of folk-ballad, with modifications and additions. A pencil jotting of it in Burns's hand on the back of a letter from the Earl of Buchan, 1st February 1787, is in the Burns Monument, Edinburgh. Cromek (*Scottish Songs*, 1810) states that Burns sent the draft of his version to Cleghorn with the following note:—‘DEAR CLEGHORN,—You will see by the above that I have added a stanza to *Bonny Dundee*. If you think it will do you may set it agoing upon a ten-stringed instrument and on the psaltery.—R. B.’

The earliest printed set is the blackletter (Crawford, Pepys, and Roxburghe Collections) ‘*Jockey's Escape from Bonny Dundee; or Jockey's Deliverance: Being his Valiant Escape from Dundee and the Parson's Daughter Whom he had Mislov'd. To its own Proper Tune [called Bonny Dundee]*’ :—

“Where got thou the haver-meal Bannock?”

“Blind Booby, cans't thou not see?

I got them out of a Scotch-man's wallet

As he lay easing under a Tree.”

‘Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can!

Come saddle my horse, and call up my man!

Come open the gates, and let me go free,

And show me the way to Bonny Dundee!’

A set in *Wit and Mirth* (1703) is more satirical: e.g. instead of ‘As he lay easing,’ it has ‘As he lay lousing him.’ A tune, *Adieu Dundee*, is preserved in *The Skene MS.* (ed. Dauney, 1838). Chappell thinks the Skene ms. much later than Dauney thought it, and holds the tune to be English. However this be, it can scarce be doubted that the blackletter set—including the chorus, which Sir Walter, borrowed—is founded on some Scots original. Two stanzas of a ballad, *Crombie's Escape from Dundee*,

BONIE said to have been current in the north of Scotland, are
DUNDEE quoted in Hogg and Motherwell (1834). A fragment in
Herd (1769) has a finer taste of antiquity :—

‘O, have I burnt, or have I slain,
Or have I done aught injury ?
I’ve gotten a bonny young lassie wi’ bairn ;—
The baillie’s daughter of bonny Dundee :
Bonny Dundee and bonny Dundas,
Where shall I see sae bonny a lass ?
Open your ports, and let us gang free !
I maun stay nae langer in bonny Dundee !’

Another version, in an undated chap published by J.
Morren, Edinburgh (c. 1800), introduces a ‘bonny blue
bonnet’ (afterwards useful, it may be, to Scott) :—

‘O, whar gat you that bonny blue bonnet ?’
‘O silly blind body, canny ye see ?
I gat it frae a bonny Scots callan
Atween St. Johnson’s and bonny Dundee.’

In an additional stanza are these four verses :—

‘My heart has nae room when I think on my dawty ;
His dear rosy haffets bring tears in my e’e !
But now he’s awa and I dinna ken where he’s.
Gin we could anse meet, we’s ne’er part till we die.’

Morren’s set is substantially the same as that in *The Harp
of Caledonia* (1819), referred to in Hogg and Motherwell,
where the additions are declared to be ‘obviously from
the pen of Burns.’ There is yet another set (old) in *The
Merry Muses* :—

‘Ye coopers and hoopers attend to my ditty :
‘I sing of a cooper wha dwalt in Dundee.
This young man, he was baith am’rous and witty,
Which pleased the fair maidens o’ sweet Dundee.’

STANZA I. LINE 1. ‘Hauver-meal bannock’ :—A synonym
(common in the North of England and some parts of Scotland)
for the oaten-cake, the staple bread of old Scotland.

TO THE WEAVER'S GIN YE GO

No. 103 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Signed 'X.' 'The chorus of this song is old, the rest is mine. Here once for all let me apologise for many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many beautiful airs wanted words, and in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together, anything nearly tolerable, I was fain to let them pass. He must be an excellent poet indeed whose every performance is excellent' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

Some hold the song to refer to Armour's visit to Paisley after the quarrel, and to her supposed flirtation with a weaver named Wilson. But if the story were authenticated (as it is not), and if Paisley lay west from Mauchline (which it does not), it would be admitted by everybody but the Common Burnside—sentimental, ignorant, uncritical—that, not to take account of the fact that Armour was far gone in pregnancy when she went to Paisley, is to discredit, and very seriously, (1) the general repute of the Paisley weaver; (2) Armour's idea of delicacy; (3) the habit and tradition of the Scottish male and female peasant; (4) the poet's own sense of fairness; and (5) even the poet's own theory of common decency.

An 'old' song, parts of which were sent to Hogg and Motherwell (1834) by Peter Buchan—who 'never saw it in print'—has no sort of claim to consideration. Here, however, is the chorus, such as it is :—

'To the weaver gin ye go,
To the weaver gin ye go,
You'll need somebody wi' you,
To the weaver gin ye go.'

A ballad in the 'Laing Broad-sides,' entitled, *A Seasonable Advice to all who intend to go Pirrating*, is to the tune

TO THE of *To the Weavers if You Go*, and is probably a parody.
WEAVER'S It begins :—

GIN YE
GO

'My countrymen who do intend
On pirrating to go,
Be sure whate'er ye may pretend,
The certain end is wo.

'I know't by sad experience,
The better may I tell :
I thought myself in sure defence,
But suddenly I fell.'

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'To warp a plaiden wab' = to form threads into a warp for a web of coarse woollen.

WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD

WE adopt the set elaborated by Burns for Thomson's *Scottish Airs* (Vol. ii. 1799). Here is the one sent to Johnson—No. 106 (Vol. ii. 1788): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns' :—

'O, Whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad !
O, Whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad !
Though father and mither should baith gae mad,
O, Whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad !
Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me ;
Come down the back stairs, and let naebody see ;
And come as ye were na coming to me,
And come as ye were na coming to me.'

The song has hitherto been held pure Burns. But he found his chorus in the *Herd ms.* :—

'Whistle and I'll cum to ye, my lad !
Whistle and I'll cum to ye, my lad !
Gin father and mither and a' should gae mad,
Whistle and I'll cum to ye, my lad !'

There is a curious English derivative from some Scots original, entitled *Whistle My Love and I'll Come Down*, of which a stall copy (sold by Potts, Printer, and Wholesale

Toy Warehouse, 6 Great St. Andrew St., 7 Dials, c. 1800 or earlier) is in the Crawford Collection. It begins:—

‘Peggy’s a maid both kind and fair,
And Peggy is dear to Johnnie,
And None in all Scotland here and there,
None is so blythe and bonny.
And Peggy has vow’d their love to own,
O Whistle my love and I’ll come down
And gang to the Kirk wi’ Johnnie.’

WHISTLE
AN’ I’LL
COME TO
YOU, MY
LAD

Currie states that he ‘heard the heroine’ of the Burns set ‘sing it herself, in the very spirit of arch simplicity it requires.’ He probably referred to Jean Armour; and it may be that the first set was addressed to her. Burns sent the second to Thomson in an undated letter sometime in August 1793; and on 2nd August 1795 he suggested that Thomson should change the fourth line of the chorus to ‘Thy Jeanie will venture wi’ ye, my lad’:—‘A fair one, herself the heroine of the song, insists on the amendment, and dispute her commands if you dare.’ The said fair one was Jean Lorimer (see *post*, p. 482, Prefatory Note to *Lassie Wi’ the Lint-White Locks*). Thomson asked her Poet to petition the ‘charming Jeanie’ to let ‘the line remain unaltered’; but, while the plate remains unchanged, ‘Thy Jeanie,’ *etc.*, graces all the printed verses opposite.

Thomson suggested ‘*my Jo*’ at the end of Lines 1, 2, and 4, and ‘*say no*’ at the end of Line 3; but Burns would none of it.

I’M O’ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET

No. 107 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Signed ‘Z.’ ‘The chorus of this song is old; the rest of it, such as it is, is mine’ (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

The old song, says Stenhouse, begins:—

I'M O'ER
YOUNG TO
MARRY
YET

‘My minnie coft me a new gown,
The Kirk maun hae the gracing o't;
Were I to lie wi' you, kind sir,
I'm fear'd you'd spoil the lacing o't.’

This statement seems borrowed—and mutilated—from Cromeek (*Scottish Songs*, i. 107), who introduces the stanza as ‘a stray characteristic verse’—(either he got it from a Burns ms., or was indebted for it to the playful fancy of ‘honest Allan’)—‘which ought to be restored.’

STANZA I. LINE 4. ‘Eerie’=apprehensive of ghosts, but the word is used here in a humorous sense. Perhaps the nearest English equivalent is ‘creepy.’

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDIE

No. 113 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): ‘Written for this work by R. Burns’: Signed ‘B.’ Set to the tune of *The Birks of Abergeldie*. ‘I composed these stanzas standing under the Falls of Moness at or near Aberfeldy’ (R. B. in Interleaved Copy). ‘Aberfeldy described in rhyme’ (R. B., *Journal*, 30th August).

Two stanzas of the older set (Herd, 1769) are printed as alternative words. A much longer set, from a broadside once in the possession of Archibald Constable, is printed in Maidment's *Scottish Songs* (1859). The set in Herd is plainly a corruption of this broadside:—

‘O bonny lassie, wilt thou go?
Wilt thou go, wilt thou go?
O bonny lassie, wilt thou go .
To the Birks of Abergeldie?
My Dear Sir, I dare not gang,
I dare not gang, I dare not gang
For fear that you betray me.’

But while Burns paints the Aberfeldy birches in their high midsummer pomp, the Abergeldie of the ballad-monger is pure winter:—

‘“Abergeldie Birks are very cold,
Are very cold, are very cold:

The weather very frostie."
 "My dear, I'll hug thee in my arms,
 In my arms, in my arms;
 And wrap thee in my pladie."

THE BIRKS
 OF ABER-
 FELDIE

The broadside has a Second Part:—

'Bessy, is my bed made,
 My bed made, my bed made,
 Or is my supper ready?' etc.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL

No. 114 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Signed 'Z'; and entered in the table of contents as 'by Burns.' 'M'Pherson, a daring robber in the beginning of this century, was condemned to be hanged at the assizes of Inverness. He is said, when under sentence of death, to have composed this tune, which he calls his own Lament or Farewell' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

The reputed son of a gipsy, James M'Pherson, a cateran of notable strength and prowess, was apprehended for robbery by the Laird of Braco, at Keith Market; and, being haled before the Sheriff of Banff on 1st November 1700, was hanged at the Cross of Banff on the 10th. The tradition that he played the *Lament* on his violin on the way to the tree, or at the foot of it, is absurd. It has, further, been pointed out that his legend may derive from an Irish story: of a tune called *M'Pherson*, with which its composer is said to have played himself to the gallows on the pipes.

There is a set in Herd (1769), but it is plainly a corruption of the old broadside—*The Last Words of James Mackpherson, Murderer*—of which there is an original copy, embellished with a rude engraving of Macpherson with bow and arrow—in the Laing Collection at Dalmeny. It agrees with the sheet reprinted in Maidment (*Scottish Songs*, 1859). That it is excellent drama has bred the ridiculous tradition—devoutly accepted by cer-

M'PHER- tain Editors—that the hero wrote it. Also, the copy
 SON'S communicated by Peter Buchan to Hogg and Motherwell
 FAREWELL (1834), from the recital of 'a very old person, and said
 to have been the real composition of the unfortunate
 M'Pherson himself, when in jail,' is a clumsy vamp
 from Burns and his broadside original. This original
 (which seems in part an imitation of *Captain Johnston's*
Farewell: he was hanged at Tyburn in 1690: in the
 Pepys Collection, v. 523) opens thus:—

'I spent my time in rioting,
 Debauched my health and strength;
 I pillaged, plundered, murdered,
 But now, alas! at length
 I'm brought to punishment condign;
 Pale death draws near to me:
 The end I ever did project,
 To hang upon a tree.'

The most notable lines, however, are the four last:—

'Then wantonly and rantingly
 I am resolved to die;
 And with undaunted courage I
 Shall mount this fatal tree':—

which are the germ of Burns's refrain. But Burns,
 while preserving throughout the spirit of his original,
 has expressed it in the noblest terms.

A ms. in the British Museum agrees substantially with
 the copy in Johnson.

MY HIGHLAND LASSIE, O

No. 117 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Signed 'X.'

This was a composition of mine in very early life, before
 I was known at all in the world. My "Highland Lassie"
 was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever
 blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long
 tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment we met by

appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the Banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands to arrange matters for our projected change of life. At the close of the Autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

The 'Highland Lassie' was Mary Campbell, daughter of one Archibald Campbell, a Clyde sailor. The year of her birth is uncertain; its place is not beyond dispute; the date of her death is matter of debate; its exact circumstances are not authenticated; there is room for conjecture as to the place of her burial; little or no independent testimony exists as to her person and character—unless she be identified with a certain Mary Campbell of indifferent repute; there is scarce material for the barest outlines of her biography. But on the strength of sporadic allusions by Burns—meant, as it seems, to dissemble more than they reveal—and especially of certain ecstatic expressions in the song, *Thou Ling'ring Star* (p. 71), and in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop—(penned when the writer was 'groaning under the miseries of a diseased nervous system')—Mary Campbell has come to be regarded less as an average Scots peasant to whom a merry-begot was then, if not a necessary of life, at all events the commonest effect of luck, than as a sort of bare-legged Beatrice—a Spiritualised Ideal of Peasant Womanhood. Seriously examined, her cult—(for cult it is)—is found an absurdity; but persons of repute have taken the craze, so that it is useful to remark that the Mary Campbell of tradition is a figment of the General Brain, for whose essential features not so much as the faintest outline is to be found in the confusion of amorous plaints and cries of repentance or remorse, which is all that we have to enlighten us from

MY Burns. Further, it is forgotten that Mary Campbell's
HIGHLAND death revealed her to her Poet in a new and hallowed
LASSIE, O aspect. Whatever the date—whether 1786 or an earlier
year : whether, that is to say, she preceded Armour in
Burns's regard, or consoled him episodically after
Armour's repudiation of him—assigned to the famous
farewell on the banks of Ayr, the underhandedness of the
engagement, with the extreme discretion of, not merely
his references to it but, the references of his relatives and
hers, leaves room for much conjecture. Here Burns, for
once in his life, was reticent. Yet, what reason had he
for reticence if, as is hotly contended by the more ardent
among the Mariolaters, the affair belonged to 1784, or
earlier? And why, in 1784, when he had no particular
reputation, good or bad, should Mary's kinsfolk (or Mary
herself) have conceived so arrant a grudge against him
that it impelled them (or her) to obliterate the famous
Inscription in his Bible, with its solemn scriptural oaths—
(which were unusual under the circumstances, and which,
as being recorded for the girl's comfort, tend to show that
those circumstances were peculiar)—and to destroy his
every scrap of writing to her? It were less difficult to
explain the position if the amour belonged to 1786; for
then the Armour business was notorious. But then, too,
Burns's constancy in crying out for Jean must of neces-
sity impeach the worth of his professions to Mary. In
any case, it is a remarkable circumstance that the latter
heroine left her situation with the vaguest possible out-
look on marriage; for, though Burns does say that she
went to make arrangements for their union, there is no
scrap of proof that immediate espousals were designed.
Indeed, no progress at all appears to have been made
in such arrangements in all the five months preceding
her death; and assuredly Burns did not intend to take
her with him to Jamaica in 1786. Finally, there is the
guarded, the official, statement of Currie that 'the banks
of Ayr formed the scene of youthful passions,' the 'history

of which it would be *improper to reveal* were it even in MY one's power, and the traces of which will soon be dis- HIGHLAND coverable only in those strains of nature and sensibility LASSIE, O to which they gave birth.' On the whole, it is a very pretty tangle; but the one thing in it worth acknowledgment and perfectly plain is that the Highland Mary of the Mariolater is but a 'devout imagination.'

A part of the *Highland Lassie, O* is reminiscent of the chorus of Ramsay's *My Nannie O*, which it may here be stated (as a Supplementary Note to *My Nannie O*, Vol. i. p. 412), traces back to a blackletter in the Pepys Collection (iii. 169):—

'There is a lass whom I adore,
And here I will set forth her name,
'Tis she that can my joys restore,
And pretty Katy is her name.
For Katy, Katy, Katy O,
The love I bear to Katy O:
All the world shall never know
The love I bear to Katy O.'

Another ballad (Crawford, Pepys, and Roxburghe Collections), *The Scotch Wooing of Willy and Nanie*, has the same chorus, with 'Nanie' for 'Katy,' and with this one Burns was probably as well acquainted as Ramsay himself. There is also an *Answer to Nanie* with 'Willie' in the chorus (Crawford and Roxburghe Collections); and there is, further, a curious and rare broadside on the death of Queen Anne (British Museum):—

'My Nan she was good, my Nan she was just,
My Nannie O, Queen Anie O;
And all the world shall never know
The love that I bear to my Nanie O.'

The old song, *Highland Lassie*, suggested to Burns scarce more than his title; but it faintly resembles *The Highland Queen*.

THO' CRUEL FATE

No. 118 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788), where it appears on the opposite page to *My Highland Lassie O*: set to the tune of *The Northern Lass*: described as 'written for this work by Robert Burns'; and signed 'R.' The ms. is in the Hastie Collection. In the ms. in the possession of Mr. Nelson, Edinburgh, the tune given is *She Rose and Loot Me In*. The song closely resembles the first stanza of *From Thee, Eliza* (Vol. i. p. 183).

LINE 2. 'As far's the pole and line,' Mr. Nelson's ms.
5. 'Tho' mountains *frown* and deserts howl,' Mr. Nelson's ms.

STAY MY CHARMER

No. 129 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): 'Written for this work by R. Burns.' Set to the tune *An Gilleadh Dubh*, or *The Black-hair'd Lad*; and signed 'B.' A ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

The idea is found in a fragment in the Herd ms. :—

Can ye leave me so, ladie,
Can ye leave me so?
Can ye leave me comfortless
To take another jo?

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT

No. 132 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.' Included, too, in Thomson's *Scottish Airs* (Vol. iv.). 'This air is the composition of the worthiest and best-hearted man living, Allan Masterton, schoolmaster in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate our words and air to the cause. But to tell the matter of fact; except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of "*vive la bagatelle*"' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

The Strathallan of the *Lament* was James Drummond —eldest son of William, 4th Viscount Strathallan, killed at Culloden, 14th April 1746—who was included in the Act of Attainder, 4th June; and, after staying for some time in hiding, escaped to France, where he died, 27th June 1765, at Sens in Champagne. The titles were restored in 1824.

STRATH-
ALLAN'S
LAMENT

The ms. of the second stanza is in the Hastie Collection. Another copy of the song, probably forming part of the Stair ms., has got separated into two halves. For a copy of the first stanza we are indebted to Mr. Davey, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, while the second is included in the Clarke-Adam Collection. This ms. corresponds with the Johnson set. Another ms. is in the possession of Canon Tristram, and an early draft was in that of Henry Probasco, Cincinnati.

STANZA I. LINE I. 'Thickest *darkness shrouds* my dwelling,' early draft. 'Oer-hang' for 'surround,' Currie. 3. 'Sweeping torrents, *turbid swelling*,' MS. quoted in Pickering, 1839. 4. 'Still surround my lonely cave,' Currie and Tristram MS.

In the early draft Stanza II. reads thus:—

'Farewell *fleeting, fickle treasure,*
Between mishap and folly shar'd;
Farewell peace and farewell pleasure,
Farewell flattering man's regard.'
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er me,
Nor dare a hope my fate attend;
The wide world is all before me,
But a world without a friend.'

MY HOGGIE

No. 133 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Unsigned. 'Dr. Walker, who was minister in Moffat in 1772, and is now (1791) Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, told the following anecdote concerning this air. He said that some gentlemen riding a few years ago

MY through Liddesdale stopped at a hamlet consisting of a
HOGGIE few houses, called Moss-paul (in Ewesdale), when they were struck with this tune, which an old woman, spinning on a rock at her door, was singing. All she could tell concerning it was, that she was taught it when a child, and it was called—"What will I do gin my Hoggie die?" No person, except a few females at Moss-paul, knew this fine old tune, which in all probability would have been lost had not one of the gentlemen who happened to have a flute with him taken it down' (R. B. in *Inter-leaved Copy*).

Stenhouse states that it was Stephen Clarke who took down the tune. Burns's ms. is in the Hastie Collection, and in his note he seems to imply that he wrote his song from the old first line. Nevertheless, Peter Buchan professed, as usual, to have found an original (North of Scotland) in a ballad in celebration of Sir James Innes (a Ram), who carried off Margaret Brodie of Coxton (the Hoggie, or young sheep) to make her his wife. Buchan's doggerel, prefaced with this statement, is reprinted as an Appendix to Sharpe's *Ballad Book* (ed. Laing, 1880)—'evidently obtained,' says Laing, 'through a northern collector.' Buchan vouchsafes no further information, and, so far as we can discover, his story is uncorroborated by the Innes family-tree. In any case his 'original' scarce deserves the name of ballad. Here is the chorus:—

'Coxton has but ae hoggie,
Ae hoggie, ae hoggie,
Coxton has but ae hoggie;
O' it he is right vogie.'

And here is his last stanza:—

'But there came a ram frae Deveron-side,
Frae Deveron-side, frae Deveron-side,
But there came a ram frae Deveron-side,
And stown awa my hoggie.'

JUMPIN JOHN

No. 138 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Unsigned.

Stenhouse states that the stanzas were communicated by Burns, and that they 'are a fragment of the old humorous ballad, with some verbal corrections.' Where 'the old humorous ballad' was to be found he did not say, nor can we. Sharpe affirmed that this fragment was Burns's 'ground-work':—

'Her daddy forbad, her minnie forbad,
Forbidden she wadna be:
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
Beguil'd our bonnie Bessie.'

But Sharpe said not where he got it. In any case Burns knew the song *My Dady Forbad* in *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, which, according to Stenhouse (he probably did but express an opinion), Ramsay 'wrote as a substitute for the indelicate old Scots Song':

'When I think on my lad
I sigh and am sad,
For now he is far from me':—

and in which there is this stanza:—

'Tho' my Dady forbad,
And my Minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be;
For since thou alone
My favour hast won
Nane else shall e'er get it for me.'

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

'THE chorus of this song is old; the two stanzas are mine' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

Sir John Hawkins relates of the old ballad and tune that they were favourites with Mary, Queen of William of Orange, who on one occasion, after listening to divers Purcells, asked Mrs. Hunt to sing the Scots ballad of

UP IN THE *Cold and Raw*. The original broadside (Euing, Huth, MORNING Roxburghe, and other Collections) is entitled '*A Northern EARLY Ditty, or the Scotchman Outwitted by the Country Damsell*. To an Excellent New Scotch tune of *Cold and Raw the North did Blaw*, a Song Much in Request at Court.' Bearing the imprimatur, 'R. P.', and beginning thus:—

'Cold and Raw the North did blaw
Bleak in the morning early;
All the trees were hid with snow
Cover'd with Winter's yearly':—

it relates an adventure with a farmer's daughter, on the road to market betimes to sell her father's barley. Later sets have many verbal differences. The authorship has been attributed—plausibly enough—to Tom D'Urfey; but a set in a *Collection of Old Ballads* (London 1723) is described as 'said to have been written in the time of James' (1st of England); and in any case D'Urfey might have had a Scots original. There are also blackletter *Answers to Cold and Raw*. In Hogg and Motherwell (1834) it is suggested that Burns's set may have been a brief *rifaccimento* of a 'well-known song':—

'Cauld blaws the win' frae north to south,
And drift is driving sairly,
The sheep are couring i' the cleugh—
O sirs! it's winter fairly!
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
I'd rather gang supperless to my bed
Than rise in the morning early,' etc.

But this is simply a vamp from Burns, done by the same John Hamilton to whom we owe the 'neat and clean' additions to *Of A' the Airts*. Peter Buchan comes forward with a special Aberdeenshire set, of which the two last lines of the chorus are these:—

'Frae morning till night our squires they sat
And drank the price o' the barley.'

But this is apparently debased from a blackletter, *Good UP IN THE
Ale For My Money* (Roxburghe Collection):—

MORNING
EARLY

'I cannot go home, nor I will not go home,
It's 'long of the oyle of Barley;
I'll tarry all night for my delight
And go home in the morning early.'

It was, however, from none of these that Burns got his chorus, but from a hitherto unknown set in the *Herd ms.*, here given in full:—

Chorus

'Up i' the morning, up i' the morning
Up i' the morning early:
Up i' the morning's no for me,
And I canna get up so early.

I

'Ye men that has your wives in bed,
It's needless to bid you rise early;
Ye may kiss them and clap them; nae mair to be said,
Nae matter you do not rise early!

II

'But we young lads that hae lasses to prie,
And gets but a smack o' them rarely:
Take care that Geordy Swine does not see—
Nae matter you do not rise early!

III

'But if nine months should produce a live mouth,
And the town get wit of the fairly,
Then Geordy comes to us and wi' a great rout:—
"Ye maun greet three Sundays sairly."

IV

'Then up the creepy you maun steal,
And pray to Mass John for to spare ye;
But he'll look at ye as gin ye were the Deil
In the twilight or morning early.

Chorus

'Up i' the morning, up i' the morning,
Up i' the morning early:
Up i' the morning's no for me,
And I canna get up so early.'

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER

No. 143 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.'

Intended to commemorate his visit to Castle Gordon in 1787, and made, seemingly, after the discovery that *Castle Gordon* (Vol. ii. p. 60) did not fit the tune *Morag*. To the same tune he also wrote *O, Wat ye wha that Lo'es Me* (p. 249). The 'rover' was probably the Young Chevalier.

The ms. in the Hastie Collection corresponds with Johnson's text.

THE DUSTY MILLER

No. 144 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Unsigned, but Burns's holograph copy is in the British Museum.

Stenhouse says vaguely that the verses 'are a fragment of the old ballad with a few verbal alterations by Burns'; and Sharpe gives a version of the 'original' without saying where he got it. It differs comparatively little from the fragment (Herd ms.) upon which Burns based his song:—

'O, the Dusty Miller, O the Dusty Miller!
Dusty was his coat, Dusty was his cullour,
Dusty was the kiss I got frae the Miller!
O, the Dusty Miller with the dusty coat,
He will spend a shilling ere he win a groat.
O, the Dusty Miller.'

I DREAM'D I LAY

No. 146 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1788): Signed 'X.' 'These two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen; they are among the oldest of my printed pieces' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

Scott Douglas has noted that this feeble performance is largely a cento of expressions and ideas selected from

Mrs. Cockburn's *Flowers of the Forest*. But a plagiary of I DREAM'D seventeen is scarce worth distinguishing: even though I LAY his name be Robert Burns.

The last four lines of his last stanza were taken from the fragment, *Tho' Fickle Fortune has Deceived Me* (see Vol. iv.). The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

STANZA II. LINE 4. 'A' my flowery *hopes* destroy'd,' deleted reading in ms.

DUNCAN DAVISON

No. 149 in Johnson's *Museum* (Vol. ii. 1788): Signed 'Z.'

Stenhouse affirms that this song is by Burns, although he did not choose to avow it; also that he (Stenhouse) had 'recovered his (Burns's) original manuscript, which is the same as that inserted in the *Museum*.' No doubt Stenhouse is right; but Burns did but act according to his wont in signing 'Z,' for not only was his *Duncan Davison* suggested by a song with the same title and something of the same motive preserved in *The Merry Muses*—(from which his first, second, and fourth lines are lifted bodily)—but it is, as regards his last stanza at least, a thing of shreds and patches; while the last half of this said stanza, containing a very irrelevant moral, is merely 'conveyed' from a fragment, here first printed, in the Herd ms. :—

'I can drink and no be drunk,
I can fight and no be slain;
I can kiss a bonie lass
And ay be welcome back again.'

STANZA I. LINE 8. 'Temper-pin':—The pin which regulated the motion of the spinning-wheel. Cf. Allan Ramsay's vamp, *My Jo Janet* :—

'To keep the temper-pin in tiff
Employs right aft my hand, Sir.'

THENIEL MENZIES' BONIE MARY

No. 156 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Signed 'Z.' Tune, *Ruffian's Rant*.

Buchan (the ingenious and obliging) 'remembers to have seen many years ago a copy of this song in a very old Aberdeen magazine, said to be by a gentleman of that city.' He also supplies a set which he describes as the 'oldest on record,' at the same time stating that it is 'from recitation, and never in print':—

'In Scotland braid and far awa,
Where lasses painted, busk sae braw,
A bonnier lass I never saw
Than Thenie Menzies' bonny Mary.
Thenie Menzies' bonny Mary,
Thenie Menzies' bonny Mary
A' the warld would I gie
For a kiss o' Thenie's bonny Mary!' etc.

LADY ONLIE, HONEST LUCKY

PRINTED in Johnson as alternative words for *The Ruffian's Rant*: Signed 'Z.' Burns probably picked up the chorus during his northern tour.

CHORUS. LINE 1. 'Honest Lucky':—'Lucky' is a common designation for alewives. See further Vol. ii. p. 364, Note to *To Major Logan*, Stanza XIII. Line 2.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON

No. 157 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): 'Written for this work by Burns.' Tune, *Phannerach dhon na chri*. Signed 'B.' Included in Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, Vol. iii. The ms. in the Hastie Collection, as another in the *Glenriddell Book*, corresponds with the text. 'These verses were com-

posed on a charming girl, a Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James M'Kittrick Adair, Esqr., physician. She is sister to my worthy friend Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harvieston in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon. I first heard the air from a lady in Inverness, and got the notes taken down for the work' (R. B in Interleaved Copy).

THE
BANKS OF
DEVON

Burns visited Gavin Hamilton's mother and her family at Harvieston on Monday, 27th August 1787, and wrote to Hamilton on the 28th:—'Of Charlotte I cannot speak in common terms of admiration; she is not only beautiful but lovely. Her form is elegant; her features not regular, but they have the smile of sweetness and the settled complacency of good-nature in the highest degree; and her complexion, now that she has happily recovered her wonted health, is equal to Miss Burnet's.' In the October following Burns stopped at Harvieston again, and introduced that Dr. Adair whom Miss Hamilton married, 16th November 1789. She died a widow in 1806. On 2nd September 1787 Burns sent the first draft of his song to her friend, Miss Chalmers:—'I am determined to pay Charlotte a poetic compliment in the second part of the *Museum*, if I could hit on some glorious Scotch air. You will see a small attempt on a shred of paper enclosed.'

The 'small attempt' is a poor enough performance, when all is said—not much above the stall level: but it appears to be pure Burns.

DUNCAN GRAY

No. 160 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Signed 'Z.' The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

It is founded on a song preserved in the Herd ms. and

DUNCAN (with some variations, which are probably due to Burns's
GRAY hand) in *The Merry Muses*, which begins thus:—

‘Can ye play wi’ Duncan Gray
(Hey, hey the girdin o’t)
O’er the hills and far away?
Hey, hey the girdin o’t’:—

but the story is quite other, and, with the humour and picturesque circumstance of the lyric, is Burns’s own. Burns sent a second set to Thomson (p. 215), as to which see Prefatory Note (*post*, p. 452).

THE PLOUGHMAN

No. 165 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Unsigned.

Founded on a bawdy old song, preserved in *The Merry Muses*, to which Burns is indebted for his Chorus, his Stanza I., and the structural idea (at least) of his Stanza II.:—

‘I hae ploughed east, I hae ploughed west
In weather foul or fair, Jo,
But the sairest ploughing e’er I ploughed,
Was,’ *etc.*:—

and of which he has not even tried to abolish the flavour—far from it. A milder version is quoted in Herd (1769), two stanzas of which are included in the *Museum* set:—

‘The ploughman he’s a bonny lad
And a’ his wark’s at leisure,
And when that he comes hame at e’en,
He kisses me wi’ pleasure,’ *etc.*

A blackletter set of a similar English ditty is published in an Appendix to *The Roxburghe Ballads*, ed. Ebsworth, Vol. vii. It is entitled the *Countrie Maid’s Delight, or the Husbandman’s Honour made known, Being a Delightful Song in Praise of a Plowman*:—

'You young men and maids that in country doth dwell
Lend attention if time spare you can,
I'll sing you a song that will please you full well,
In praise of the honest Plowmán.

THE
PLOUGH-
MAN

Then hey for the Plowman that's valiant and stout,' etc.

Another is *The Northern Ladd or The Fair Maid's Choice Who Refuses All for a Plowman*, of which there are blackletter broadsides in the Crawford, Huth, and Roxburghe Collections.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN

No. 170 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Unsigned. Set to the tune, *Hey Tutti Taiti*. 'I have met the tradition universally over Scotland, and particularly in the neighbourhood of the scene, that this air was Robert Bruce's march to Bannockburn' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy). He afterwards wrote *Scots Wha Hae* (p. 251) to it. Buchan supplies (*more suo*) the 'original words' of *Tutti Taiti*; but it were waste of ink and space to quote them. Burns's ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

The present song is, not an original but, a patchwork of assorted scraps, with some few verbal changes. The first stanza is a variation on the chorus of the old song which Burns utilised in *Guidwife, Count the Lawin* (p. 91); the second is vamped from a stanza in *Carl, An the King Come* (p. 57); the third is the first of a Jacobite song to the same tune, of which the second is:—

'Here's to the King,
Ye ken wha I mean,
And to ilka honest boy
That will do it again.'

STANZA I. LINE 4. 'And I'm jolly fou,' MS.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING

No. 173 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): 'Written for this work by R. Burns.' Signed 'B.' Tune: *M'Gregor of*

MUSING 'I composed these verses out of compliment to a Mrs.
ON THE M'Lachlan, whose husband is an officer in the East
ROARING Indies' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

OCEAN They are reminiscent of divers Jacobitisms.

STANZA II. LINE 4. Cf. the Jacobite song *Lewie Gordon* :—

'Altho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa' :—

which, however, is borrowed from an older *Song on the Birthday of King James the VIII.*, 10th June 1709 (*Roxburghe Ballads*, ed. Ebsworth, Vol. viii. 225).

BLYTHE WAS SHE

No. 180 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): 'Written by R. Burns,' and signed 'B.' Also included in Thomson's *Scottish Airs* (Vol. ii.). 'I composed these verses while I stayed at Ochertyre with Sir William Murray. The lady, who was also at Ochertyre at the same time, was a well-known toast, Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, who was called, and very justly, "the flower of Strathmore."' She married Mr. Smythe of Methven, who became one of the judges of the Court of Session.

The chorus is modelled on that of the old song *Andrew and his Cutty Gun*—(which Burns regarded as 'the work of a master,' and a set of which, perhaps the original, is found in *The Merry Muses*)—given as alternative words in Johnson :—

'Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,
Blythe was she butt and ben;
And weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.'

CHORUS. LINE 2. 'Butt and ben' :—See Vol. i. p. 334, Note to *The Holy Fair*, Stanza XVIII. Line 1.

TO DAUNTON ME

No. 182 in Johnson : Unsigned. The ms. in the Hastie Collection differs slightly from the printed copy. The chorus in Johnson is Stanza ii. of the ms. ; and the chorus in the ms. is simply :—

‘To Daunton me, to Daunton me,
An auld man shall never daunton me.’

‘The two following old stanzas to this tune have some merit’ (R. B.—according to Cromek—in Interleaved Copy).

The stanzas quoted are found in a collection of *Loyal Songs*, 1750. The ballad begins :—

‘To daunton me, to daunton me :
Do you ken the things that would daunton me?’

It consists of three stanzas. But a broadside of six, *To Daunton Me and to Wanton Me*, is given in Stevenson’s *Ballads* (1844). This is the first :—

‘When I was wanton, young and free,
I thought nothing could daunton me ;
But the eighty-eight and eighty-nine,
And all the dreary years since syne,
Presbytery, cess, and pole-monie
Have done enough to daunton me.’

Other sets in Collections are merely corrupted from these. Stenhouse affirms that, ‘with the exception of some lines of the chorus’ of this ballad, the song in the *Museum* was ‘wholly composed by Burns in 1787’; and Editors of Burns have accepted his statement. Clearly, however, the Burns set is abridged and greatly improved from a song in a very old (undated) chap, ‘entered according to order,’ in the Motherwell Collection, which is, apparently, a disguised Jacobitism :—

‘I was forc’d to wed against my mind,
To an old man neither loving nor kind ;

TO
DAUNTON
ME

Neither loving nor kind, nor yet seems to be,
But an old man ne'er shall daunton me !
To daunton me, and I so young,
To daunton me it would be too soon !
Contrary to him still I'll be,
And an old Carl shall ne'er daunton me !

At fifteen [1715] I should been wed
Unto a brisk young Highland lad ;
Although he's far beyond the sea,
Yet an old man shall ne'er daunton me !
I lov'd him better in his Highland dress,
Than an old man with all his brass ;
For all his brass and all his white money—
For an old man ne'er shall daunton me.'

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE

No. 187 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Unsigned ; but its Jacobite sentiments account for that. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection. The air, with the title *O'er the Water to Charlie*, is in Oswald's *Pocket Companion*.

The 'verses,' Stenhouse says, were 'revised and improved by Burns'; and, he adds, 'a more complete version of this song may be seen in Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*' (*sic*). 'Many versions of this song'—thus Buchan in a note in Hogg and Motherwell, Part v. (1834)—'have appeared in print. There is one in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, and one in the *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, from which latter copy I infer that the original had been written anterior to the days of Prince Charles, commonly called the Pretender, and the time of Charles the Second's restoration.' But Hogg's set is merely Ayrshire Bard *plus* Ettrick Shepherd, and it were hard to say how much Peter Buchan's, 'taken down from recitation,' is indebted to Peter Buchan—especially as internal evidence shows that, as he gives it, it did not all exist before his own days. No printed copy of any such ballad anterior to the Burns is quoted by Buchan. Nor do we know more

than three. Two are included in a song-book called *O'ER THE
The True Loyalist*, surreptitiously printed in 1779, and *WATER TO*
extremely rare :—

CHARLIE

'The K—g he has been long from home ;
The P—ce he has sent over
To kick the Usurper off the throne,
And send him to Hannover.
O'er the water, o'er the sea,
O'er the water to C—lie :
Go the world as it will,
We'll hazard our lives for C—lie,' *etc.*

Thus the one. Thus, too, the other—headed *Over the
Water to C—lie* :—

'When C—lie came to Edinburgh town,
And a' his friends about him ;
How pleas'd was I for to go down !
I could not be merry without him.
But since that o'er the seas he's gone
The other side landed fairly,
I'd freely quit wi' a' that I have
To get over the water to C—lie,' *etc.*

It is possible, however, that Burns borrowed from another set, of which our third may have been a parody. It is one of *Three Excellent New Songs*, in a chap at Abbotsford, 'entered according to order, 1781' :—

'We'll over Clyd's water, and back helter skelter,
We'll over Clyd's water to Charlie :
Since he is so stout, we'll no more cast out,
But each take our turn of him fairly,' *etc.*

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK

No. 189 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Signed 'B.' 'This song I composed on Miss Jenny Cruickshank, only child to my worthy friend Mr. Wm. Cruickshank, of the High School, Edinburgh. The air is by David Sillar, *quondam* merchant, and now schoolmaster in Irvine. He

A ROSE- is the "Davie" to whom I address my printed poetical
 BUD BY epistle in the measure of *The Cherry and the Slae* (R. B.
 MY EARLY in Interleaved Copy).

WALK See Prefatory Note to *To Miss Cruickshank* (Vol. i.
 p. 447). The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

STANZA I. LINE 7. 'And *hanging* rich the dewy head,'
 deleted reading in ms.

AND I'LL KISS THEE YET

No. 193 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Signed 'Z.' The chorus, probably, is old.

Some suppose the heroine to have been Mary Campbell (see *ante*, p. 308, Prefatory Note to *My Highland Lassie*, 0); others Elison Begbie (see *On Cessnock Banks*, Vol. iv.). For another set, sent to Thomson, see *Come, Let Me Take Thee*, p. 233.

The ms. sent to Johnson is in the Hastie Collection. Another ms. has a third stanza:—

'Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
 I ever mair defy them, O!
 Young kings upon their hansel throne
 Are no sae blest as I am, O!'

RATTLIN, ROARIN WILLIE

No. 194 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Signed 'Z.' 'The last stanza of this song is mine; it was composed out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq., Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan Corps, a club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

Dunbar, who became Inspector-General of Stamp Duties in Scotland, died 18th February 1807. He presented Burns in 1787 with a copy of Spenser, and is often alluded to or addressed in terms of warm regard.

In a note to the *Lay* (iv. 34), Sir Walter tells the story of an 'antient border minstrel' called ('from his bullying disposition') by the name of Burns's hero, who, having slain a brother bard in single combat, was hanged at Jedburgh, 'bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scottish air,' *etc.* He also quotes some stanzas of the ballad commemorative :—

RATTLIN
ROARIN
WILLIE

'Now Willie's gane to Jeddart,
And he's for the rood-day,
But Stobs and young Falnash
They followed him a' the way;
They followed him a' the way,
They sought him up and down,
In the links of Ousenam-water
They fand him sleeping sound.'

Here is nothing of Willie the fiddler, but Cunningham has a version beginning thus :—

'Our Willie's away to Jeddart
To dance on the rood-day,
A sharp sword by his side,
A fiddle to cheer his way,' *etc.*

It is, however, impossible to accept anything as an antique on Cunningham's sole testimony; and in any case the stanzas Burns incorporated have no connexion with the Border ballad. They may derive from it, but they apparently relate to a piece of tyranny on the part of the kirk-session. This at least is the subject of an old set given in *Notes and Queries* (2nd series, v. 186), whose merits are symptomatic of authenticity. The first verse, 'O Willie, you'll sell your fiddle,' closely resembles that in Johnson. Here are the chorus and the last stanza :—

'O rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye'se ay fu' welcome to me!
O rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye'se ay fu' welcome to me:
Ye'se ay fu' welcome to me
For a' the ill they've said;

RATTLIN

For monie a cantie nicht

ROARIN

My Willie and I hae had.

WILLIE

'Foul fa' their Kirks and their Sessions !

They're ay sae fond o' mischief !

They'll ca' me into their sessions,

They'll ca' me worse than a thief.

They'll ca' me worse than a thief,

And they'll mak me curse an' ban ;

They'll brag me ay with their laws

But Deil brak my legs gin I'll gang.'

Halliwell gives a version in his *Nursery Rhymes* :—

" " Jocky, come give me thy fiddle,

If ever thou mean to thrive ! "

" Nay I'll not give my fiddle

To any man alive," etc.

WHERE, BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS

No. 195 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788) : ' Written by Robert Burns,' and signed ' R.' Tune : *Neil Gow's Lamentation*.

The heroine was Margaret, daughter of John Chalmers of Fingland, and a cousin of Charlotte Hamilton, her particular friend. Burns met her in Edinburgh during his first visit, and also in October 1787 at Harvieston. She married in 1788 Mr. Lewis Hay, of Forbes and Co.'s Bank ; and died in 1843. Thomas Campbell affirmed that, according to Mrs. Hay, Burns had asked her in marriage ; but this scarce accords with the tone of his letters to her. Still, he had a particular regard for the lady ; and she always called out the best in him. His compliments in verse—or rather his proposal to publish them—somewhat alarmed her : her main objection being, presumably, not to the song in the text but, to *My Peggy's Face*, *My Peggy's Form* (p. 186). ' They are neither of them,' he wrote to her, 6th November 1787, ' so particular as to point you out to the world at large ; and the circle of your acquaintance will allow all I have said.'

A ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

STANZA I. LINE I. 'Where braving *all the winter's harms*,' BRAVING
MS. 5. 'As *when one by a savage stream*,' deleted reading ANGRY
in MS. WINTER'S

STANZA II. LINE I. 'Blest be the wild, sequester'd
shade,' Johnson, and deleted reading in the MS. 2. 'And
blest the *time* and hour,' deleted reading in the MS. 4. 'Where
first I felt their pow'r,' MS. STORMS

O TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY

No. 196 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'X.' 'This song I composed about the age of seventeen' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

Mrs. Begg states that the heroine was one Isabella Steenson, or Stevenson, the farmer's daughter of Little Hill, which marched with Lochlie. The song itself bears no small resemblance to a song (probably older) called *The Saucy Lass with the Beard*, found in an old Falkirk chap, printed by T. Johnstone (Motherwell Collection):—

'When I gaed o'er yon heathy hills,
A lassie for to see,
Because my purse was scant o' cash,
She turned her back on me;
Because I was a tradesman lad,
The lassie lookèd shy,
She turned her back about to me;
But ne'er a hair car'd I.'

The ms. sent to Johnson is in the Hastie Collection. The song is also entered in the *First Common Place Book* under date September 1784. Other sets were published by Brash and Reid (Vol. iv. 1798), and Currie (1800).

STANZA II. is omitted by Johnson, Currie, and Brash and Reid.

STANZA III. LINE 3. 'That ye can please me *wz*' a wink,' Brash and Reid.

TIBBIE, I STANZA VII. LINE 1. 'O Tibbie, *ye're o'er fu' o' spice,*
 HAE SEEN Brash and Reid. 2. 'Your daddie's gear maks you *fou* nice,'
 THE DAY Brash and Reid; '*father's*' for '*daddie's*,' *First Common Place Book.*

STANZA VIII. is not in Johnson. In Brash and Reid it reads thus:—

'There lives a lass *in yonder* park,
 I *wadna gie* her in her sark
 For you *and a'* your *fifty* mark,
 That gars you look sae *shy*.'

Currie has the same reading of Lines 1-2; but reads 3-4 thus:—

'For thee, wi' a' *thy* *thousan'* mark—
 Ye *needna* look sae high.'

CLARINDA, MISTRESS OF MY SOUL

No. 196 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788). Included in Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, Vol. ii., with several unauthorised changes by Thomson: Line 1 of Stanza i. being made to read:—'*Farewell, dear* mistress of my soul'; and Line 2 of Stanza ii.:—'*Shall your poor wanderer* hie.'

This song was written when Burns was about to leave Edinburgh. A ms. corresponding with the text and the version in Johnson is at Lochryan. 'I am sick of writing where my bosom is not strongly interested. Tell me what you think of the following. There the bosom was perhaps a little interested' (R. B. to Mrs. Dunlop in Lochryan mss.).

THE WINTER IT IS PAST

No. 200 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1788): Unsigned.

The first two stanzas were published in Cromek's *Reliques*. The song itself is largely and generously adapted from a song called *The Curragh of Kildare*. The versions in the stall copies vary. The set used by Burns seems to have been that in the Herd ms. Only Stanza ii. is wholly his own.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET

No. 204 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Unsigned.

Stenhouse affirms that the old song was 'slightly altered by Burns, because it was rather inadmissible in its original state'; but apparently he spoke by guesswork. There is no doubt that Burns got his original—here printed for the first time—in the Herd ms. :—

'My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
My bonie, bonie Sandy O !
Tho' the love that I owe,
To thee I dare nae show,
Yet I love my love in secret,
My Sandie O.

'My Sandy gied to me a ring
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine ;
But I gied to him a far better thing :
I gied to him my heart to keep
In pledge of his ring.'

It will be seen that all he did was to add a stanza to the original set, or what was left of it.

SWEET TIBBIE DUNBAR

No. 207 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' Tune: *Johnny M'Gill*. 'This tune is said to be the composition of John M'Gill, fiddler in Girvan. He called it by his own name' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

HIGHLAND HARRY

No. 209 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Unsigned. Tune: *The Highlander's Lament*. 'The oldest title I ever heard to this air was *The Highland Watch's Farewell to Ireland*. The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane. The rest of the song is mine' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

HIGHLAND Allan Cunningham notes that 'part of the farm of
HARRY Mossgiel is called "Knockhaspiesland."' But Buchan,
it need scarce be said, found an 'original' (in Aberdeenshire)
in a long, long rigmarole, 'known for ages,' but 'never before in print.' The primordial hero (thus Buchan) was a Highland chieftain, who came to court a certain Jeanie Gordon, daughter of the laird of Knockhespock, Aberdeenshire. The second last verse of the Buchan resembles Burns's chorus:—

'O, for him back again!
O, for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhespock's land,
For æ shake o' my Harry's hand!'

A MS., not in Burns's hand, in the Hastie Collection, contains two additional stanzas, which are plainly not Burns, but are printed in Hogg's *Relics*. The present set appears to have suggested *Will Ye No Come Back Again?* to Lady Nairne.

THE TAILOR FELL THRO' THE BED

No. 212 in Johnson: Unsigned. 'This air is the march of the Corporation of Tailors. The second and fourth stanzas are mine' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

The original of the third stanza is in Burns's holograph in the Hastie Collection:—

'Gie me my groat again, canny young man,
Gie me my groat again, canny young man;
The night it is short, and the day it is lang,
It is a dear won sixpence to be wi' a man.'

Buchan gives what he says is the old song. It consists of the chorus, with an Aberdeenshire variation, and the following silly stanza (also pure Aberdeen):—

'The beddie was tied frae head to feet
Wi' ropes o' hay, that were wondrous sweet,
And by came the calvie and ate them awa',
Deal hooly, my laddie, the beddie will fa'.'

AY WAUKIN O

No. 213 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Unsigned.

Chambers in *Scottish Songs* (Vol. i. 126-8), quotes a set of *Ay Waukin O*, which he styles 'the original song from recitation,' together with a set 'as altered by Burns.' Taking Chambers for gospel, Dr. John Brown (*Horæ Subsecivæ*, ii. 303) opines that the first set is 'all but perfect,' and that 'Burns, who in almost every instance not only adorned but transformed and purified whatever of the old he touched, breathing into it his own tenderness and strength, fails here.' But the fact is that Chambers's No. 1 incorporates most of the set Burns sent to Johnson's *Museum*; while the lines in his No. 2, especially denoted by Dr. Brown as inferior, are not Burns at all. Stenhouse makes bold to state that the first stanza was written by Burns, and that 'he even made some slight alterations on the very old fragment incorporated with his words.' He also gives 'all that is known of the original verses,' which according to him include this one:—

'It cam in my head
To send my love a letter;
My lad canna read,
And I loe him the better':—

Cromek (*Scottish Songs*, ii. 207) prints as an old fragment in Burns's hand the two first stanzas quoted by Stenhouse; but they may be but an early draft of the *Museum* song. Sharpe supplied a ballad which 'many people sang' in his 'youth.' It introduces the name of a Miss Macfarlane, an Edinburgh beauty. But the association is clearly artificial:—

'When first scho came to toon,
They ca'd her Jess Macfarlane;
But now scho's come an' gane,
They ca' her the wanderin' darlîn';
Ay waukin O,' etc.

AY There is, in fact, no evidence of the antiquity of the
 WAUKIN Chambers, Stenhouse, and Sharpe sets. Probably the
 O true original is a fragment in the Herd ms. :—

‘O wat, wat,
 O wat and weary !
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my Deary.
 A’ the night I wake,
 A’ the day I weary,
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my Deary.’

For a kindred song—which reads like another offshoot of the same scrap—also in the Herd ms., see *ante*, p. 325, Prefatory Note to *How Lang and Dreary is the Night*.

BEWARE O’ BONIE ANN

No. 215 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Signed ‘X.’ ‘I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend, Allan Masterton, the author of the air *Strathallan’s Lament*; and two or three others in this work’ (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

The lady married Dr. Derbyshire, physician, of Bath and London, and died in August 1834.

LADDIE, LIE NEAR ME

No. 218 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790).

Alternative words to the tune *Laddie, Lie Near Me*. They are described as ‘old’; but there can be never a doubt that Burns at least amended and condensed an original. True, being asked by Thomson to write words for *Laddie, Lie Near Me*, he replied :—‘I do not know the air; and until I am complete master of a tune in my own singing, such as it is, I never can compose for it.’ But to vamp existing words was a very different matter from

writing new ones. Ritson, in his *North Country Chorister*, 1802, gives what he holds to be the folk-original. Here is the first stanza :—

LADDIE,
LIE NEAR
ME

‘Down in yon valley, soft shaded by mountains,
Heard I a lad an’ lass making acquaintance ;
Making acquaintance and singing so clearly :—
“Lang have I lain my lane, laddie lie near me.”’

But the true one is certainly a blackletter broadside, *The Loving Shepherdess, or Lady (i.e. Laddie) Lie Near Me*, to the tune of *Lady, Lie Near Me, or The Green Garter* (Pepys Collection, iii. 59):—

‘All in the month of May
When all things blossom,
As in my bed I lay,
Sleep it grew loathsome ;
Up I rose and did walk
Over yon mountains,
Through mountains, through dales,
Over rocks, over fountains ;
I heard a voice to say :—
“Sweet heart, come cheer me,
Thou hast been long away,
Lady, lye near me.”’

THE GARD’NER WT’ HIS PAIDLE

No. 220 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Signed ‘Z.’ ‘The title of the song only is old ; the rest is mine’ (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

The ms. is in the Hastie Collection. Burns sent another set to Thomson, *Now Rosy May*, p. 245.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS

No. 223 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790). ‘Written for this work by Robert Burns.’ Included also in Thomson (Vol. ii.). The original was written by Theobald, set

ON A BANK by Galliard, and sung by Mr. Park in *The Lady's*
OF *Triumph* :—
FLOWERS

'On a Bank of Flowers
In a summer's day,
Inviting and undrest,
In her bloom of youth bright Celia lay
With love and sleep opprest,
When a youthful swain with adoring eyes
Wish'd he dared the fair maid surprise,
With a fa la la,
But fear'd approaching spies.'

Burns rather bungles his inspiration, and certainly diverts his motive to a more liberal conclusion. Both original and derivative belong to a type of pastoral in high favour after the Restoration, good examples being Dryden's *Chloe Found Amyntas Lying* and *Beneath a Myrtle Shade*. Older and less farded, less artificial and immodest, are *As at Noon Dulcina Rested* (long attributed to Raleigh) and that charming ditty, *The Matchless Maid*, in the *Second Westminster Drollery* (1672).

THE DAY RETURNS

No. 224 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'R.' Tune: *Seventh of November*. Included in Thomson (Vol. i.). 'I composed this song out of compliment to one of the happiest and worthiest couples in the world: Robert Riddell, Esq. of Glenriddell, and his lady. At their fireside I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together; and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

For Captain Riddell, see Vol. ii. p. 374, Prefatory Note to *To Captain Riddell*. The song was sent him in a letter (unpublished) dated Tuesday evening (i.e. 9th September 1788):—'As I was busy behind my harvest folks

this forenoon, and musing on a proper theme for your THE DAY
RETURNS
Seventh of November, some of the conversation before me accidentally suggested a suspicion that this said Seventh of November is a matrimonial anniversary with a certain very worthy neighbour of mine. I have seen very few who owe so much to a wedding-day as Mrs. Riddell and you; and my imagination took the hint accordingly as you will see on the next page.' Burns sent a copy to Miss Chalmers, 16th September 1788.

The Johnson ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

STANZA II. LINE 4. '*Only for love and thee* I live,' Riddell MS.

MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

No. 225 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Unsigned. 'The title and the last half stanza of this song,' says Stenhouse, 'are old; the rest was composed by Burns.'

The last stanza figures as Stanza II. in a set of *Green Grows the Rashes*, O in Herd (1769); but the real original of what Scott Douglas calls this 'remarkable ditty' is doubtless *The Cowgate Garland, or the Drinking O't*, in an old chap (Motherwell Collection):—

'My wife and me we did agree,
When married I was thinking o't,
Her daughter Kate she angered me.
Then I began the drinking o't.
O weary fa' the drinking o't:
O weary fa' the drinking o't:
An ye begin as I did then
Your purse will lose the clinking o't.
.
.
.
'We're a' dry at the drinking o't,
We're a' dry at the drinking o't;
Our punch [pouch] was toom or we had done,
And this began the thinking o't.'

Burns's holograph is in the Hastie Collection.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME

No. 229 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Unsigned. The tune and title are in Oswald's *Pocket Companion*.

Stenhouse affirms that the thing is by Burns, and that he had never met with older words. The original was probably related to a blackletter (Huth, Roxburghe, and other Collections) entitled *The New Scotch Jig or the Bonny Cravat*, to the tune of *Jenny, Come Tye Me*:—

‘Jenny come tye me,
Jenny come tye me,
Jenny come tye my bonny cravat’ :—

where ‘cravat’ may have, and probably has, an equivocal sense, as in a song preserved in the *Merry Muses*. There is also a *Repy* in blackletter. See also a song in *The Lark* (1740):—

She. ‘Did you not promise me when you lay by me,
That you would marry me, can you deny me?
He. If I did promise thee, ’twas but to try thee,
Call up your Witnesses, else I defie thee’ :—

itself founded on a blackletter ballad (Euing and Roxburghe Collections), *The Deluded Lass’s Lamentation*.

The stanza of the Burns is identical with that of *Laddie, Lie Near Me* (p. 47); yet another instance being *The Lady’s Tragedy*, to the tune of *Ring the Gold* (Pepys Collection, v. 311):—

‘Why is my love unkind?
Why does he leave me?’ *etc.*

For a copy of Burns’s holograph we are indebted to Mr. Ellsworth of Chicago.

THE SILVER TASSIE

No. 231 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Unsigned. 'This air is Oswald's; the first half stanza:—

'Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonie lassie":—

is old; the rest is mine' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy). Nevertheless, on 17th December 1788 he wrote to Mrs. Dunlop thus:—'Now I am on my hobby horse, I cannot help inserting two other old stanzas which please me mightily.' A MS.—MS. (A)—wanting the first half of Stanza I. is in the possession of Mr. Lennox, Dumfries.

Buchan supplied Hogg and Motherwell (1834) with an idiotic piece composed (he said) in the year 1636 by Alexander Lesley of Edinburgh, in which the old half-stanza is introduced as the second last verse. A ballad, *O Errol, it's a Bonny Place*, in Sharpe's *Ballad Book* (1823) begins thus:—

'Go fetch to me a pint of wine,
Go fill it to the brim;
That I may drink my gude Lord's health,
Tho' Errol be his name.'

And Burns may have had little more than some such suggestion for his brilliant and romantic first quatrain.

Currie published the version sent to Mrs. Dunlop; and the MS. sent to Johnson—MS. (B)—is in the Hastie Collection. Burns there directs it to be sung to the tune of *The Secret Kiss*.

STANZA I. LINE 7. 'The Berwick-Law':—North Berwick Law, a conspicuous height in Haddingtonshire overlooking the Firth of Forth. 8. 'And I maun le'ae my bonie Mary,' MS. (A):

'STANZA II. LINE 4. 'The battle closes *thick* and bloody,' MS. (A) and Currie. 5. 'But it's not the roar o' sea or shore,' MS. (A).

THE LAZY MIST

No. 232 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.'

The air and the title are in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*. Burns sent a copy to Dr. Blacklock, 15th November 1788; and it is assigned to Blacklock in Thomson's *Scottish Airs* (Vol. i.).

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY

No. 233 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Unsigned.

Stenhouse gives this sample of the old set:—

'I will away, and I will not tarry,
I will away, and be a captain's lady:
A captain's lady is a dame of honour,
She has her maids to wait upon her;
To wait upon her, and get all things ready;
I will away, and be a captain's lady.'

But the true original was an old broadside, *The Liggar Lady, or the Ladie's Love to a Soldier*, to the tune of *Mount the Baggage*, of which a copy is in the Laing Collection at Dalmeny. It consists of eight stanzas, of which here are the first two and the last:—

'I will away, and I will not tarry;
I will away with a soger laddy:
I'll mount my baggage and make it ready,
I will away with a soger laddy.

*I'll mount my baggage and make it ready;
Come well, come woc, I'll be a soger's lady.*

'In Camps, or Duels, Fights, I will be ready,
On behind, and be his Liggar Lady;
In cold nights, I'll lay me down beside him,
And I'll make my Petticoat a Tent to hide him.

I'll mount, etc.

• • • • •
'Sure if we die, we shall die in honour
Fighting for Love and our Prince's Banner.
In heart, in hand, we'll through the World together,
Till Death us part, there's nothing shall us sunder.

I'll mount, etc.'

Mr. Elsworth quotes another *Captain's Lady* in the notes to his reprinted *Westminster Drolleries* (1671-2):—

THE
CAPTAIN'S
LADY

'The Captain's lady is always ready.
Her petticoat's loose, her petticoat's loose.'

A song, *Ramillies*, attributed to Robert Sempill (d. 1789), the last laird of Beltrees, and narrating the elopement of an 'auld man's' young wife with a sailor officer, has this chorus:—

'Och ! laddie, munt and go,
Dear sailor, hoise and go ;
Och ! laddie munt and go :
Go, and I'se go with thee, laddie.'

OF A' THE AIRTS

No. 235 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790):—'Written for this work by R. Burns,' and signed 'R.' Tune: *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey*. 'The air is by Marshall, the song I composed out of compliment to Mrs. Burns. N.B. It was during the honeymoon' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy). The song was no doubt written shortly after his arrival in Ellisland, while his wife was yet in Ayrshire.

The ms. sent to Johnson is in the Hastie Collection. Another set appeared in the tracts 'printed by Chapman and Lang for Stewart and Meikle,' and is included in Stewart's Edition (1802). The bathetic additions—inviting the 'westlin winds' to

'Bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean'—

which appear in some sets, were the work of John Hamilton, an Edinburgh music-seller. Thomson (*Scottish Airts*, Vol. iv.) also gives additional verses, 'written for this work by Mr. Richardson.'

- STANZA 1. LINE 4. 'The lass that I lo'e best,' Stewart.
5. 'Tho' wild woods grow and rivers row,' Later Stewart.
7. 'Baith day and night my fancy's flight,' Later Stewart.

OF A' THE STANZA II. LINES 2-4 in Stewart read thus :—
AIRTS

'*Sae lovely*, sweet and fair ;
I hear her *voice in ilka bird*
Wi' music charm the air.'

7. '*Nor yet* a bonie bird that sings,' Later Stewart.

CARL, AN THE KING COME

No. 239 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790) : Entitled *Old Words*, and given as alternative words to Ramsay's *Peggy, Now the King's Come* (in *The Gentle Shepherd*), the tune being *Carl, an the King Come*.

Hogg's version in the *Jacobite Relics* is mainly compounded of Hogg and Burns ; and no other printed set is known to exist. The Burns itself is but a cento of Jacobite catchwords.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T

No. 249 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790) : Signed 'X.' Also in Thomson (Vol. iv.).

The repeat is borrowed from the old song, *Whistle O'er the Lave O't*. See Prefatory Note to *The Jolly Beggars*, Vol. ii. p. 303.

STANZA I. LINE 6. '*Bonie Meg was Nature's child*,' Aldine Edition (1839).

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL

No. 255 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790). 'Written for this work by R. Burns': Signed 'R.' Included in Thomson (Vol. i.).

The form of the stanza and the repeat derive from *Kind Robin Lo'es Me*, the oldest set of which exists in blackletter in the Roxburghe Collection (see Prefatory Note to *The Jolly Beggars*, Vol. ii. p. 304). Burns may

have taken for his model (1) the later set of this song in *O, WERE*
Herd (1776):—

I ON
 PARNAS-
 SUS HILL

‘Robin is my only Joe,
 For Robin has the art to woo,
 So to his suit I mean to bow,
 Because I ken he loo’es me’:—

or (2) a Jacobite song in a clandestine and rare volume,
The True Loyalist (1779):—

‘Divinely led thou need’st to be,
 Else you had ne’er come o’er the sea
 With those few friends who favour’d thee,
 And dearly they do love thee’:—

perhaps a parody of one which, under the title of ‘An
 Old Scots Song,’ is included in a *Collection of English*
Songs, London 1796:—

‘Of Race divine, thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 Jean, for Heaven’s sake favour me,
 Who while I live must love thee’:—

or (3) a song of Dibdin’s in *The Charmer* (1782) and other
 books:—

‘Ah dear Marcella! maid divine!
 No more will I at fate repine,
 If I this day behold thee mine,
 For dearly I do love thee.’

The true original of the refrain, however, is probably
 a quotation in *The Two Fervent Lovers* (Roxburghe Col-
 lection):—

‘This time a lad his darling had:—
 “My sweet,” said he, “once prove me,
 And thou shalt find, in heart and minde,
 How dearly I doe love thee”’;—

which refrain is repeated throughout with variations.

STANZA I. LINE 2. ‘Helicon’:—See Vol. ii. p. 313, Note
 to *The Jolly Beggars*, Song VII. Stanza II. Line 4. 6. ‘Cor-

sincon':—Corsancone, a hill in New Cumnock parish, Ayrshire (visible from Ellisland), where the Bard (not quite correctly) placed the sources of the Nith.

THE CAPTIVE RIBBAND

No. 257 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Unsigned. 'This air is called *Robie donna gorach*' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

Stenhouse assigns this poor performance to Burns; and we have found it nowhere save in the *Museum*.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY

No. 258 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Signed 'Z.' Set to a *Gaelic Air*. 'The air is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it his Lament for his brother. The first half stanza of the song is old; the rest is mine' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy). 'Note.—It will be proper to omit the name of the tune altogether—only say Gaelic air' (R. B. in ms. copy in the Hastie Collection).

Burns was never above vamping from himself; and the present piece is strongly reminiscent of *The Mauchline Belles* (Vol. ii. p. 212). The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

No. 259 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Signed 'Z.' 'The first half stanza of this song is old; the rest is mine' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

Burns apparently refers to the first half stanza of the chorus. Sharpe (Additional Notes to Johnson's *Museum*) quotes 'from a stall copy' *The Strong Walls of Derry*, one stanza in which is almost identical with the Burns chorus.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

No. 260 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1790): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.'

A version called *John Anderson My Jo Improved*, with additional stanzas, was published in a chap entitled *Captain Death, etc.*, 1794 (Motherwell Collection); and a slightly different set, *Domestic Happiness Exhibited in John Anderson My Jo Improved*, by Robert Burns, appeared in Brash and Reid's *Poetry Original and Select* (Vol. i. of the Collected Series, c. 1796), and in *The Scots Magazine* for May 1797. Thomson (Vol. ii.) sets forth two of the additional stanzas, the authorship of all which is attributed to Reid.

The song traces back to one composed (c. 1560) in ridicule of the Sacraments of the Church, and preserved in *The Percy Folio MS.*:—

Woman. 'John Anderson, my jo, cum in as ze gae by
 And ye sall get a sheip's heid weel baken in a pye—
 Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat:
 John Anderson, my jo, cum in, and ze's get that,' etc.

The Burns set, however, derives from a very witty and sprightly song (unfit for modern print: whence the 'Improved' of the chap-book set) which, as 'sung by the choice spirits,' is found in *The Masque* (London 1768) and other song-books, and of which a slightly altered set is preserved in *The Merry Muses*:—

'John Anderson, my Jo, John,
 I wonder what you mean,
 To rise so soon in the morning
 And sit up so late at e'en;
 You'll bleer out your eyn, John,
 And why will you do so?
 Come sooner to your bed at e'en,
 John Anderson, my Jo.

'John Anderson, my Jo, John,
 When first that ye began,' etc.

STANZA I. LINE 5. 'But now your *brow's turned beld*, John,' unauthorised version. 7. 'Yet blessings on your frosty pow,' unauthorised version.

AWA, WHIGS, AWA

No. 263 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Unsigned.

The Jacobite song thus named in Hogg's *Jacobite Songs* is chiefly Hogg's. In a confused note Stenhouse describes the *Museum* song as a fragment of a Jacobite song, *Awa, Whigs, Awa*, 'with two additional stanzas, namely, the second and fourth, written by Burns'; but he gives no further information. Not even a fragment has been discovered in print before the publication of Burns's set in Johnson's *Museum*; and of that set Burns most certainly found the germ in the Herd ms. :—

'And when they came by Gorgie Mills
They lickèd a' the mouter,
The bannocks lay about there
Like bandeliers and powder;
Awa, whigs, awa!
Awa, whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' lazy loons,
Ye'll do nae good awa!'

In the old ballad of *Killiecrankie* the words 'Furich, Whigs, Awa', then, are used as 'her nain sell's' battle-cry. A corruption of them forms the title of a spurious Jacobite ballad, *Whirry Whigs, Awa*, which Hogg printed in his *Relics*, while admitting that the sets on which it is founded had 'visibly been composed at different periods, and by different hands.' Buchan, on no evidence whatever, fathered it on George Halkett (d. 1756), school-master at Rathen, Aberdeenshire.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES

No. 264 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Unsigned. 'This beautiful song is in the true old Scotch taste, yet I do not'

know that either the air or words were in print before' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

CA' THE
EWES TO
THE
KNOWES

In sending a new version (p. 268) to Thomson in September 1794 he wrote:—'I am flattered at your adopting *Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes*, as it was owing to me that ever it saw the light. About seven years ago, I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow, a Mr. Clunie [Rev. John Clunie, minister of Ewes, Dumfriesshire, author of *I Loe Na a Laddie but Ane*], who sang it charmingly; and, at my request, Mr. Clarke took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson I added some stanzas to the song and mended others; but still it will not do for *you*.' Stenhouse gives the old words, presumably those taken down from Clunie's singing. It can scarce be affirmed that Burns has improved them. The two last stanzas are his; his two first are expanded from Clunie's first; while his two middles, where they differ from Clunie, differ for the worse.

David Laing, in Additional Notes to Johnson's *Museum*, cites an Ayrshire tradition which assigns the song to one Isabel Pagan, keeper of a hedge-tavern near Muirkirk. But had she been the authoress, Burns must have known it; and that she was not the authoress is evident from the sample doggerel given in Laing's note.

Burns's ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

O, MERRY HAE I BEEN

No. 270 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790).

The tune was called *The Bob o' Dumblane*; and a song with this title appears in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* (1727):—

'Lassie, lend me your braw hemp-heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripping-kame!
For fainness, dearie, I'll gar ye keckle,
Gin ye go dance the Bob o' Dumblane,' *etc.*

'Ramsay, as usual, has modernized this song. The

O, MERRY original, which I learned on the spot, from the old
HAE I hostess in the principal Inn there, is:—
BEEN

“Lassie, lend me your braw hemp-heckle,
And I’ll lend you my thripplin kame.”
“My heckle is broken, it canna be gotten,
And we’ll gae dance the Bob o’ Dumblane.”
Twa gaed to the wood, to the wood, to the wood,
Twa gaed to the wood—three came hame;
An it be na weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
And it be na weel bobbit we’ll bob it again.’

I insert this song to introduce the following anecdote, which I have heard well authenticated. In the evening of the day of the battle of Dunblane (Sheriffmuir), when the action was over, a Scots officer in Argyle’s army observed to his Grace, that he was afraid the rebels would give out to the world that they had gotten the victory. “Weel, weel,” answered his grace, alluding to the foregoing ballad, “if they think it nae weel bobbit, we’ll bob it again” (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

In the original and in Ramsay ‘hemp-heckle,’ ‘thrippling-kaim,’ ‘bob,’ and ‘Bob of Dumblane,’ have an indecent slang sense all four. That the Burns was originally written for *The Jolly Beggars* is an unwarrantable surmise.

A MOTHER’S LAMENT

No. 271 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): ‘Written for this work by R. Burns,’ and signed ‘B.’ Tune: *Finlayston House*. ‘This most beautiful tune is, I think, the happiest composition of that bard-born genius John Riddell, of the family of Glengarnock in Ayr. The words were composed to commemorate the much lamented and premature death of James Ferguson, Esq., Junior of Craigdarroch’ (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

Plainly the verses were suggested by the initial stanza of *The Tears and Triumph of Parnassus*, ‘An Ode, set to

music, and performed at Drury Lane, 1760,' a ridiculous piece, by Robert Lloyd (1733-1764):—

A
MOTHER'S
LAMENT

'Fate gave the word; the deed is done,
Augustus is no more.'

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop (27th September 1788) Burns states that he made them on a twenty-six mile ride from Nithsdale to Mauchline. The copy sent her is entitled *Mrs. Fergusson of Craigdarroch's Lamentation for the Death of her Son*. Young Fergusson died, 5th November 1787, just after completing his university course. The only son of Mrs. Stewart of Afton died 5th December 1787, and Burns inscribed the song in the *Afton Lodge Book*, which he presented to the bereaved mother, his title this time being *A Mother's Lament for the Loss of Her Only Son*. There are no variations in the mss.

THE WHITE COCKADE

No. 272 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Unsigned.

Adapted from *The Ranting Roving Lad* in Herd (1769). Herd's set differs little from one of 'Four Excellent New Songs,' in a chap in the Motherwell Collection, entitled *The Roving Lad with the Tartan Plaid*:—

'My Love was born in Aberdeen,
As bony a Lad as e'er was seen;
But he was forc'd from me to stray
Over the hills and far away.
And O, he's a ranting, roving Lad!
And O, he's a ranting, roving Lad!
Betide what will, I will get ready
To follow the lad with his Tartan Plaidy!' *etc.*

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE

No. 276 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' 'This air is the composition of my friend Allan Masterton in Edinburgh. I composed

THE the verses on the amiable and excellent family of White-
 BRAES O' foord's leaving Ballochmyle, when Sir John's misfortunes
 BALLOCH- had obliged him to sell the estate' (R. B. in Interleaved
 MYLE Copy). See Prefatory Note to *Lines Sent to Sir John*
Whitefoord, Bart. (Vol. i. p. 433).

Reprinted in Thomson (Vol. iv.), and, with some few differences, in Stewart's Edition (1802). It is to note that while Stanza I. consists of two quatrains on four rhymes, the structure of Stanza II. is that of the three-rhymed ballade octave.

STANZA I. LINE 1. 'The Catrine Woods':—Catrine was the residence of Professor Dugald Stewart (see Vol. i. p. 354, Note to *The Vision*, Duan I. Stanza XXI. Line 2). 5. 'Maria sang':—Mary Anne Whitefoord, the eldest daughter, who married Henry Kerr Cranstoun, grandson of William, fifth Lord Cranstoun.

STANZA II. LINES 5-6 in Stewart read:—

'Nae joys alas for me are here
 Nae pleasures find I in this soil.'

THE RANTIN DOG, THE DADDIE O'T

No. 277 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790). Tune: *East Neuk o' Fife*. Signed 'Z.' 'I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at the time under a cloud' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

The 'young girl' may have been either Elizabeth Paton (see *The Poet's Welcome*, Vol. ii. p. 37) or Jean Armour. It matters not which.

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'O, wha will buy *my* groanin maut,' variation in Scott Douglas. The 'groanin maut' was the ale for the midwife and her gossips. For the epithet, 'groaning' is good English for a lying-in. Cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 2, 476:—'It would cost you a groaning to take my edge off.'

STANZA III. LINE 1. 'The creepie-chair':—The stool of

repentance. See Vol. ii. p. 343, Note to *Address to the Toothache*, Stanza iv. Line 1.

STANZA IV. LINE 2. 'Fidgin fain' = tingling with fondness. Cf. *Tam o' Shanter*, Vol. i. p. 285 :—

'Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain':—

and the old song *Maggie Lauder*:—

' "Maggie," quoth he, "and by my bags
I'm fidgin fain to see thee." '

THE
RANTIN
DOG, THE
DADDIE
O'T

THOU LING'RING STAR

No. 279 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): 'Written for this work by R. Burns.' Tune: *Captain Cook's Death*, composed by Miss Lucy Johnson, who afterwards married Mr. Oswald of Auchencruive. Included in Thomson (Vol. iii.).

Enclosing this very famous lament—hypochondriacal and remorseful, yet riddled with adjectives, specifically amatorious, yet woefully lacking in genuine inspiration—in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 8th November 1789, Burns described it as 'made the other day.' He also asked her opinion of it, as he was too much interested in the subject to be 'a critic in the composition.' For Mary Campbell see *ante*, pp. 308-10, Prefatory Note to *My Highland Lassie, O*. Neither Cromek's story of the composition of *Thou Ling'ring Star* nor his description of the Stream-and-Bible episode is worth serious consideration. To Mrs. Dunlop on 13th December Burns, groaning 'under the miseries of a diseased nervous system,' refers with longing to a future life:—'There should I, with speechless agony of rapture, again welcome my lost, my ever dear Mary, whose bosom was fraught with truth, honor, constancy, and love:—

'My Mary, dear departed shade,' *etc.*

Currie states that a copy found among Burns's papers was headed *To Mary in Heaven*; but only seeing is

THOU believing. The Lochryan ms., entitled *A Song*, agrees
LING'RING with the text. Another was before the Aldine Editor
STAR (1839).

STANZA I. LINE 6. 'Where is thy place of *heavenly* rest,'
Aldine MS. Similarly Stanza IV. Line 6.

STANZA II. LINE 5. 'Eternity *will* not efface,' Currie.

STANZA IV. LINE 3. 'Time but the impression *deeper* makes,'
Aldine Edition.

EPPIE ADAIR

No. 281 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Unsigned. The ms.
is in the Hastie Collection.

A song, *How, My Eppie*, quoted by Buchan as *The Earl
of Kilmarnock's Farewell to his Wife*, bears little or no
resemblance to the Burns set, even if it be genuine.

THE BATTLE OF SHERRAMUIR

No. 282 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): 'Written for this
work by Robt. Burns.' Tune: *Cameronian's Rant*.

This song, in which the idiosyncrasies of the fight are
summarised with excellent discrimination, is condensed
from a ballad by the Rev. John Barclay (1734-1798,
Berean minister at Edinburgh):—'*The Dialogue Betwixt
William Luckladle and Thomas Cleancogue*, Who were
Feeding their Sheep upon the Ochil Hills, 13th Novem-
ber, 1715. Being the day the Battle of Sheriffmuir was
Fought. To the tune of *The Cameron Men*':—

W. 'Pray came you here the fight to shun
Or keep the sheep with me, man?
Or was you at the Sheriffmuir,
And did the battle see, man?
Pray tell which of the Parties won,
For weel I wat I saw them run
Both south and north, when they began
To pell and mell and kill and fell,
With muskets' knell and pistols' snell,
And some for hell did flee man,'

7. 'But my dear Will, I kenna still
 Whilk o' the twa did lose, man;
 For weel I wat, they had good skill
 To set upo' their foes, man.
 The red coats, they are train'd, you see;
 The clans always disdain to flee;
 Wha then should gain the victory?
 But the Highland race, all in a brace,
 With a swift pace, to the Whigs' disgrace,
 Did put to chace their foes, man,' *etc.*

THE
 BATTLE OF
 SHERRA-
 MUIR

A broadside of this is in the British Museum, and on the same sheet is printed the very clever (earlier) ballad by the Rev. Murdoch M'Lennan of Crathie (1701-1783), '*The Race at Sheriffmuir*, Fairly Run on the 13th of November 1715. To the tune of *The Horseman's Port*':—

'There's some say that we wan,
 Some say that they wan,
 Some say that nane wan at a', man:
 But one thing I'm sure,
 That at Sheriffmuir
 A battle there was, which I saw man:
 And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
 And we ran, and they ran awa, man,' *etc.*

For another on the same battle, *The Marquis of Huntly's Retreat*, see Vol. i. p. 412, with this addition: that there is another—and a more correct—broadside thereof in the British Museum. This group of Sheriffmuir ballads, with those referred to in Vol. i. pp. 411-12, and divers others, among them *Tranent Muir*, descriptive of incidents and battles in the Stuart campaigns in Scotland, traces back as to form to *Killychrankie* (see Vol. i. p. 411).

The copy in Currie differs somewhat from that sent to Johnson.

STANZA II. LINE 7 is omitted in Currie.

STANZA III. LINE 6. 'When bayonets opposed the targe,' Currie.

STANZA V. LINES 9-10 in Currie reads:—

'Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
 And so it goes, you see man.'

THE STANZA VI. LINE 4. 'Or *fallen in whiggish hands, man,*'
 BATTLE OF Currie. For Lines 8-10 these four lines are given in Currie:—

SHERRA-

MUIR

'Then ye may tell, how *pell and mell,*
By red claymores and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,
And Whigs to hell did flee, man.'

YOUNG JOCKIE WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD

No. 287 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Signed 'Z.'

The tune is found in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, under the title *Jocky was the Blythest Lad in A' Our Town*. Stenhouse remarks that the whole song, 'excepting three or four lines, is the production of Burns'; but he does not condescend to particulars. There are divers sets, but the earliest extant is that in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, 1659:—

'O, Willy was so blythe a lad,
 Ne'an like was in the town;
 At Wake and Wassail Willy had
 For dancing chief renown.
 He pitch'd the bar and hurl'd the stean—
 Ne'a man could him outgang;
 And if he strave with any man,
 He gar'd him lig along':—

the original of *Willie was a Wanton Wag* (ascribed to Hamilton of Gilbertfield), on which the Burns set is closely modelled.

STANZA I. LINE 3. 'Gaud':—The plough-oxen were driven with a goad.

A WAUKRIFE MINNIE

No. 288 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790). 'I picked up the old song and tune from a country girl in Nithsdale. I never met with it elsewhere in Scotland' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

The vamp—if vamp it be; and we have nowhere found an original—is in Burns's happiest and most 'folkish' vein.

THO' WOMEN'S MINDS

No. 290 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): 'Written for this work by R. Burns,' and signed 'X.' 'This song is mine, all except the chorus' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

A new set of the Bard's song in *The Jolly Beggars*, Vol. ii. p. 15. In a ms. in the Kilmarnock Monument Museum, as in one belonging to Mr. Robert Hutchinson, a reading in the Cantata set is adopted:—

'My dearest bluid to do them guid,' etc.

See further, Prefatory Note to *The Jolly Beggars*, Vol. ii. p. 304, and *post*, p. 489, Prefatory Note to *Is There For Honest Poverty?*

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

No. 291 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' 'The air is Masterton's; the song mine. The occasion of it was this:—Mr. Wm. Nicol of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation being at Moffat, honest Allan (who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton) and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

The meeting took place in the autumn of 1789. The song—(a little masterpiece of drunken fancy)—is included in Thomson (Vol. iv.). For William Nicol see Vol. ii. p. 452, Prefatory Note to *Epitaph For William Nicol*. Allan Masterton was appointed writing-master to Edinburgh High School, 10th October 1789. He died in 1799.

WILLIE STANZA I. LINE 2. 'Cam to *pree*,' vulgar and unauthorised
BREW'D A amendment.

PECK O' STANZA IV. LINE 3. 'Wha first beside his chair shall fa':—
MAUT Writing to Captain Riddell, 10th October 1789, on the Whistle day, Burns quotes two stanzas, and in quoting Line 3 changes 'first' to '*last*'; but that he italicises the word shows that he made the change to suit the special circumstances of the contest. 'First,' too, is found in Johnson, in the earlier Editions of Currie, and in a quotation of the stanza in a letter to Alexander Cunningham (MS. in the possession of Mr. T. G. Arthur, Ayr). There is, therefore, no warrant for the supposition that it is either misprint or clerical error.

STANZA II. LINES 5 and 6. An old song, *The Merry Fellows*, has this chorus:—

'Now since we're met let's merry merry be,
In spite of all our foes,
And he that will not merry be
We'll pull him by the nose.'

Cf. Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*:—'My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we*.' Staunton notes that the song is mentioned in Peele's *Old Wives' Tale*, 1595, thus:—

'Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
And three merrie men be wee;
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Jack sleeps in the tree.'

Cf. too Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, iii. 2:—

'Three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men be we
As ever did sing in a hempen string
All under the gallows tree':—

and a rhyme in Sir William Mure's *Lute Book* (MS. in the Laing Collection, University of Edinburgh):—

'The wise men were but seven,
Ne'er more shall be for me,

The muses were but nine,
 The worthies three times three,
 And three merry boys, and three merry boys,
 And three merry boys are we.

WILLIE
 BREW'D A
 PECK O'
 MAUT

'The vestals they are seven,' *etc.*

And three merry girls,' *etc.*

KILLIECRANKIE

No. 292 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Signed 'Z.' 'The battle of Killiecrankie was the last stand made by the clans for James after his abdication. Here the gallant Lord Dundee fell in the moment of victory, and with him fell the hopes of the party. General M'Kay, when he found the Highlanders did not pursue his flying army, said:—"Dundee must be killed, or he never would have overlooked this advantage." A great stone marks the place where Dundee fell' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy). But the fact is that Dundee got his hurt further up the hill than the 'great stone.' The battle was fought on 17th July 1689.

The following stanzas are quoted in Hogg and Motherwell (1834) as part of an old song:—

'Gin ye had been where I hae been,
 Ye wadna been sae vauntie;
 For I hae been at Sherra-muir,
 And focht at Killiecrankie.

'At Prestonpans I also was,
 And a' Prince Charles' battles,
 Where glittering swords around me clash'd
 And thundering cannon rattles.'

STANZA III. LINE I. 'The bauld Pitcur'=Haliburton of Pitcur, slain at Killiecrankie. A Jacobite song in the Pitcairn MS., entitled *Answer to Killiecrankie*, has this stanza:—

'My Lord Dundee the best o' ye
 Into the fields did fa' then ;
 And great Pitcur fell in a furr
 Wha could not win awa' then.'

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE

No. 294 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' Included in Thomson (Vol. iii.).

Enclosed in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 2nd October 1788:—'How do you like the following song, designed for and composed by a friend of mine, and which he has christened *The Blue-eyed Lassie*' (Lochryan mss.). The friend was Captain Robert Riddell, and the ms. sent to him is in the possession of Dr. De Noë Walker. For the copy of another ms. we are indebted to Mr. Howat, Castleview, Stirling. A set with some variations was published in a tract 'printed by Chapman and Lang for Stewart and Meikle,' and is included in Stewart's Edition (1802).

The 'blue-eyed lassie' was Jean, daughter of the Rev. Andrew Jeffrey, of Lochmaben. She married a Mr. Renwick, of New York, and died in October 1850.

STANZA I. LINE 2. 'A gate I fear I dearly rue,' mss.

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'She charm'd my soul, I *wat* na how,' Stewart. 5. 'But spare I'd speak and spare I'd speed,' Stewart—apparently a misprint. The expression in the text is proverbial. 7. 'Should she refuse I'll lay my *deed*,' Stewart. 8. 'To her twa een o' *bonny* blue,' Stewart.

THE BANKS OF NITH

No. 295 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Signed 'B.' 'Written for this work by R. Burns.' Tune: *Robie donna Gorach*.

An early draft was sent to Mrs. Dunlop, 21st August 1789 (Lochryan mss.).

STANZA I. LINE 4. 'Where Cummins ance had high command':—'My landlord Millar is building a house on the banks of the Nith, just on the ruins of the Comyn's Castle' (Note by R. B. in Lochryan MS.). 5. 'When shall I see that *distant* land,' Lochryan MS. 7. 'Must *cruel* Fortune's adverse hand,' Lochryan MS.

THE
BANKS OF
NITH

STANZA II. LINES 1-4 in the Lochryan MS. read :—

*'Fair spread, O Nith, thy flow'ring dales,
Where rove the flocks among the broom,
And sweetly wave thy fruitful vales,
Surrounded by the Hawthorn bloom.'*

3. '*How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,*' Currie. 7-8 in the Lochryan MS. read thus :—

*'There may my latest hours consume
With those my friends of early days.'*

TAM GLEN

No. 296 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.'

This delightful piece of wit and character and fun appeared in *The Edinburgh Magazine* of November 1789, signed T. S., and in *The Edinburgh Evening Courant* of 22nd December 1789, without signature, as '*Tam Glen*, a Scots ballad.' It is also included in Thomson (Vol. ii.). Excepting for some orthographical differences these versions correspond with the *Museum* copy.

STANZA VII. See Vol. i. p. 360, Notes to *Halloween*, Stanza XXIV. Line 7.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD

No. 301 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.' 'It is remarkable of this air, that it is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our lowland music (so far as from the

CRAIGIE- title, words, *etc.*, we can localize it) has been composed.
 BURN From Craigieburn, near Moffat, until one reaches the
 WOOD West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of antiquity. The song was composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards a Mrs. Whepdale. The young lady was born in Craigieburn Wood. The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy). Probably the 'old foolish ballad' was a fragment in Herd (1776):—

'O my bonny, bonny May,
 Will ye not rue upon me?
 A sound, sound sleep I'll never get
 Until I lie ayont thee,' *etc.*

Craigieburn Wood is about two miles from Moffat. For Jean Lorimer see *post*, p. 482, Prefatory Note to *Lassie Wi' the Lint-white Locks*.

There are two mss. at Alloway Cottage, one inscribed in the *Afton Lodge Book*; and the ms. sent to Johnson is in the Hastie Collection.

CHORUS. LINES 3-4 in the Hastie ms. read:—

'O sweetly, soundly, weel wad I sleep
Were I laid in the bed beyond thee.'

STANZA I. LINE 4. 'Can yield me *nothing* but sorrow,' Johnson.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE

No. 302 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned (no doubt on account of its Jacobite sentiments). 'I added the four last lines by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

We have not found the first lines elsewhere. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

O JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW

No. 305 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

Altered and expanded from a fragment in Herd (1769):—

‘John, come kiss me now, now, now !

O John, come kiss me now !

John, come kiss me by and by,

And make nae mair ado !

‘Some will court and compliment

And make a great ado,

Some will make of their guidman,

And sae will I of you.’

A number in Thomas Greave’s *Songes of Sundrie Kindes* (London 1604), with music, begins:—

‘I pray thee, sweet John, away,’

and ends:—

‘Gentle John, come quickly kiss me.’

The air is in Queen Elizabeth’s *Virginal Book*, and a parody is found in *The Gude and Godly Ballats*, 1578, where the chorus is identical with that in the Herd set, and the song continues thus:—

‘My prophets call, my preachers cry

John, come kiss me now,’ *etc.*

Allied to it is a set (c. 1470) in the ‘Amanda Group’ of Mr. Ebsworth’s *Bagford Ballads*:—

He. ‘I pray you now come kyss me,

I pray you, come kyss me;

My lyttle prety Mopsie,

I pray you come kyss me !’

She. ‘Alas goodman, must now be kyst?

Ye shall not now, ye may me trust,

Wherefore, go where as ye lust,

For I wiss ye shall not kyss me.’

O JOHN, In another blackletter, *Adieu Sweete Harte*, is found this COME KISS chorus :—

ME NOW

‘Once again come kysse me,
Syth I so long must mys thee;
My willinge harte shall wyshe thee,
To ease me of my smarte.’

STANZA I. LINE 3. ‘Mak o’, probably = pet or fondle.
See Note to *O, Can Ye Labour Lea*, Stanza III. Line 3.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER

No. 309 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned; but Stenhouse had Burns’s holograph.

Redacted from the older set in Herd (1769):—

‘When first my dear Johny came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet, it wanted the crown;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,
Hey, my Johny lad, cock up your beaver:
Cock up your beaver, cock up your beaver,
Hey, my Johny lad, cock up your beaver!
Cock up your beaver, and cock it nae wrang,
We’ll a’ to England, ere it be lang!’

MY TOCHER’S THE JEWEL

No. 312 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): ‘Written for this work by Robert Burns,’ and signed ‘B.’ Included in Thomson (Vol. ii.).

The last half of Stanza II., according to Cromeek, was found in Burns’s holograph as part of an old song (*Scotish Songs*, Vol. ii. p. 207).

GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN

No. 313 in Johnson (Vol. iii. 1790): Signed ‘B.’ ‘The chorus of this is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect :—

“Every day my wife tells me
That ale and brandy will ruin me;
But if gude liquor be my dead,
This shall be written on my head—
Landlady, count the lawin,” *etc.*

GUIDWIFE
COUNT
THE LAWIN

(R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

In the ms. in the Hastie Collection ‘*Landlady*’ occurs for ‘Gudewife.’

CHORUS. LINE 4. ‘Coggie’ :—See Vol. i. p. 323, Note to *Scotch Drink*, Stanza IX. Line 4.

STANZA III. was inscribed by Burns on a window-pane of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries (see Vol. ii. p. 251).

THERE’LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME

No. 315 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned. ‘This tune is sometimes called *There are Few Gude Fellows when Willie’s Awa*. But I have never been able to meet in with anything else of the song than the title’ (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

He enclosed a copy [‘a song of my late composition’] to Alexander Cunningham, 11th March 1791 :—‘You must know a beautiful Jacobite air—*There’ll Never be Peace till Jamie Comes Hame*. When political combustion ceases to be the object of Princes and Patriots it then, you know, becomes the lawful prey of Historians and Poets’ (R. B.). No doubt there was an old Jacobite song with this title; but the air and the title were all that Burns knew, and no authentic copy of the thing itself is known to survive.

The ms. sent to Cunningham [in the possession of his descendants] substantially agrees with that in the Hastie Collection.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE

No. 316 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robt. Burns.' Signed 'R.'

Stanza iv. is influenced by the set of *Auld Rob Morris* in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* (1729):—

'Rob Morris, I grant, is an elderly man,
But then his auld brass, it will buy a new pan;
Sae dochter, ye shouldna be fashious to shoe,
And Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.'

The song itself may well have been suggested by the title, *What Shall a Young Woman do with an Old Man?* quoted in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1703—a book Burns knew. Mr. Ebsworth (*Roxburghe Ballads*, Vol. viii. p. 673) prints a 'probably unique broadside,' dating before 1664:—'*The Young Woman's Complaint, Or a Caveat to all Maids to have a Care How They be Married to Old Men. The tune is What Should a Young Woman do with an Old Man, or The Tyrant.*' The only copy known to us is that in the Euing Collection:—

'Come all you young damsels both beauteous and free,
I'll summon you all to listen to me:
A song of misguiding concerning my marriage,
Sorrow's the cause of this my ill carriage—
A maiden of fifteen, as it may appear,
She married an Old Man of seventy-two year;
And by her misfortune well prove it I can
That she is sore troubled with an Old Man,' etc.

A derivative, *The Old Man Killed with the Cough*, is one of 'Six Excellent New Songs' forming a chap in the Motherwell Collection:—

'You girls that are witty in country and city,
I pray now come pity a sorrowful maid,
That daily is vexèd and mighty perplexèd
All with an old husband; I wish he were dead.'

This derivative Burns seems to have known, and to have borrowed its rhythmus as well as its general tone and sentiment.

For a song printed in an appendix to Sharpe's *Ballad*

Book (Ed. Laing, 1880), as one of several 'evidently obtained through a northern collector': that some experts should have accepted it as a genuine antique and the original of this particular Burns—(a Burns, be it noted, which the Poet claims for his own, and which he initials 'R')—appears inexplicable, till one reflects that they probably didn't know that the 'discoverer' was Peter Buchan, on whose authority the 'find' is quoted in Hogg and Motherwell (1834). There is no information as to where it was got; and, not only is there not a tittle of proof that it was 'written by Miss Jean Allardyce, Pittenweem, to her friend Miss K. Gordon, 1714' but, internal evidence is altogether opposed to such a theory. Whoever wrote it knew spelling and English better than most Scots girls knew either in 1714; must have heard Burns's words or Johnson's tune before setting pen to paper; and took a much more humorous and knowing view of the situation than any distressed damsel was like to do. Moreover, since the sole known copy is that of the 'northern collector' [*i.e.* Buchan], and professes to be taken from a young lady's private letter, how was Burns to get wind of it? Here is the first stanza:—

'O Katy, dear Katy! I'll tell you what grieves me,
And for to advise me do all that you can,
If you would relieve me, a present I'll give you—
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
I canna get sleeping for sighing and weeping,
What shall I do, Kitty? Oh! here take my fan;
My mind is sae crazy, I'm dull and uneasy,
I am sae perplex'd wi' a crazy auld man.'

THE BONIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA

No. 317 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Signed 'X.'

No doubt suggested by a song in Herd (1769):—

'How can I be blythe and glad,
Or in my mind contented be,
When the bonny lad that I lo'e best
Is banished from my company?'

THE This is itself a derivative from a blackletter in the Bag-
 BONIE LAD ford, Crawford, and Euing Collections—*The Unconstant*
 THAT'S *Shepherd, or The Forsaken Lasses Lamentation* :—
 FAR AWA

'O, how can I be merry or glad
 Or in my mind contented be,' etc.

Songs with the refrain 'O'er the Hills and Far Awa' abound in the books. They seem to derive from the old ballad of *The Elfin Knight*, of which the earliest printed set is a blackletter in the Library of Magdalene College, Cambridge, bound up with a copy of Blind Harry's *Wallace* (first referred to in Pinkerton, *Ancient Scottish Poems*, Vol. ii. p. 496), *The Wind Hath Blawn My Plaid Awa*. It begins :—

'The Elphin Knight sits on yon hill
 Ba ba ba, lilli ba !
 He blows his horn both lowd and shill
 The wind hath blown my plaid awa !' :—

and has this burden :—

'My plaid awa, my plaid awa,
 And o'er the hills and far awa,
 And far awa to Norrowa
 My plaid shall not be blawn awa !'

Perhaps the earliest derivative is *Jockey's Lamentation*, published in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1703), and reprinted with variations in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* with the title, *O'er the Hills and Far Away* :—

'Jocky met with Jenny fair,
 Aft by the dawning of the day,' etc.

A capital set is sung by Captain Plume in Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer* (1706); and a *Song on the Birth-day of King James the VIII.*, 10th June 1709 (printed in *Roxburghe Ballads*, ed. Ebsworth, Vol. viii. 225), from Robert Mylne's ms., has this refrain :—

'He's over seas and far awa,
 He's over seas and far awa :
 Of no man we will stand in awc,
 To drink his health that's far awa !'

There is also a broadside in the Laing Collection at THE Dalmeny, entitled, 'An Excellent New Ballad, *He's o're the Hills and Far Away*, to its own proper tune.' It THAT'S begins:— FAR AWA

'I must o're land and seas repass,
Face summer's suns and winter's glass,' etc.

And in a ms. collection of Loyal Songs (1714-16, Add. mss., British Museum, No. 29, 981) there is a Jacobite song beginning thus:—

'Bring me a bowl, I'll toast a health
To one that's robbed o' land and wealth.
The bonniest lad that e'er I saw
Is o'er the hills and far awa.'

The ms. of Burns's set is in the Hastie Collection. Another, which was before Cromeck, may have been that now in the possession of Mr. A. M. Munster. Stanza II. is not in Johnson, and was published by Cromeck. Thomson (Vol. v.) included the song, but omitted Stanza IV. It is supposed to refer to old Armour's extrusion of his daughter in the winter of 1788:—'Jean I found banished like a martyr, forlorn, destitute and friendless—all for the good old cause' (R. B. to Ainslie, 3rd March 1788).

STANZA V. LINE 3. 'And my *young* babie,' Hastie ms. and Johnson; '*And a' my tears be tears of joy*,' Thomson, from motives of delicacy. 4. 'And he'll *come* hame,' Munster ms.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR

No. 321 in Johnson: Signed 'Z.' 'This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, Queens of Scotland. The poem is to be found in *Watson's Collection of Scots Poems*, the earliest collection published in Scotland. I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

I DO The original (Ayton's authorship of which is more than
 CONFESS doubtful), found in *Playford's Select Ayres*, 1659, is
 THOU ART called *To His Forsaken Mistress* :—

SAE FAIR

'I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
 And I might have gone near to love thee,
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That lip could move, had power to move thee ;
 But I can let thee now alone
 As worthy to be loved by none.
 'I do confess thou'rt sweet, but find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets :
 Thy favours are but like the wind
 Which kisseth ev'rything it meets ;
 And since thou canst with more than one
 Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.'

It is not at all in Burns's line, and he had done vastly better had he left it alone.

SENSIBILITY HOW CHARMING

No. 329 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robt. Burns.' Included also in Thomson (Vol. iii.).

Burns wrote to Mrs. Dunlop, 29th July 1790 (Lochryan mss.):—'There is sometimes a conjuncture of circumstances which looks like ominous; when I received your letter I was just finishing the following stanza, "Envy not the hidden treasure," etc. [he quotes]. I immediately and almost extempore added the following, too allusive to poor Mrs. Henri: "Fairest flower, behold the lily"' [the remainder of the stanza is quoted]. He afterwards sent a complete copy to his 'dear and honoured friend' Mrs. Dunlop, which was printed in Currie, and another to Clarinda, which is in the Watson Collection—MS.

This balderdash, which reads like the effect of a fit of serious admiration for a certain *Song by a Person of Quality* :—

'Glittering spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art':—

SENSIBILITY
HOW
CHARMING

is also inscribed in the Afton Lodge Book—ms. (B); and on the flyleaf of a ms. volume of poems by Helen Craik belonging to Mr. Adam Wood, Troon—ms. (C).

The ms. sent to Johnson is in the Hastie Collection—ms. (D). To Clarinda, 15th December 1791, Burns wrote:—'I have likewise sent in the verses on *Sensibility* altered to—

"Sensibility how charming,
Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell":—

to the Musical Editor of the *Scots Songs*, etc.

STANZA I. LINE 2. '*Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell*,' ms. (D) and Johnson. 4. '*Thou hast also known too well*,' ms. (D) and Johnson.

STANZA III. LINE 3. '*Helpless bird, a prey the surest*,' ms. (B) and Currie.

STANZA IV. LINE 1. '*Envy not the hidden treasure*,' ms. (C).

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS

No. 331 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Signed 'X.' 'This tune is by Oswald. The song alludes to a part of my private history which is of no consequence to the world to know' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

In July 1793 he recommended it to Thomson as suitable to the air of *There'll Never be Peace till Jamie Comes Hame*, if he objected to the Jacobite sentiments of that song. It is held by some to refer to Mary Campbell; but Burns occasionally visited a peasant-girl near Covington, Lanarkshire.

The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

STANZA I. LINE 3. '*Where the grouse thro' the heather lead their coveys to feed*,' ms.

STANZA III. LINE 2. '*Where ilk stream faems along its ain green, narrow strath*,' ms.

I HAE BEEN AT CROOKIEDEN

No. 332 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned. Founded on an old Jacobite rhyme. A comparatively mild set is in the Pitcairn ms. Another, which incorporates much of the Burns, may be partly old and partly modern. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

Of the *Highland Laddie* airs Burns wrote (Interleaved Copy):—‘That which I take to be the oldest is to be found in this *Museum* beginning “I hae been at Crookieden.” One reason for my thinking so is that Oswald has it in his Collection by the name of the *Auld Highland Laddie*.’

STANZA I. LINE 3. ‘*There I saw some folk I ken,*’ deleted reading in the ms.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONIE FACE

No. 333 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): ‘Written for this work by Robert Burns.’ ‘Originally English verses: I gave them their Scots dress’ (R. B. in Interleaved Copy). The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

Those ‘English verses’ are not to be found. But *It Is Na, Jean*, reads like an odd but triumphing blend of a famous song by Thomas Carew (1589-1639):—

‘He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires . . .
But a smooth and steadfast mind
Gentle thoughts and calm desires . . .
Where these are not I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes’:—

and the initial stanza of a certain broadside (Laing Collection, Dalmeny) entitled *Bonie Jean, or Jeanie’s the Sweetest and Dearest to Me*:—

‘O, Jeanie is the sweetest of all womankind!
O, Jeanie is compleat in body and mind!
Of beauty and bountie, of carriage and grace,
With a prety proportion and fairness of face,
With all things excellent as woman should be,
O, Jeanie is the sweetest whose servant I’ll be.’

For something, too, it may be indebted to the *Je ne Sçai*

Quoi, a song which we have found in *A Choice Collection of Scotch and English Songs* (1763), of which the second stanza begins thus:—

‘Tis not her face which love creates,’ *etc.*

MY EPPIE MACNAB

No. 336 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792). Signed ‘X.’ ‘The old song with this title has more wit than decency’ (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

Stenhouse remarked of Burns’s statement:—‘He justly observes’; but the chances are that Stenhouse spoke without book. Hogg, in the Hogg and Motherwell Edition, says that, so far as he remembers this song, it ‘was not indelicate.’ He also quotes a stanza resembling the fragment in the Herd ms. And Burns may have known something more of the old song than the fragment in the Herd ms., which contains the germ (and something more) of the present piece. Thus it runs:—

‘O, saw ye Eppie M’Nab the day?
O, saw ye Eppie M’Nab the day?
She’s down in the yaird,
She’s kissing the laird:
She winna cum hame the day, the day!
‘O, see to Eppie M’Nab, as she goes!
O, see to Eppie M’Nab, as she goes!
With her cocked heel shoon,
And her cockets aboon,
O, see to Eppie M’Nab as she goes!’

Burns remodelled his set for Thomson, but Thomson didn’t accept it (See *Saw Ye My Phely*, Vol. iv.).

The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR

No. 337 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): ‘Written for this work by Robert Burns.’ ‘The tune is also known by the name of *Lass an I Come Near Thee*. The words are mine’ (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

WHA IS The chorus of this old song, says Stenhouse, was :—
 THAT AT
 MY BOWER
 DOOR

‘Lass, an I come near thee,
 Lass, an I come near thee,
 I’ll gar a’ your ribbons reel,
 Lass, an I come near thee.’

Cromek states that, according to Gilbert Burns, Robert’s model was *The Auld Man’s Best Argument* in Ramsay’s *Tea-Table Miscellany* (1727), which an old widow, Jean Wilson, of Tarbolton, used to sing :—

“O, wha’s that at my chamber-door?”
 “Fair widow, are ye wauking!”
 “Auld carle, your suit give o’er,
 Your love lyes a’ in tawking,” etc.

A similar song (English, no doubt), *Roger’s Courtship*, is also in the *Miscellany* :—

‘Young Roger came tapping
 At Dolly’s window ;
 Tumputy, tumputy, tump !
 He begg’d for admittance, she answer’d him no ;
 Glumputy, glumputy, glump !’

Another in *The Lark* (1740), but very much older than *The Lark*, begins thus :—

‘Arise, arise, my Juggy, my Puggy—
 Arise, get up, my dear ;
 The night is cold,
 It bloweth, it snoweth,
 I must be lodgèd here.’

A set quoted in Sharpe’s *Ballad Book*, 1823 :—

“Wha’s that at my chamber door?”
 “It is I, my dear,” quo’ Borlan ;
 “Come in,” quo’ she, “lat’s chat awhile,
 Ye strapping, sturdy Norlan” :—

is plainly a modern counterfeit, and is supposed to be the work of Lady Dick. But without any manner of doubt, Burns’s original was *Who But I, Quoth Finlay*, ‘A new song, much in request, sung with its own proper tune,’

of which there is a copy in the Laing Collection at Dalmeny. To show the exact amount and nature of his indebtedness, we give this piece in full :—

WHA IS
THAT AT
MY BOWER
DOOR

'There dwells a man into this Town,
Some say they call him Finlay ;
He is a brisk and able man—
O if I knew but Finlay !

'His Reputation was so great
That him I did seek after ;
And when I found him did intreat
He'd tryst with me thereafter.

'Quoth Finlay : " If I come to you,
Give me none of your ill words,
Though I say ' No ' to you at first,
Be sure that you come forewards."

'Then promised he to come that night,
And my chamber I was keeping :
He chappèd gently at the door
For fear I had been sleeping.

" ' Who 's that at my chamber door ? '
" And who but I ? " quoth Finlay.
" Lown carle, come no further."
" Indeed not I," quoth Finlay.

" ' Who 's that at my bedside,"
" And who but I ? " quoth Finlay.
" Lown carle, had thee there."
" Indeed not I," quoth Finlay.

'Of all the men I ever did see,
There's none I love like Finlay ;
He was both courteous, stout and free,
My heart's delight is Finlay.'

Hitherto Burns's hero was supposed to have been James Findlay, a brother exciseman, who married one of the *Belles of Mauchline* (see Vol. ii. p. 410).

These various songs are related to a blackletter group (see *Roxburghe Ballads*, ed. Ebsworth, Vol. vi. pp. 202-215), of which perhaps the oldest is *John's Earnest Request*

WHA IS (Crawford, Euing, Huth, Pepys, and Roxburghe Collec-
 THAT AT tions):—
 MYBOWER 'Come open the Door, Sweet Betty,
 DOOR For 'tis a cold winter night.'

(See further, under *O Open the Door*, post, p. 450). And all trace back no doubt to the lost lyric (the air of which is in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*) parodied in *The Gude and Godly Ballats*, 1578:—

'O, who is at my window, who, who?
 Goe from my windo, goe goe;
 Quha calls there, so like ane stranger,
 Goe from my windowe, goe,' etc.

The ms. is in the Hastie Collection. The song appears, exactly as in the text, in *The Merry Muses*.

STANZA II. LINE 7. 'I fear ye'll *stay* till break o' day,' deleted reading in the ms.

BONIE WEE THING

No. 341 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'R.' 'Composed on my little idol—"the charming lovely Davies"' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

Adapted to the tune, *The Bonie Wee Thing*, in Oswald's *Pocket Companion*, the song is slightly reminiscent of *O, Wert Thou My Ain Thing*. Miss Debora Davies, daughter of Dr. Davies of Tenby, Pembrokeshire, and a relative of Captain Riddell, was jilted by one Captain Delany, and died of a decline. See further, Vol. ii. p. 437, Prefatory Note to Epigram *On Miss Davies*, and the song *Lovely Davies*, p. 106.

A ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

CHORUS. LINE 2. 'Lovely wee thing, *was* thou mine,' Johnson. 4. 'Lest my Jewel *I* should tine,' Johnson.

THE TITHER MORN

No. 345 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned. 'This tune is originally from the Highlands. I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever, but not by any means a lady's song' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

Words and music were sent by Burns to the *Museum*; and the words suggest his passage.

STANZA II. LINE 5. 'Deil tak the war':—*Cf.* the old song :

'Deil tak the wars, that hurried Billy from me.'

Æ FOND KISS

No. 347 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' Tune: *Rory Dall's Port*: signed 'X.'

Sent to Clarinda 27th December 1791 (see Vol. ii. p. 368, Prefatory Note to *Sylvander to Clarinda*):—'I have just ten minutes before the post goes, and these I shall employ in sending you some songs I have just been composing to different tunes for the *Collection of Songs*, of which you have three volumes, and of which you shall have the fourth,' etc. The germ of *Æ Fond Kiss* is found in *The Parting Kiss*, by Robert Dodsley (1703-1764), which was set by Oswald:—

'One fond kiss before we part,
Drop a Tear and bid adieu;
Tho' we sever, my fond Heart
Till we meet shall pant for you,' etc.

It finishes with a repeat of the two first lines.

The copy sent to Clarinda is in the Watson Collection, Edinburgh.

LOVELY DAVIES

No. 349 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned.

For Miss Davies see *ante*, p. 378, Prefatory Note to *Bonie Wee Thing*. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

STANZA II. LINE 1. '*Ilk ane she* cheers when she appears,' deleted reading in the MS.

STANZA III. LINE 6. 'Even he her *humble* slave is,' deleted reading in the MS.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW

No. 350 in Johnson (Vol. ii. 1792). Title and tune are in Oswald's *Pocket Companion*.

Buchan furnished Hogg and Motherwell with several stanzas of a 'very old song which perhaps Burns had in view when he composed the above.' As it repeats the Burns chorus *verbatim*, Burns most certainly must have had it in view, if it be the 'very old song' which Buchan said it was. But he said nothing as to where he got it; and it is plainly patchwork. Burns, however, must assuredly have known this ditty in *The Charmer* (1782) and other books:—

'I bought my woman and my wife half a pund of tow,
I think 'twill serve them a' their life to spin as fast's they dow;
I thought it had been ended when scarce it was begun,
And I believe my wife sall end her life and leave the tow unspun.

'I looked to my yarn knagg, and it grew never mair;
I looked to my meal-kist, my heart grew wondrous sair;
I looked to my sour-milk boat, and it would never sour;
For they supped at, and staked at, and never span an hour,' etc.

The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

STANZA II. LINE 3. 'And ay she took the tither *suck*,' deleted reading in the MS.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN

No. 352 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.'

Made a few days after his marriage. The tune, Stenhouse says, 'was formerly adapted to some trifling verses beginning:—

"I hae a wife o' my awn,
I'll be hadden to naebody;
I hae a pat and a pan,
I'll borrow frae naebody."

And if that be true, these same 'trifling verses' (which we have not seen) are practically the first draft of one of Burns's airiest and bravest lyrics. A blackletter broadside (*Folly Made Manifest*) in the Crawford Collection is to the tune, *I Have a Mistress of My Own*.

The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

STANZA 1. LINE 2. 'I'll *share* wi' naebody,' deleted reading in MS.

STANZA IV. LINES 3-4. Cf. *The Jolly Miller*. He lived on the river Dee, and this was the burden of his song:—

'I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me.'

O, WHEN SHE CAM BEN, SHE BOBBED

No. 353 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned.

The first two stanzas differ very slightly from the first two of the old set, *When She cam Ben She Bobbit*, in Herd (1769):—

'When she cam ben she bobbit,
And when she cam ben she bobbit,
And when she cam ben she kist Cockpen,
And then deny'd that she did it.
'And was na Cockpen right saucy?
And was na Cockpen right saucy?
He len'd his lady to gentlemen,
And he kist the collier lassie.'

The others are pure Burns. The two sets appear to be responsible, between them, for Lady Nairne's *Laird o' Cockpen*.

O, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM

No. 355 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' Signed 'B.'; and perhaps suggested by a song in *The Pretty Maiden's Amusement*, and other undated song-books:—

'I am a brisk and lively lass,
And scarcely turned of twenty,' etc.:—

or one in *The Lark* (1740):—

'I am a lusty lively lad,
Now come to one and twenty,' etc.:—

the original of which is a blackletter ballad, *The Prodigal's Resolution* (Crawford, Huth, Pepys, Roxburghe, and other collections).

STANZA II. LINE I. 'A gleib o' lan':—The common meaning of gleib [*i.e.* glebe] in Scotland is church land—that is, the land possessed by the parish minister. Here it probably means a portion of land about the average size of a kirk glebe—thirty acres or thereby.

O, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE

No. 359 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned. Both song and tune were communicated by Burns, and are not to be found in any earlier collection. The stanzas added in Cromeek's so-called *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song* are probably of Allan Cunningham's concocting.

William Gordon, sixth Viscount Kenmure, took up the Jacobite cause in 1715—mainly through the persuasion of his wife Mary, daughter of Robert Dalryell, sixth Earl of Carnwath—and got Mar's commission to command the forces in the south. After divers ineffective moves he passed into England, and, being taken prisoner at Preston on 14th November, was beheaded on Towerhill on 24th February 1716.

O, LEEZE ME ON MY SPINNIN-WHEEL

No. 360 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.'

One of the best and the most Burnsian of Burns's vamps, this charming song was no doubt suggested by *The Loving Lass and Spinning-wheel* in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, which Ramsay must have imitated from an old blackletter broadside (Pepys Collection), '*The Bonny Scott and the Yielding Lass*, to an excellent new Tune':—

'As I sate at my spinning-wheel
A bonny lad there passèd by,
I keen'd him round and I lik'd him weel,
Goud faith he had a bony eye:
My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
But still I turned my spinning-wheel,' etc.

In the Crawford Collection there is *An Answer to the Bonny Scot: or the Sorrowful Complaint of the Yielding Lass*, to the tune of *The Spinning Wheel*.

Burns's MS. is in the Hastie Collection.

STANZA IV. LINE 6. 'Amid their cumbrous, *empty* joys, deleted reading in the MS.

MY COLLIER LADDIE

No. 361 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned. 'I do not know a blyther old song than this' (R. B. in Interleaved Copy).

Buchan contributed to Hogg and Motherwell (1834) what he declared to be the original, but didn't pretend that it was ever in print.

Burns's holograph—MS. (A)—is in the Hastie Collection, and another MS.—MS. (B)—is in the Liverpool Free Library.

STANZA I. LINE I. The 'O' is omitted in MS. (A), as it is

FAIR STANZA I. LINE I. 'Turn again thou fair *Robina*,' MS. 7.
ELIZA 'Oh, in pity hide the sentence,' MS.

STANZA II. LINE I. 'Thee *sweet* maid hae I offended,' MS.
2. 'My offence is loving thee,' MS. 7. 'Turn again thou fair *Robina*,' MS.

STANZA III. LINE 5. 'Not the *minstrel* in the moment,' MS.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME

No. 371 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned. The MS. is in the Hastie Collection. '*Up, Black-nebs by Name, alias Ye Jacobites by Name*' (R. B. in scroll list in the possession of Mr. George Gray). Black-neb (*i.e.* black-beak)=a Scottish sympathiser with the aims and objects of the French Revolution. Cf. Scott, *The Antiquary*, i. 6:—'Take care, Monkbarns, we shall set you down among the black-nebs by and bye.'—'No, Sir Arthur, a tame grumbler I! . . . *Ni quito Rey, ni pongo Rey*—I neither make king nor mar king, as Sancho says,' *etc.*

THE POSIE

No. 373 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this Work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.' '*The Posie* in the *Museum* is my composition; the air was taken down from Mrs. Burns's voice. It is well known in the west country; but the old words are trash' (Burns to Thomson, 19th October 1794). 'It appears evident to me that Oswald composed his *Roslin Castle* on the modulation of this air. . . . The old verses to which it was sung, when I took down the notes from a country girl's voice, had no great merit. The following is a specimen:—

"There was a pretty May, and a milkin she went,
Wi' her red rosy cheeks, and her coal-black hair;
And she had met a young man comin o'er the bent,
With a double and adiew to the fair May," *etc.*

And so on for four other stanzas (R. B. in Interleaved Copy). THE
POSIE

No doubt the old song gave Burns his rhythmus, but he seems to have borrowed his idea, either directly or through some derivative, from a blackletter broadside, called '*A Posie of Rare Flowers Gathered by a Young Man for His Mistress, To a pleasant new tune*' (Crawford, Huth, Pepys, Roxburghe, and other Collections). It consists of eighteen stanzas. Here are the first three:—

‘The summer’s o’er heating,
Within an Arbour sitting
Under a marble shade;
For my true love the fairest,
And of all flowers the rarest,
A posie thus I made:—

The first and last for trusting
Is called Everlasting,
I pulled from the Bay.
The blew and crimson Columbine,
The Dazy, and the Woodbine,
And eke the blooming May.

The sweetest flowers for posies,
Pinks, Gill-flowers, and Roses,
I gathered in their prime.
The flower of Musk-millions,
Come blow me down Sweet-williams,
With Rosemary and Time.’

The ms. sent to Johnson—ms. (C)—is in the Hastie Collection. A ms. sent to Mrs. Dunlop—ms. (A)—is at Lochryan; and for permission to collate a third—ms. (B)—on Excise paper, we are indebted to Mr. Richardson, of Messrs. Kerr and Richardson, Queen Street, Glasgow.

STANZA I. LINE 2. ‘O Luve will venture in, where wisdom
ance *has* been,’ MS. (A).

THE STANZA II. LINE 3. 'For she *is* the pink o' womankind,
POSIE MS. (B).

STANZA III. LINE 1. 'I'll pu' the *morning* rose,' MS. (B).
3. 'The hyacinth *is* constancy,' MS. (B).

STANZA IV. LINE 2. 'And *on* her lovely bosom,' MS. (B).

STANZA VII. LINE 4. 'And *that* will be a posie,' MS. (A).

THE BANKS O' DOON

No. 374 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.'

'An Ayrshire legend,' according to Allan Cunningham, 'says the heroine of this affecting song was Pegg Kennedy of Daljarroch'; and Chambers also supposed the ballad to be an allegory of the same 'unhappy love-tale.' See *ante*, p. 299, Prefatory Note to *Young Peggy*, but even if the 'love-tale' were then known, it was not then 'unhappy.'

For other sets, *Ye Flowery Banks o' Bonie Doon*, and *Sweet are the Banks, the Banks o' Doon*, see Vol. iv. The song appeared in the *Musical Repository* for 1799; but the variations there set forth were probably not sanctioned by any MS., and are in no respect improvements.

A MS. is in the Hastie Collection.

WILLIE WASTLE

No. 376 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.' Included in Thomson (Vol. iv.).

The heroine is said to have been the wife of a farmer who lived near Ellisland. A cottage in Peeblesshire, which stood where a muirland burn, the Logan Water, joins the Tweed, was known by the name of Linkumdoddie, but probably it was so named after Burns wrote his song. The earliest authenticated appearance of Willie Wastle

in rhyme is in Cockburn's [Governor of Dunse Castle] reply to Colonel Fenwick :—

WILLIE
WASTLE

'I, Willie Wastle,
Am in my castle;
All the dogges in the town
Shall not dinge me downe.'

This same rhyme was, and is, used in the mimic warfare of Scottish children; but whether they were the inspirers of Cockburn, or he of them, it is impossible to affirm. Of the *genre*—the satirical inventory of a woman's bad points—a good example is found in the Second Part of *Merry Drollery Compleat* (1670):—

'I have the fairest Nonparel,
The fairest that ever was seen,' etc.

The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

STANZA III. LINE 1. 'Hem-shin'd':—Sometimes wrongly printed 'Hen-shin'd,' and more often 'Hein-shin'd.' The reference is to the 'Haims' or 'Hems' of a horse's collar, which bend outwards.

STANZA IV. LINE 4. 'A hushion':—A hushion is a footless stocking. 5. 'Midden-creels'=manure-baskets slung across horses like panniers.

LADY MARY ANN

No. 377 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned; but the ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

As to the original: Motherwell asserts that Burns 'noted the song and the air from a lady in 1787, during his tour in the North of Scotland.' A broadside in the Laing Collection at Dalmeny (*The Whole Map of Man's Life*) is to the tune, *I Am but Young and Growing*. Stenhouse explains that the Burns is modelled on an antique fragment, *Craigton's Growing*, in a ms. collection belonging to Rev. Robert Scott, of Glenbucket. Motherwell states that the earliest set is printed in Maidment's

LADY *North Countrie Garland* (1823). Maidment's is the ballad
 MARY of the Scott ms. Here is a handful of the rubbish :—
 ANN

'Daughter, said he, I have done you no wrang,
 For I have married you on a heritor of land ;
 He's likewise possess'd of many a bill and band,
 And he'll be daily growing.
 Growing, deary, growing, growing,
 Growing, said the bonny maid,
 Slowly my bonny love's growing.'

Motherwell further supplies a copy of the ballad as 'traditionally preserved in the west of Scotland.' This is the first stanza :—

'The trees they are ivied, the leaves they are green,
 The days are a' awa that I hae seen ;
 On the cauld winter nights I ha'e to lie my lane,
 For my bonnie laddie's lang o' growing.'

Maidment, again, is at pains to supply an 'historical note' on a young Urquhart of Craigston (Aberdeenshire), the supposed hero, who was in all likelihood simply grafted on the Burns ballad by some not very ingenious Aberdeenshire artist.

The fact is, Burns got the germ of his song—not from any of these sets nor from a lady during his northern tour, but—from a fragment in the Herd ms., the more characteristic points in which (it is worth noting) are not incorporated in either the northern or the western sets:—

'She look'd o'er the castle wa',
 She saw three lads play at the ba':
 O the youngest is the flower of a' !
 But my love is lang o' growing.

'O father, gin ye think it fit,
 We'll send him to the college yet ;
 And tye a Ribban round his hat,
 And, father, I'll gang wi' him.'

'Lady Mary Ann' and 'Young Charlie Cochrane' are his own, as are the last three stanzas of the ballad.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION

No. 378 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

The refrain is borrowed from the name of the old air to which it is adapted, *A Parcel of Rogues in the Nation*, to which Gay has set a song in *The Beggar's Opera*. It is possible also that Burns knew the song on the Union of Scotland and England, republished as one of the *Lockhart Papers* (1817), and thus introduced:—"The following song has no date affixed to it; but from a memorandum it appears to have been printed soon after the accession of King George the First." It begins:—

'Shame fa' my een
If e'er I have seen
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation,' etc.

It is included in Hogg's *Relics* as *The Awkward Squad*.

KELLYBURN BRAES

No. 379 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.'

The set published in Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song* was no doubt concocted by Allan Cunningham. The Kelly burn (*i.e.* brook) forms the northern boundary of Ayrshire, and the ballad has no connexion with Nithsdale or Galloway.

Burns's ms. is in the Hastie Collection. Another set of his ballad (holograph) was sold by Messrs. Sotheby in 1892, and again in 1895. This was published in the *Aldine Poets* (Ed. Aitken, 1893). It has the refrain, 'Sing fal de lal,' etc., after every line:—

'There was an auld man, and he had a bad wife,
And she was a plague a' the days o' her life.
Ae day this auld man was haudin the pleugh,
By came the Devil, says:—"How d'ye do?"

one; holding

KELLYBURN

BRAES

steer; young
horse

worse

smoky

mad

most part

"O vera well, Sir, but I've got a bad wife,
 And she's been a plague a' the days o' her life."
 "It's neither your stot, nor you staig I do crave,
 But that same bad wife it's her I must have."
 "O welcome most kindly," the auld man he said,
 "But if ye can match her—ye're waur than ye're ca'd."
 The Devil has got the guid wife on his back,
 And like an old Pedlar he's carried his pack;
 He's carried her hame to his ain reeky door,
 And he bade her go in for a bitch and a whore.
 Then Satan makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
 Turn out on her guard in the clap o' a hand.
 The wife she gaed through them e'en like a wud bear,
 Whae'er she laid hands on, cam near her nae mair.
 A frightened wee devil looks over the wa':—
 "O help, master, help! or she'll ruin us a'!"
 Then Satan he swore by the edge o' his knife
 He pitied the man that was tied to a wife!
 Then Satan he swore by the kirk and the bell
 He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in Hell!
 The Devil has travell'd again wi' his pack
 And to her old husband he's carried her back:—
 "I've lived in Hell the feck o' my life,
 But never was damn'd till I met wi' your wife."

There is, however, an English original in blackletter
 (*Roxburghe Collection*), *The Devil and the Scold*, from which
 derives a later ballad, *The Farmer's Old Wife*:—

'There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,
 And he had a bad wife as many know well;
 Then Satan came to the old man at the plough,
 One of your family I must have now,' etc.

This, no doubt, was Burns's material.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT

No. 384 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned; but the
 ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

Sharpe opines that Burns 'took the idea of his verses
 from *The Betrayed Maid*,' of which he gives a transcript
 from a 'stall copy.' It begins as follows:—

'Listen here awhile, a story I will tell
Of a maiden, which lately fell.
It's of a pretty maid, who was betray'd
And sent to Virginio.

THE
SLAVE'S
LAMENT

'It's on a bed of ease, to lie down when I please
In the land of fair England, O;
But on a bed of straw they lay me down full low,
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O,' etc.

But Sharpe had no direct proof that this 'stall copy' was older than the Burns. It may be that older it is, and that Burns used it; but the original is certainly a blackletter broadside, *The Trappan'd Maiden, or The Distressed Damsel* (Crawford and Pepys Collections), reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads* (Ed. Ebsworth, vii. 513), but without reference to any Collection:—

'Give ear unto a maid
That lately was betrayed
And sent into Virginny O:
In brief I shall declare
What I have suffered there,
When that I was weary,
Weary, weary, weary, O.

'When that first I came
To this land of fame,
Which is called Virginny O,
The axe and the ho
Have wrought my overthrow
When that I was weary,
Weary, weary, weary, O!

.
'But if it be my chance
Homewards to advance
From the land of Virginny O;
If that I once more
Land on English shore,
I'll no more be weary,
Weary, weary, weary, O.'

THE SONG OF DEATH

No. 385 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' Adapted to a Gaelic melody, *Oran an Aoig*, in Macdonald's *Collection of Highland Airs*. 'I have just finished the following song, which to a lady, the descendant of many heroes of her truly illustrious line, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology' (R. B. in Lochryan mss.).

This notwithstanding, Currie prefixed a kind of introduction, held hitherto to be Burns's own. Not knowing that the song had been published in Johnson, he began by writing thus to Mrs. Dunlop (Lochryan mss.):—'*The Song of Death*, or as perhaps it should be called, *The Song of the Dying*, is superlative. It ranks with the Address of Bruce to his troops, and with the first order of productions of human genius. We must make much of it. A little prefatory explanation will heighten the effect:—"Scene, a field of battle. Time of the day, evening. The sun setting in the west. The wounded and the dying of the victorious army are supposed by the poet to join in the following sublime hymn." This pleasing gloss we have taken leave to suppress.

A ms. is in the possession of Dr. James Adams, Glasgow, who published a facsimile in his *Burns's Chloris* (1893). It agrees with the text in Johnson.

STANZA I. LINE 2. 'Now gay with the *bright* setting sun,' Currie. LINE 5. 'Grim King of Terrors':—The phrase, of course, is biblical. Still it is worth noting that Death is twice addressed as 'Mighty King of Terrors' in *The Desperate Lover*, a song by Thomas Flatman (1637-1688).

STANZA II. LINE 8. 'O who would not *rest* with the brave,' Currie.

SWEET AFTON

No. 386 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.'

There has been no little discussion as to the date, the

heroine, and the scene. Currie in his Third Edition relates that 'Afton water' was 'the stream on which stands Afton Lodge, to which Mrs. Stewart removed from Stair.' It is probable that Mrs. Stewart herself was his informant, and it may well be that Burns sent her the song. His brother Gilbert, in reply to George Thomson, is positive that Currie was misinformed, and that Robert's heroine was Mary Campbell; but Currie 'must not be contradicted.' He gives no reasons for his faith; but in 1856 Chambers declares all doubt to be set at rest 'by a daughter of Mrs. Dunlop, who affirms that she remembers Burns say it was written upon the Coilsfield dairymaid.' He therefore infers that 'the name "Afton" was adopted *pro euphoniæ gratiâ*, suggested to him probably by the name of Afton Lodge, in the neighbourhood of Coilsfield.' Chambers knew not that Afton Lodge was built as late as 1790; but, with a view to maintaining the association of Mary Campbell with the song, the theory has been started that the name 'Afton' was suggested by Glen Afton, near New Cumnock, and adopted '*euphoniæ gratiâ* instead of Ayr.' There has also been a very great waste of speculation as to whether the song was written in 1786 or at a later date; but Chambers assigns it to 1786, and Scott Douglas to 1791. We are able to put a term to this 'pleasing state of uncertainty.' *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton* was sent to Mrs. Dunlop 5th February 1789 (Lochryan mss.), and in the enclosing letter Burns explicitly declares that it was written for Johnson's *Musical Museum*, as a 'compliment' to the 'small river Afton that flows into Nith, near New Cumnock, which has some charming wild romantic scenery on its banks,' etc. It seems certain, therefore, that, not the name Afton but, the name Mary was introduced *euphoniæ gratiâ*, or at least that the heroine—if heroine there were—was another than Mary Campbell. Also, the song was clearly suggested by one of David Garrick's, to the Avon, which Burns saw in *A Select Collection*

SWEET
AFTON

SWEET of *English Songs*, London, 1763 (see Vol. i. p. 417):—
AFTON

‘Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream. . .
Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,’ *etc.*

The copy at Lochryan—ms. (A)—gives some interesting variations. The song is also inscribed in the Afton Lodge Book—ms. (B).

STANZA I. LINES 1-2 in MS. (A) read thus:—

‘Flow gently, *clear* Afton! among thy green braes,
And grateful, I’ll sing thee a song in thy praise.’

‘*Clear*,’ too—not ‘sweet’—is the epithet throughout.

STANZA II. LINE 2. ‘Ye *blackbirds that sing* in yon wild thorny den,’ MS. (A). 3. ‘Thou green-crested *plover* thy screaming forbear,’ MSS. (A and B).

STANZA V. LINE 4. ‘As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy *pure* wave,’ MS. (A).

BONIE BELL

No. 387 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): ‘Written for this work by Robert Burns,’ and signed ‘B.’ Nothing is known of the heroine. A ms. copy in the hand of an amanuensis is in the Hastie Collection. The song is at least reminiscent of Fergusson’s favourite ditty, *The Birks of Invermay*:—

‘The smiling morn, the breathing spring
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay,’ *etc.*

THE GALLANT WEAVER

No. 389 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): ‘Written for this work by Robert Burns,’ and signed ‘R.’ Included in Thomson (Vol. i.), with the substitution of ‘sailor’ for ‘weaver.’

Supposed by some to refer to Armour’s visit to Paisley

in the spring of 1786 (see *ante*, p. 303, Prefatory Note to *To the Weaver's Gin Ye Go*). The Cart flows past Paisley. A song, *The Lass of Cartside*, which we have found in an old Dumfries chap, may or may not have suggested this one to Burns :—

‘Where Cart gently glides thro’ the vale,
And nature, in beauty arrayed,
Perfumes the sweet whispering gale,
That wantons in every green shade,’ *etc.*

The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

HEY, CA’ THRO’

No. 392 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned.

No doubt suggested by some old rhymes on the coast towns of Fife, which Burns picked up in Edinburgh. Peter Buchan supplies the customary ‘original’ :—

‘There’s the cummers o’ Largo,
Ancrum, Graham, and Dargo,
And there’s the dancers o’ Devin,
George Strachan and Andrew Stevin’ :—

a Buchanite jumble of Fife and Aberdeenshire.

STANZA I. LINE 1. ‘Up wi’’:—The phrase resembles the German ‘*Hoch*.’

O, CAN YE LABOUR LEA

No. 394 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): Unsigned; but the ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

According to Cromek [or rather Allan Cunningham] (*Scottish Songs*, ii. 40), ‘this song has long been known among the inhabitants of Nithsdale and Galloway, where it is a great favourite.’ Cromek also advises that the first verse be restored to what he calls ‘its original state’ :—

‘I fee’d a lad at Roodsmass,
Wi’ siller pennies three;
When he came home at Martinmass,
He could nae labour lea.

O, CAN YE
LABOUR
LEA

O, canna ye labour lea, young lad,
O, canna ye labour lea?
"Indeed," quo' he, "my hand's out,"
And up his graith packed he.'

But the fact is that the original, not merely of this stanza but, of the whole song, is preserved in *The Merry Muses*; and no doubt 'honest Allan,' here as elsewhere, was what is called 'pulling a leg.' The first stanza and the chorus are well-nigh word for word from the *Merry Muses* set, which, however, may have been retouched by Burns. The rest appears to be his own; though in one of his letters he describes his Stanza III. as a favourite song 'o' his mither's.'

CHORUS. LINE I. 'Labour lea' = plough pasture-land; but the phrase is used in an equivocal sense. 3-4 in the Hastie ms. read:—

*'It's fee na bountith can us twin
Gin ye can labour lea.'*

STANZA II. LINES 3-4 in the Hastie ms. read:—

*'But my delight's the Ploughman lad
That well can labour lea.'*

STANZA III. LINE 3. Here 'makin of' is probably not to be understood in the literal English sense, but = 'fondling' or 'petting.'

THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE

No. 396 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.'

Sharpe supplied to Stenhouse's *Illustrations* 'the original words from a 4to ms. Collection of Old Songs' in his possession:—

'The nine-pint bicker's fa'n off the bink,
And broken the ten-pint cannie;
The wife and her kimmers sat down to drink,
But ne'er a drap gae the gude mannie.

The bairns they a' set up the cry ;
 "The deuks hae dung o'er my daddy."
 "That's no muckle matter," quo' the gudewife,
 "For he was but a daidling body."

THE DEUK'S
 DANG O'ER
 MY DADDIE

The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

STANZA I. LINE 4. 'Paidlin':—A weak action in walking, an effect of muscular weakness.

STANZA II. LINE 5. 'Buttered my brose':—*Cf.* the song *For A' That in The Merry Muses*:—"Put butter in my Donald's brose." Also, in the same collection the old song, *Brose and Butter*:—

'O, gie my love brose, lasses,
 Gie my love brose and butter,' etc.

STANZA II. LINE 7. 'But downa-do,' etc.:—This line is found in *She's Hoved Me Out of Lauderdale*, a song preserved in *The Merry Muses*.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE

No. 398 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'R.' Included in Thomson (Vol. i.).

The general allusion is to the girl who jilted Alexander Cunningham (see Vol. i. p. 447, Prefatory Note to *Anna*; and Vol. ii. p. 371, Prefatory Note to *To Alexander Cunningham*).

The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' TH' EXCISEMAN

No. 399 in Johnson (Vol. iv. 1792): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.'

A ms. corresponding with the text is in Arbroath Museum. A slightly different set was published in the tracts 'printed for and sold by Stewart and Meikle,' and is included in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed, etc.* (Glasgow 1801), and in Stewart's Edition (Glasgow 1802), where

THE DEIL'S it is entitled *Song Written and Sung at a General Meeting of the Excise Officers in Scotland.*
 AWA

Cromek, who published the same set, says that 'at a meeting of his brother Excisemen in Dumfries, Burns, being called upon for a song, handed these verses extempore to the President, written on the back of a letter.' Burns himself also states that he composed and sang it at an Excise dinner in Dumfries; but Lockhart, on the authority of Joseph Train, affirms that he made it, 27th February 1792, while he was waiting for a party of dragoons to help him to board a smuggler, which had run aground in the Solway Firth.

In the *Poetical Works of Thomas Whittell* (a Northumbrian rhymmer, who died at Cambo in February 1736), edited by William Robson, and printed from Whittell's manuscript, Newcastle, 1815, there is this song:—

'Did you not hear of a new found dance
 That lately was devis'd on,
 And how the devil was tired out
 With dancing with an exciseman?
 He toes, he trips, he skips, he leaps,
 As if he would bruise his thighs, man;
 Sometimes the devil made the better dance,
 And sometimes the exciseman,' *etc.*

Some of Whittell's songs are said to have been popular in the country districts before their publication from his manuscript, and it is possible that Burns got a copy of this one during his tour in Northumberland in 1787. A suggestion may also have come to him from the old rhyme, *Some Say the Deil's Dead*, which in the Herd ms. ends thus:—

'And some say he's risen, and ran
 Awa wi' the Highland laddie.'

In Stewart, *etc.*, STANZA II. 'We'll mak our maut,' *etc.*, forms the chorus, the other chorus being lacking.

STANZA I. LINES 3-4 in Stewart, *etc.*, read:—

'And *ilk auld* wife *cry'd* auld Mahoun
 We wish you luck o' the prize, man.'

Mahoun (*i.e.* Mahomet) is an old name for the Devil. Cf. THE DEIL'S
Dunbar's Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins :— AWA

'Then cried Mahoun for a Hieland Padyane.'

The scene of the song is a Highland village or clachan. Hence the reference to 'hornpipes and strathspeys.'

STANZA II. LINES 1-3 in Stewart, *etc.*, read thus :—

'We'll mak our maut *and brew* our drink,
 We'll *dance and sing* and rejoice, man,
 And *mony thanks* to the *muckle black de'il*.'

STANZA III. LINE 1. 'There's threesome reels *and* foursome reels,' Stewart, *etc.* 2. 'But the ae best dance *e'er* cam to *our lan*,' Stewart, *etc.*

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS

No. 401 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.'

The title and tune are in Oswald's *Pocket Companion*. The song commemorates Culloden, 16th April 1746. In a note to *Scottish Songs* (ii. 129) Cromek remarks :—'Burns's most successful imitation of the old style seems to be in his verses entitled *The Lovely Lass of Inverness*. He took up the idea from the first half verse, which is all that remains of the old words,' *etc.* But Cromek says nothing as to where this first half verse is to be found. A song, *The Clans Are All Away*, contained in *The True Loyalist* (1779), and republished in Hogg's *Relics*, begins :—

'Let mournful Britons now deplore
 The horror of Drummosie day,
 Our hopes of freedom all are o'er,
 The clans are all away, away.'

The Burns is included in Brash and Reid, Vol. iii.

The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

STANZA III. LINE 4. 'That ever blest a *lover's e'e*,' Johnson.

A RED, RED ROSE

No. 402 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'R.' To the Preface to Vol. v. Johnson added this note:—'The songs in the four preceding volumes marked B R X and Z, and the authors' names cannot be inserted in this Index, as the Editor does not know the name of those gentlemen who have favoured the Public and him with their Productions. There are a number marked B and R, which the Editor is certain are Burns's composition.' The meaning of this hopeless sentence seems to be that, Burns being dead, Johnson was unable to sign some songs, as he didn't know who their authors were, but that as for those signed B and R, he was sure they belonged to Burns.

Had the poet lived, this notable lyric would probably have been signed 'Z': inasmuch as its every single stanza—exquisite examples of his art though all four be—is borrowed. Mr. Ebsworth (*Roxburghe Ballads*, vii. 369) has pointed out the resemblance of the first to one in a certain blackletter, *The Wanton Wife of Castle Gate* (Crawford, Euing, and Roxburghe Collections):—

' Her cheeks are like the Roses
That blossom fresh in June,
O, she's like a new-strung instrument
That's newly put in tune.'

And Burns was largely indebted to a predecessor for each of the other three. According to Buchan, this was one Lieutenant Hinchies; but the Buchanism thus fathered is only a sorry hash of some chap-book set. They all derive from a blackletter, *The Unkind Parents, or The Languishing Lamentation of Two Loyal Lovers*, of which there are copies in the Osterly Park (British Museum) and Pepys (Cambridge) Collections, and which is of further

interest in connexion with *It Was A' For Our Rightfu' King*, for which see *post*, p. 432 :—

A RED, RED
ROSE

' Now fare thee well my Dearest Dear,
And fare thee well awhile,
Altho' I go I'll come again
If I go ten thousand mile,
Dear Love,
If I go ten thousand mile.

' Ten thousand mile is far, dear Love,
For you to come to me,
Yet I could full ten times more,
To have thy company,' *etc.*

.

' Altho' I may in deserts range,
My heart is linkèd fast ;
Therefore my mind shall never change
So long as life does last,' *etc.*

' Mountains and rocks on wings shall fly
And roaring billows burn
Ere I will act disloyally :
Then wait for my return,' *etc.*

This *Unkind Parents* is closely allied to another common blackletter, *The Sailor's Departure from His Dearest Love* (Crawford, Euing, Pepys, and Roxburghe Collections), of which the burden is :—

' Remember me on shore, as I thee on the main,
So keep my love in store till I return again' :—

and of which here is a stanza :—

' The fish shall seem to fly,
The birds to fishes turn,
The sea be ever dry
And fire surcease to burn.
When I turn false to thee
Shall these things come to pass ;
But that will never be,
Nor yet so ever was,'

- A RED, RED ROSE Setting aside the Buchan rubbish, we have found three several derivatives, and 'tis possible that Burns knew them all. Two are in the Motherwell Collection of chap-books. One is the first of 'Six Excellent New Songs,' forming *The Hornfair Garland*, undated, but probably before 1780.—[The chap itself is of especial interest from the fact that, in ink now very much faded and in a boyish hand, there is written at the beginning, 'Robine Burnes aught this buik and no other,' while at the end there is the signature—now almost obliterated—'Robert Burnes'; but it is impossible now to determine that either inscription is authentic.]—It is entitled *The Loyal Lover's Faithful Promise to his Sweetheart at his going a long Journey* :—

'Altho' I go a thousand miles
 I vow thy face to see,
 Altho' I go ten thousand miles
 I'll come again to thee, dear Love,
 I'll come again to thee.

.
 'The crow that is so black, dear Love,
 Shall change his collour White;
 Before I do prove false to thee
 The Day shall turn to Night, dear Love,
 The Day shall turn to Night.

'The Day shall turn to Night, dear Love,
 And the Rocks melt with the Sun,
 Before that I prove false to thee,
 Before my Life be gone, dear Love,
 Before my Life be gone.'

The other Motherwell is No. iii. of *Six Excellent New Songs*, and is called *The Young Man's Farewell to His Love*. It begins somewhat after the manner of the Buchan corruption :—

'Farewel, my dearest Dear,
 No longer can I stay;
 For when the Drums and trumpets sound
 Then we must march away, my dear,
 Then we must march away.'

For us, however, the most interesting stanza is this one :—

A RED, RED
ROSE

'The seas they shall run dry,
And rocks melt into sands;
Then I'll love you still, my dear,
When all those things are done' :—

for the simile in the first line, though found in Burns, is not found in the others. Our third original is one of 'Five Excellent New Songs,' in a chap-book in the British Museum, dated 1792, and entitled *The True Lover's Farewell*. Even if we had nothing in blackletter, the date—1792—would suffice to show that before the Burns appeared in Johnson there were songs resembling it in circulation : a fact which Scott Douglas—(who of course knew nothing of the blackletter either)—declared incapable of proof. This set is also of peculiar interest from the fact that its first stanza resembles more closely than any in the other two songs the first in the blackletter and the fourth in the Burns :—

'Fare you well, my own true love,
And fare you well for a while,
And I will be sure to return back again,
If I go ten thousand mile.'

Moreover, it has a simile taken from the stars ('Till the stars fall from the skies') in the place of that other from the sea.

There is further a more corrupt derivative, *The Two Faithful Lovers*, in *The Northern Garland* (Newcastle); and last of all, in *A New Academy of Compliments* (1772) is found *The Passionate Squire's Petition*, which reads like a corrupt or stall set of a more elegant original, and includes these lines :—

'A Ship it cannot be built, Love,
Without the Help of a Tree,
And the very Flint-stone shall melt, Love,
Ere I prove false to thee.

A RED, RED
ROSE

And if I prove false to thee, my Dear,
The Rocks shall melt in the Sun,
And the Fire shall freeze like Ice, Love,
And the Sea shall rage and burn.'

It is a poor thing enough ; but it helps to show that, in one form or another, the idea of Burns's song was in the air long before Burns's song was written.

AS I STOOD BY YON ROOFLESS TOWER

No. 405 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): 'Recitative Written by Robert Burns': signed 'B.' The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

Currie printed a slightly different set of this 'noble ballad' (Scott Douglas) as *The Vision*. We are indebted to Mr. W. R. Smith, Cincinnati, U.S.A., for a fragment, in photography: either an early sketch, or the old fragment itself which suggested Burns's chorus. The 'roofless tower' was part of the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, situate at the junction of the Cluden with the Nith. See Vol. ii. p. 458, Prefatory Note to Epitaph *On Grizzel Grimme*.

The CHORUS in the ms. fragment reads thus:—

'A lassie by her lane, with a sigh and a grane,
Lamented the lads beyond the sea;
In the bluidy wars they fa', and the wives are widows a',
And maidens we may live and die.'

STANZA III. in Currie reads:—

'The stream adown its hazelly path
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's
To join yon river on the Strath,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.'

Instead of Stanza v., these two appear in Currie:—

'By heedless chance I turned my eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as Minstrels wont to be.'

*'Had I statue been o' stane
His daring look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—"Libertie."*

O, AN YE WERE DEAD, GUIDMAN

No. 409 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

Revised and shortened (by two stanzas) from the old set in Herd. As regards this original:—Burns's chorus differs very slightly; his first stanza is almost identical; his second differs considerably; only his third is new. Sharpe gives a 'traditional ending,' vaguely said to be 'from recitation':—

'Then round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
Then round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
Then round about the fire wi' a rung she ran;
Saying:—"Haud awa your blue breeks frae me, gudeman."

But the true prototype is no doubt the lost song parodied in one of the *Gude and Godly Balats*:—

'Till our gudeman, till our gudeman,
Keep faith and love till our gudeman;
For our gudeman in Heaven does reigne
In gloir and bliss without ending,' *etc.*

STANZA II. LINES 3-4 in the MS. read:—

'Your horns *may be a quarter long,*
I wat they're bravely sprung, gudeman.'

AULD LANG SYNE

No. 413 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): signed 'Z.' Included in Thomson (Vol. ii.), from a ms. in the Editor's possession.

Sent to Mrs. Dunlop, 17th December 1788:—'*Apropos*, is not the Scotch phrase *Auld Langsyne* exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul,' *etc.* To Thomson he wrote:—'One song more and I have done—"Auld Lang

AULD Syne." The air is but mediocre; but the following song
 LANG —the old song of the olden times, and which has never
 SYNE been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it
 down from an old man's singing, is enough to recom-
 mend any air.' Thomson in *Scottish Airs* expressed
 the opinion that Burns thus wrote 'merely in a playful
 humour.' It may also be that the story was a device
 to make sure that he (Thomson) would accept a piece
 which the writer was far too modest to describe as his
 own improvement on the earlier sets, the one published
 in Watson (1711), the other credited to Allan Ramsay.
 But, after all, it is by no means impossible that he really
 got the germ of his set as he says he did. The oldest, as
 given in Watson, is in two parts:—

'Should old acquaintance be forgot
 And never thought upon,
 The Flames of Love extinguishèd
 And freely past and gone?
 Is thy kind Heart now grown so cold
 In that Loving Breast of thine
 That thou can'st never once reflect
 On Old-long-syne?' *etc.*

It is usually attributed to Francis Sempill; but the
 broadside from which Watson got it, and of which
 there is a copy (probably unique) in the Laing Collection
 at Dalmeny, is headed thus: 'An Excellent and proper
 new ballad, entitled *Old Long Syne*. Newly corrected
 and amended, with a large and new edition of several
 excellent love lines.' The title is important, as indicat-
 ing the existence of an older set; and that Burns either
 knew the set, or had seen this said broadside, is clear,
 since, instead of the mere refrain of 'old long-syne,' as
 in Watson, it has this burden:—

' On old long syne,
 On old long syne, my jo,
 On old long syne :
 That thou canst never once reflect
 On old long syne.'

The Ramsay derivative also takes the form of a love-song, in which a lady, by way of greeting her hero newly home from the wars, inquires :—

AULD
LANG
SYNE

‘Should old acquaintance be forgot
Though they return with scars?’ :—

and, concluding that they shouldn’t, goes on to cry :—

‘Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
Thy arms about me twine ;
And make me once again as blest
As I was lang syne.’

After divers reflections, which attest her acquaintance with poets and ‘politic authors,’ she concludes her incantation thus irresistibly :—

‘O’er moor and dale with your gay friend
You may pursue the chase,
And after a blythe bottle end
All cares in my embrace.
And in a vacant rainy day
You shall be wholly mine ;
We’ll make the hours run smooth away
And laugh at lang syne.’

The hero, perceiving that her intentions are strictly honourable, assents ; and the piece concludes with a wedding in the wigmaking poet’s best full-bottom style.

Two anti-Union ballads (1707), to the tune of *Old Long Syne*, are in the Roxburghe Collection. One is a parody of the earlier set :—

‘Shall Monarchy be quite forgot,
And of it no more heard ?
Antiquity be razed out
And slav’ry put in stead ?
Is Scotsmen’s blood now grown so cold,
The valour of their mind,
That they can never once reflect
On old long sine ?’

The other, *O Caledon, O Caledon*, which Mr. Ebsworth regards as unique, is in the Laing Collection as well. It

AULD was known to George Lockhart (1673-1731), and was
 LANG published in *The Lockhart Papers* (1817). There is,
 SYNE besides, a Jacobite ballad on similar lines (and slightly
 Bacchanalian, like the Burns set), in *The True Loyalist*
 (1779):—

‘Should old gay mirth and cheerfulness
 Be dashed for evermore?’ etc.

Scott Douglas mentions a parody by Burns:—

‘Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never thought upon?
 Let’s hae a waught o’ Malaga
 For auld lang syne.’

In the Thomson version—ms. at Brechin Castle—
 Stanza II. of our text, and Johnson’s, comes last.

CHORUS. LINE I. Thomson inserted ‘my *jo*’ for ‘my dear.’
 3. ‘A cup’:—Some sing ‘*kiss*’ in place of ‘cup’ (Note in
 Johnson, probably by R. B.).

STANZA I. LINE 4. ‘And *days o’* lang syne,’ Thomson ms.

STANZA V. LINE 3. ‘Guid-willie waught’:—There has been
 some unnecessary discussion as to the meaning of this phrase.
 It is of course analogous to that of ‘cup of kindness’ in the
 Chorus. The accent of the later and more popular tune (which
 is by Shield), is probably responsible for a common (but fatuous)
 reading:—‘A richt, guid willie-waught.’

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE

No. 414 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): ‘Written for this
 work by Robert Burns,’ and signed ‘R.’

Probably made soon after his marriage, and certainly
 before the Revolution of 1795.

HAD I THE WYTE?

No. 415 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Signed ‘Z.’ The ms.
 is in the Hastie Collection.

The air, which in Oswald’s *Pocket Companion* is de-
 scribed as *Had I the Wyte, She Bad Me*, was first known.

as *Come Kiss with Me, Come Clap with Me*. Burns's original was certainly a fragment in the Herd ms. :—

WYTE

'Had I the wyte? had I the wyte?
Had I the wyte? she bad me;
And ay she gae me cheese and bread
To kiss me when she had me.

'For she was stewart in the house,
And I was footman ladie;
And ay she gave me cheese and bread
To kiss me when she had me.'

Another set in *The Merry Muses* is described by Scott Douglas, in a ms. note, 'as old, with retouches' (i.e. by Burns). But Scott Douglas was guided by probabilities alone; and the *Merry Muses* set is so completely finished and so full of circumstance as to read like a derivative from this same fragment. Thus it runs:—

'Had I the wyte? Had I the wyte?
Had I the wyte? She bad me,
For she was stewart in the house,
And I was fitman laddie;
An' when I wadna do't again
A silly cow she ca'd me,' etc.

The inference, in fact, is irresistible: that the fragment in the Herd ms. suggested two songs to Burns: one for publication, the other—*not*.

STANZA IV. LINE 8. 'Wanton Willie':—Hamilton of Gilbertfield sometimes so signed himself; but there is a certain 'Wanton Willie' referred to in the *Poems* of Alexander Tait (1790). As Tait made both Burns and Sillar subjects of his satire, it may be that Burns here refers to the same 'Willie,' whoever he may have been.

COMIN THRO' THE RYE

No. 417 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.' It is also marked 'first sett': a 'second sett' (anonymous; a

COMIN parody of the first) being given on the other side of the
THRO' THE leaf.

RYE A song in a London pantomime—the music adapted
 'by J. Sanderson, the words by Mr. Cross'—entered in
Stationers' Hall, 29th June 1796, begins thus :—

'If a body meet a body
Going to the fare ;
If a body kiss a body
Need a body care.'

In *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, Vol. v., p. 116, Chappell holds this to be the original of the Burns. But Burns died some three weeks after the pantomime verses were 'entered': so that, for one thing, he could not possibly have known them, and for another, if Chappell's argument held good, Johnson, in ascribing the *Museum* set to Burns, would have grossly swindled his patrons at the same time that he seriously wronged his poet. Also divers fragments—not producible in this place—exist in Burns's handwriting; and a set—('old,' says Scott Douglas, no doubt without direct evidence, in a ms. note, 'with Burns's revision')—is preserved in *The Merry Muses*. The set in the *Museum* only differs from it in the change of a word here and there, the suppression of certain stanzas, and the substitution of a chorus which can be sung in drawing-rooms for a chorus which cannot. Stenhouse notes that the 'first sett' was published as a 'single sheet song before it was copied into the *Museum*'; but gives, as is his wont, no further details. In any case, *Comin thro' the Rye* is related to a song, *The Bob-tail'd Lass*, privately printed in *Ane Pleasant Garland of Sweet-scented Flowers* (1835)—for a copy of the book we are indebted to Dr. Furnivall, London—from a ms. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. It is there included in 'A Collection of Poems chiefly made in the earlier part of the last Century, found among the papers of Murray of Stanhope in Heriot's Hospital.' Here are two stanzas :—

'On Wednesday in the afternoon
 I took a walk in the field:
 It was to bring my courage down,
 And still I was forced to yield.
 For there I met with a bob-tail'd lass,
 As I should have passed her by;
 And I kindly took her by the hands,
 And I led her into the Rye.

COMIN
 THRO' THE
 RYE

'Her petticoat that she had on
 Was made of the blanket blue;
 Her smock was as black as charcoal,
 Believe me as this was true;
 But tempting words will tempt young birds
 That from the nest do fly,
 And I'll never believe this the first time
 That she had been caught in the Rye.'

YOUNG JAMIE

No. 420 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

Its first two lines resemble those of *Young Thyrsis* in *The Lark* (1740):—

'Young Thyrsis, once the jolliest swain
 That ever charm'd the list'ning plain.'

But that youth (whose motto was '*J'aime la liberté*'), though, like Burns's hero, he 'roved through a' the lasses,' remained himself unconquered.

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'He wanders 'mang the woods and briers,' deleted reading in ms.

OUT OVER THE FORTH

No. 421 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

'How do you like this thought in a ballad which I have just now on the tapis: "I look to the west"? 'etc. (R. B. to Alexander Cunningham, 12th March 1791).

OUT OVER For all the difference in sentiment and style, the
 THE 'thought' may very well have been suggested by a frag-
 FORTH ment in the Herd ms. :—

'O when I look east my heart is sair,
 But when I look west it's mair and mair;
 For then I see the braes of Yarrow,
 And there I lost for ay my marrow.'

WANTONNESS FOR EVERMAIR

No. 422 in Johnson : Unsigned.

The title is quoted in the *Answers to Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed*; but we have found no other set than that in the *Museum*. For the rest, the triolet is not uncommon in old Scots verse; and *Wantonness For Evermair*, as passed through Burns, has an odd look of a triolet—once upon a time—which has been violently carried away from the grace of its first state by a ravisher who knew nothing of the form.

CHARLIE, HE'S MY DARLING

No. 428 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796) : Unsigned. The ms., a superb example, is in the Hastie Collection.

The song was probably suggested by some Jacobite fragment. There is another set by Lady Nairne.

STANZA III. In the ballad of *Burd Ellen* there is a similar stanza :—

'When he cam' to the porter's yett
 He tirl'd at the pin;
 And wha sae ready as the bauld porter
 To open and let him in?'

But these versions were taken down from recitation after the publication of the song; and the stanza does not appear in the original *Childe Waters*. LINE 2. 'Tirl'd at the pin' = sounded the 'rasping-pin,' which was a notched rod of iron, with a ring attached.

THE LASS O' ECCLEFECHAN

No. 430 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

'During the Poet's first visit to Annandale,' says Cunningham (informed, it may be, merely by his beautiful imagination), 'an old song called *The Lass of Ecclefechan* was sung to him, with which he was so amused that he noted it down, and, at a leisure moment, rendered the language more delicate and the sentiments less warm, and sent it to *The Musical Museum*.' In effect, a capital set is preserved in *The Merry Muses*; and if Burns got it as Cunningham says he did, which is hard to believe—then only the last five lines of Stanza 1. in the text belong to him.

As for Ecclefechan—the Entepfuhl of *Sartor Resartus*—Burns, in the course of his 'duty as supervisor,' was accustomed to 'visit this unfortunate wicked little village,' and slept in it on 7th February 1795 (R. B. to Thomson), about two months after the birth of Thomas Carlyle. It was long a favourite resort of such vagabonds as are pictured in *The Jolly Beggars*: which may—or may not—account in some measure for Carlyle's affection for that admirable piece. Thus, in *The Trogger*, a ballad in *The Merry Muses*, which may very well be from Burns, the hero and heroine, their business done, proceed to

'Tak the gate,

An' in by Ecclefechan,

Where the brandy stoup we gart it clink,

An' the strong beer ream the quaich in.'

STANZA 1. LINE 4. 'Quarter basin':—For holding meal. Cf. the song, *Woo'd and Married and A'*:—'Ye'll hae little to put in the bassie.' 6. 'A heich house and a laich ane'=a house with a porch, or it may be pantry, attached. Cf. the old song:—

'He keepit ay a gude kale-yaired,

A ha' house and a pantry.'

THE LASS STANZA II. LINE I. 'Lucky Lang':—For 'Lucky,' see
 o' Vol. ii. p. 364, Note to *To Major Logan*, Stanza XIII. Line 3.
 ECCLEFECHAN 5. 'I tint my whistle and my sang':—*Cf. I Rede You Beware*,
 etc., Stanza II. Lines 3-4:—
 'Tho' music be pleasure, in music take measure,
 Or ye may want wind in your whistle, young man':—
 in *The Merry Muses*.

THE COOPER O' CUDDY

No. 431 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned. In the ms. (Hastie Collection) Burns directs it to be sung to the tune, *Bab at the Bowster*, which he states 'is to be met with everywhere.'

A set, with some few differences, called *Cuddy the Cooper*, is in *The Merry Muses*.

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY

No. 436 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.' The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

It is evident that the idea of this charming lyric came to Burns through Allan Ramsay and *The Tea-Table Miscellany*:—

'For the sake o' Somebody,
 For the sake o' Somebody,
 I could wake a winter night
 For the sake o' Somebody.'

This set is probably related to an English blackletter mentioned by Ritson in his *Scottish Songs* (1794):—

'O, when shall I be married?—
 Hogh, be married!—
 My beauty begins to decay,
 'Tis time to find out somebody—
 Hogh, somebody!—
 Before it is quite gone away':—

which is also the original of *My Father has Forty Good*

Shillings in Johnson (No. 453). Again, 'Somebody' was, FOR THE
SAKE O'
of course, a favourite personage in Jacobite song.

STANZA I. LINE 1. 'And dare na tell,' MS. 3. 'But I SOMEBODY
could wake a winter night,' MS. 4. 'For a sight o' somebody,'
MS.

THE CARDIN O'T

No. 437 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Signed 'Z.' The MS. is in the Hastie Collection.

Suggested, perhaps, by Alexander Ross's:—

'There was a wifie had a wee pickle tow,
And she wad gae try the spinning o't.'

and the rhythmus seems modelled on that of *The Bridal O't* by the same author:—

'For yesternight, nae farder gane,
The backhouse at the side wa' o't,
He there wi' Meg was mirden seen—
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't!'

STANZA I. LINE 4. 'Haslock woo':—Fine wool from the neck of the sheep.

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'Lyart gray':—Here 'hoary gray.' Cf. Henryson's *Ressourning Between Age and Youth*, Line II, 'Lyart lokkis hoir,' and Sir Richard Maitland's *Folye of an Auld Man*, 'Quhan that his hair is turnit lyart gray.' 'Lyart,' though, like the Old English 'lyard' (Latin *Liardus*, Ital. *Leardo*, Old Fr. *Liart*), it originally='gray,' and was also, like the English 'lyard,' used as a general nickname for a gray horse, gradually came, as in the preceding examples, to signify the peculiar discoloration caused by age and decay. Thus also, in the ballad of *Jamie Telfer*:—

'The Dinlay snaw was ne'er mair white
Nor the lyart lockes of Harden's hair':—

and in Dunbar's *Petition*:—'In lyart changed is his hue':—the meaning really is that the 'gray horse' [whose 'mane is turned into quhyt'] is no longer 'gray.' The most striking example of this use is probably that in *The Jolly Beggars*

Vol. ii. p. 1), 'Lyart leaves,' where 'lyart' clearly='old,' 'faded,' or 'withered.' Cf., too, 'Lyart Time,' in Fergusson's *Ode to the Bee*.

THREE TRUE GUID FELLOWS

No. 442 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned.

The tune with this title forming the chorus is in Macgibbon's *First Collection of Scots Tunes*. The stanza following was, says Stenhouse, 'hastily penned by Burns at the request of the publisher,' to enable him to include it.

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'But or night *to fain*,' misprint in Johnson.

SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLET

No. 447 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.' Included also in Thomson, Vol. iv.

'Do you know, my dear sir, a blackguard Irish song called *Oonagh's Waterfall*? . . . Our friend Cunningham sings it delightfully. The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much, at least for *my* humble, rustic muse, to expect that every effort of hers must have merit; still I think that it is better to have *mediocre* verses to a favourite air, than none at all. On this principle I have all along proceeded in the *Scots Musical Museum*; and, as that publication is at its last volume, I intend the following song, to the air above-mentioned, for that work' (R. B. to Thomson, September 1794). In effect, even to the use of a refrain, the stanza of *She Says She Loes Me*—at first glance reminiscent of *The Cherry and the Slae*—is exactly modelled on that of *Oonagh's Waterfall* :—

'Sweet Oonagh was the tightest,
Genteelst of the village dames :
Her eyes they were the brightest
That e'er set youthful hearts in flames.

Her lover, to move her,
 By every art in vain essayed :
 In ditty, for pity,
 This lovely maid, he often prayed,
 But she, perverse, his suit denied—
 Sly Darby, being enraged at this,
 Resolv'd, when next they met, to seize
 The lock, *etc.*

SAE FLAXEN
 WERE HER
 RINGLETS

Thomson decided to accept the song. For Chloris, see *post*, p. 482, Prefatory Note to *Lassie Wi' the Lint-white Locks*. The copy sent to Johnson—MS. (B)—is in the Hastie Collection, and that sent to Thomson—MS. (A)—at Brechin Castle.

STANZA I. LINE 4. 'Twa laughing een o' *lovely* blue,' MS. (A). 10. 'When first *her* bonie face I saw,' MS. (B).

STANZA II. LINES 9-12 were inscribed on a window-pane of the Globe tavern, Dumfries, now in the possession of Mr. William Nelson, Edinburgh. 11. 'And *still* my Chloris' dearest charm,' MS. (A); '*But*' for 'And,' Globe inscription.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED

No. 448 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.'

'*The Bonie Lass made the Bed to Me* was composed on an amour of Charles II. when skulking in the North about Aberdeen, in the time of the Usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the House of Port Letham, who was the lass that made the bed to him.' 'Two verses of it'—adds either Burns or Cromek—'are':—

'I kiss'd her lips sae rosy red,
 While the tear stood blinken in her e'e.
 I said :—"My lassie dinna cry,
 For ye ay shall mak the bed to me."

'She took her mither's winding sheet,
 And o't she made a sark to me;
 Blythe and merry may she be,
 The lass that made the bed to me.'

THE LASS The set referred to is that in *Wit and Mirth*, 1700; but
 THAT MADE Stenhouse quotes two stanzas of another of which—he
 THE BED says—it is a corruption :—

‘There was a lass dwelt in the north,
 A bonie lass of high degree;
 There was a lass whose name was Nell,
 A blyther lass you ne’er did see.
 O, the bed to me, the bed to me,
 The lass that made the bed to me,
 Blythe and bonie and fair was she,
 The lass that made the bed to me.’

Not content with either Cromek [or Burns] or Stenhouse, Peter Buchan is (as ever) to the fore, in Motherwell’s Edition, with a version described as ‘the *original* song, which I am proud of being able to submit to the readers of Burns’ :—

‘The night it was baith cauld and wet,
 As I was coming owre the lea,
 When there I met wi’ a bonie young lass,
 Who said she’d make up a bed for me.
 O the bed for me, O the bed for me,
 The lass that made the bed to me,
 I might hae lien upo’ the lea
 Gin the bonie lassie hadna made a bed for me.’

But in any case the oldest printed set is an unique black-letter in the Pepys Collection entitled *Cumberland Nelly, or the North Country Lovers* :—

‘There was a Lass in Cumberland,
 A bonny Lass of high degree;
 There was a Lass, her name was Nell,
 The blithest Lass that ere you see.
 Oh to bed to me, to bed to me,
 The lass that comes to bed to me;
 How blith and bonny may she be,
 The lass that comes to bed with me,’ *etc.*

It is to the tune of *The Lass that Made the Bed to Me*, so that there was probably an earlier ballad, either a playhouse ditty, as Mr. Ebsworth supposes (*Rowburghe Ballads*, vii. 464), or an older folk-song.

To the same tune was published also, in blackletter, *THE LASS Cumberland Laddy, or Willy and Nelly of the North*; THAT MADE and to the tune of *There Was a Lass in Cumberland* THE BED was published in blackletter *The Northern Ladd, or the Fair Maid's Choice, Who Refused All for a Ploughman* (Huth, Pepys, and Roxburghe Collections).

Stenhouse printed a garbled set of the Burns song, and said, further, that it contained the 'last alterations and corrections of the bard.' His impudent falsification was accepted by Chambers. A set, with some interesting variations, was published in the Stewart and Meikle Tracts, and was included in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801). In later issues of the tracts and in Stewart's Edition (Glasgow 1802) are many readings from the Johnson set.

Burns's ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

STANZA I. LINES 1-4 in Stewart read thus:—

'When *January winds were blowing* cauld
As to the north I *bent* my way,
The *darksome* night did me enfauld
I *kend* na where to lodge till day.'

5. 'By my *good* luck a *lass* I met,' Stewart.

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'I bow'd fu' low *to this sam'* maid,
Stewart. 3. 'I bow'd fu' low *to this fair* maid,' Stewart.

STANZA III. LINES 7-8 in Stewart read:—

'*Syne* to salute her wi' a kiss
I *flang* my arms about her neck.'

STANZA V. The quatrains are transposed in Stewart. LINE 6.
'*The lassie wistna* what to say,' deleted reading in the ms.

STANZA VI. LINES 3-4 in Stewart read:—

'But ay she *sigh'd and cry'd*, "*Alas*,
Alas, young man, ye've ruin'd me."'

5. '*I look'd her in her bonny face*,' Stewart. 7. '*And* said,
sweet lassie dinna cry,' Stewart.

STANZA VII. LINES 5 and 6 are transposed in Stewart. 7.
'I'll ne'er *forsake* till the day I die,' Stewart.

SAE FAR AWA

No. 449 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.' The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

THE REEL O' STUMPIE

No. 457 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned.

A set of the old song, *The Reel of Stumpie*, described (Scott Douglas, in ms.) as 'Old—with revision,' is preserved in *The Merry Muses*. The fragment in Johnson is simply the first stanza and the chorus of that set transposed. It is like enough that Scott Douglas, as usual, did but mean to express an opinion; and it is certain that, in a Note to *This Is No My Ain House* (Interleaved Copy), Burns quotes this as old:—

'This is no my ain wean,
My ain wean, my ain wean,
This is no my ain wean,
I ken by the greetie o't.
I'll tak the curchie aff my head,
Aff my head, aff my head,
I'll tak the curchie aff my head,
And row't about the feetie o't.'

But his exact share in *The Reel of Stumpie*—which, as printed in *The Merry Muses*, is three stanzas long—is not now to be determined. For the rest, the 'Reel of Stumpie' is, like the 'Bob of Dumblane' and the 'Reel of Bogie,' a piece of Scots venereal slang.

Chambers (*Scottish Songs*, 1829) and, following him, Scott Douglas ('Kilmarnock' *Burns*, ii. 24) credit a set to William Creech:—

'Wap and rowe, wap and rowe,
Wap and rowe the feetie o't!
To nurse a wean's a weary job
I douna bide the greetie o't.'

But there is no evidence that Creech acknowledged it, THE REEL and it is not included in his *Fugitive Pieces* (1815). O'STUMPIE Hogg (b. 1770) asserts, without any reference to Creech, that a similar set was an old Border song, which he had known all his life long. Hogg's set differs but a very little from a 'New Song' in a chap, published by 'J. Morren, Edinburgh, 1799':—

'We'll hap and rowe, hap and rowe,
Hap and rowe the festie o't.
It's a wee bit weary thing—
I downa bide the greetie o't.'

And the Chambers and Scott Douglas set—whether Creech's or not—is later than this, and is corrupted from it. It is to note that the equivocal phrase occurs in none of the three.

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'Made mantie':—'Manty' (from Fr. *manteau*) is Scots for a gown, and 'Mantymaker' Scots for dressmaker. This seems to be the meaning here, unless the word be related to 'mantic' (=prophetic), and the meaning be that she told fortunes.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN

No. 458 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

'This tune is evidently the old air *We'll Gang Nae Mair to Yon Town*, and I suspect is not the best set of the air; but in Bowes and other collections the old tune is to be found, and you can correct this by these other copies' (R. B. to Johnson in the Hastie ms.). The old ballad, according to Stenhouse, begins:—

'I'll gang nae mair to yon town,
O, never a' my life again;
I'll ne'er gae back to yon town
To seek anither wife again.'

'Town' in Scots is commonly applied to a set of farm-buildings.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN

ALTERNATIVE verses to No. 458 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796), to the tune *We'll Gang Nae Mair to Yon Town*: 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.' Included in Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, Vol. ii.

Begun at Ecclefechan, where Burns was storm-stayed, 7th February 1795. 'Do you know an air—I am sure you must know it—*We'll Gang Nae Mair to Yon Town*. I think, in slowish time, it would make an excellent song. I am highly delighted with it; and if you should think it worthy of your attention, I have a fair dame in my eye to whom I would consecrate it; try with this doggrel until I give you a better.' The 'doggrel,' of which the original copy—ms. (A)—(written when the Bard, as he states, and as the ms. bears witness, was 'very drunk,' 'at' Thomson's 'service') is at Brechin Castle, consists in the chorus and one stanza; but some time afterwards Burns produced a complete copy—ms. (B)—also at Brechin Castle. Another copy—ms. (C)—sent to Maria Riddell, is in the possession of Dr. De Noë Walker. The song was first published in *The Glasgow Magazine* for September 1795; and it appeared in the *Poetry Original and Select* of Brash and Reid, probably before its publication in either Johnson or Thomson, the second volume, in which it was included, being published in March 1797, several months after the appearance of the single chap. A similar set appeared in *The Scots Magazine* for February 1798; in the Stewart and Meikle Tracts; and in an undated Stirling chap along with a *Solemn Dirge on the Death of Robert Burns*.

In the set sent to Johnson, Jeanie—either Jean Armour or Jean Lorimer—is the heroine. In that sent to Thomson, the name is Lucy; and Burns, enclosing a copy to Syme in an undated letter, explains its history:—'Do you know that among much that I admire in the

characters and manners of those great folks whom I have o, WAT YE now the honour to call my acquaintances—the Oswald WHA'S IN family, for instance—there is nothing charms me more YON TOWN than Mr. Oswald's unconcealable attachment to that incomparable woman.' The 'incomparable woman' was Oswald's wife. He was Richard Oswald of Auchencruive, nephew of the Mrs. Oswald to whose memory Burns had devoted a savage *Ode* (Vol. i. p. 260). Lucy, daughter of Wynne Johnston, Esq. of Hilton, according to Sharpe, was at this time 'well turned of thirty, and ten years older than her husband; but still a charming creature.' She died at Lisbon in January 1798.

For our text we have preferred the set in which Jeanie is the heroine; but the readings are selected from the several authorities.

TITLE. 'Town':—see *ante*, p. 423, Prefatory Note to *I'll Ay Ca' In By Yon Town*.

CHORUS. LINE 1. 'O wat ye wha's in yonder town,' Thomson's alteration, who substitutes 'yonder' for 'yon' throughout. 3. 'The fairest dame's in yon town,' MSS. (B and C); 'fairest,' Thomson.

STANZA I. in MS. (A) reads:—

' O, sweet to me yon spreading tree,
Where Jeanie wanders aft her lane!
The hawthorn flower that shades her bower
O when shall I behold again!'

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'And wanton in the blooming year,' *Glasgow Magazine*, Brash and Reid, *etc.* 4. 'The season to my Lucy dear,' MSS. (B and C), and Thomson.

STANZA III. LINES 2-4 in MSS. (B and C) read:—

' And on yon bonie braes of Ayr, '
' But my delight in yon town
And dearest joy is Lucy fair':—

but in MS. (B) 'bliss' for 'joy.' 4. 'And dearest treasure is my Jean,' Brash and Reid, *etc.*

STANZA IV. LINE 1. 'Without my Fair, not a' the charms,'

O, WAT YE Johnson, *Glasgow Magazine*, Brash and Reid, etc. 3-4. Cf. WHA'S IN the duet in *The Beggars' Opera*:—

YON TOWN

'Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embraced my lass.'

STANZA V. LINE 4. 'That I wad [or 'would'] tend and shelter there,' *Glasgow Magazine*, Brash and Reid, etc.

STANZA VI. LINES 2-4 in *The Glasgow Magazine*, Brash and Reid, etc., read:—

'The sinkin sun's gaun [or 'gaen'] down upon,
The dearest maid's in yon town
His setting beam e'er shone upon.'

STANZA VII. LINE 1. 'If angry fate is sworn my foe,' all authorities except *The Glasgow Magazine*, Brash and Reid, etc.; similarly in 3, 'I careless quit aught else below.' 4. 'But spare me, spare me, Jeany [or Lucy] dear,' MSS. (B and C), Johnson, and Thomson, 'my' for 'me,' Brash and Reid.

STANZA VIII. LINE 1. 'But while life's dearest blood runs warm,' *Glasgow Magazine*, Brash and Reid, etc. 2. 'My thought from her shall ne'er depart,' Brash and Reid, etc. 3. 'For as most lovely is her form,' *Glasgow Magazine*, etc.

WHEREFORE SIGHING ART THOU, PHILLIS?

No. 460 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned. Set to *The Blue Bonnets*.

Suggested no doubt by the old English song in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* beginning:—

'Do not ask me, charming Phillis,
Why I lead you here alone,
By this bank of pinks and lillies
And of roses newly blown.'

Burns also sent, as alternative verses to the same tune, a song beginning *Powers Celestial*, which, being an invocation for protection to 'Mary,' was long regarded as a sort of companion piece to *Thou Ling'ring Star* (p. 71). His MS. is in the Hastie Collection; but he merely copied the rubbish from *The Edinburgh Magazine* (1774).

O MAY, THY MORN

No. 464 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.'

Supposed to commemorate the parting with Clarinda, 6th December 1791.

The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

AS I CAME O'ER THE CAIRNEY MOUNT

No. 467 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Signed 'Z.'

The first two lines of Stanza 1., together with Lines 1, 2, and 4 of the Chorus, are part of an old song sequestered in *The Merry Muses*. A broadside in the Laing Collection at Dalmeny, entitled, '*The New Way of the Bony Highland Laddie*, to its own proper tune,' has this chorus:—

'O my bony, bony Highland Laddie,
O my bony Highland Laddie,
When I am sick and like to die,
Thou'lt row me in thy Highland plaidie.'

A Jacobite *Highland Laddie* in *The True Loyalist* (1779) begins thus:—

'Prince Charles is come o'er from France,
In Scotland to proclaim his dadie;
May the heav'n's power preserve and keep
That worthy P—ce in 's highland plaidie!
O my bonny, bonny highland laddie!
My handsome, charming highland laddie!
May heav'n reward, and him still guard
When surrounded with foes in 's highland plaidie!'

This last chorus is almost identical with that of Ramsay's *Highland Laddie*. See also Prefatory Note to the next number in our text (p. 428).

HIGHLAND LADDIE

No. 468 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

This is chiefly an abridgment of the Jacobite ditty, *The Highland Lad and the Highland Lass*, published in *A Collection of Loyal Songs* (1750) and *The True Loyalist* (1779). The refrain is old; Stanza i. is Burns; Stanza ii. is substantially Stanza i. of the older set; while Stanza iii. is composed of the first halves of the older Stanzas viii. and ix.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

No. 470 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.' Published in *The Morning Chronicle*, 10th May 1794, with an editorial note:—'The following morsel is so exquisitely simple and tender, that it places an additional feather in the full-plumed bonnet of its author.' The ms. sent to Johnson is in the Hastie Collection.

In a ms. sent to Maria Riddell 'Jeanie' is substituted for 'lassie.' In view of the fact that Burns sent the song to Captain Miller's journal, this change confirms the statement that *Wilt Thou be My Dearie* was made in honour of Miss Janet Miller of Dalswinton. An additional stanza (probably the work of Hamilton, who supplemented *Of A' the Airts*) has found its way into print:—

'Flower of beauties, hear me,
And dinna treat me with disdain!
A' the ills I fearna',
Gin thou wad only smile on him,
Would part wi' life to please thee.
Of Joys on earth I'd ask nae mair
If thou wilt be my dearie.'

LOVELY POLLY STEWART

No. 471 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

Polly or Mary Stewart was daughter of William Stewart, factor at Closeburn, to whom Burns addressed *To William Stewart* (Vol. ii. p. 135, which was *not* published in Lockhart's *Life of Burns*), and also the lines, *You're Welcome, Willie Stewart* (Vol. iv., which *was* published in Lockhart's *Life of Burns*). She was married first to her cousin, Ishmael Stewart, and then to a farmer, George Welsh (grand-uncle of Jane Welsh Carlyle). Being separated from Welsh, she fell in love with a French prisoner of war, whom she accompanied to his native Switzerland. She died in Italy at the age of seventy-two. The present song, together with *You're Welcome, Willie Stewart*, is modelled on a Jacobite number in *Collection of Loyal Songs* (1750) and *The True Loyalist* (1779):—

'You're welcome, Charlie Stewart,
You're welcome, Charlie Stewart,
You're welcome, Charlie Stewart,
Had I the power, as I've the will,
I'd make thee famous by my quill!
Thy foes I'd scatter, take, and kill,
From Billingsgate to Duart.'

THE HIGHLAND BALOU

No. 472 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

Stenhouse states that it is 'a versification, by Burns, of a Gaelic nursery song, the literal import of which, as well as the air, were communicated to him by a Highland lady.' But there are humorous touches in it which the original (if there was an original) could not have shown.

BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL

No. 475 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

No doubt suggested by a song on the Duke of Argyll (the great Duke: born 1678, died 1743), entitled *The Highlandman Speaking of His Maggy and the Bannocks of Barley Meal*:—

'My name is Argyle, you may think it strange
To leave at the court, yet never to change;
For falsehood and bribery I always disdain,
In my secret thoughts no deceits e'er remain.
O my King and country's foes I have fac'd,
In battle and place never them disgrac'd:
Or I'd hold any place 'gainst my country's will,
I'd live upon bannocks of barley meal.'

This version, set forth in one of 'Five Excellent New Songs' in an old chap, differs slightly from the set in Herd, which is entitled *Bannocks of Barley-meal*. A Jacobite song in Hogg's *Relics* (said, on no evidence, to have been written by Lord Newbattle, 1688), called *Cakes o' Croudy*, has the refrain 'Bannocks o' Bear Meal, Cakes o' Croudie.' And the following rhyme is in the Herd ms.:—

'Mass David Williamson,
Chosen of twenty,
Gae'd up to the pulpit
And sang *Killiecrankie*.
Saw ye e'er, heard ye e'er
Sickan a soudie?
Bannocks o' bear meal,
Cakes o' Croudie!'

WAE IS MY HEART

No. 476 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

The last stanza is closely imitated (and degraded) from the last of Lady Grizzel Bailie's *Were Na My Heart Licht I Wad Die*,

STANZA I. LINE 2. 'Lang, lang *has joy* been a stranger to me,' Scott Douglas.

STANZA III. LINE 4. 'Wha wad soon dry the *tear-drop that clings to my e'e*,' Scott Douglas.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER

No. 480 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Signed 'Z.' The ms. (with the music) is in the Hastie Collection.

A set, with a second stanza, is included in *The Merry Muses*. Burns's first line is lifted from *Lewie Gordon*:—
—'To a Scots critic, the pathos of the line:—

' "Tho' his back be at the wa'"—

must be very striking' (R. B. on *Lewie Gordon* in the Interleaved Copy). The expression occurs, however, in a *Song on the Birthday of King James the VIII.*, 10th June 1709 (printed from Robt. Mylne's ms. in *Rowburghe Ballads*, ed. Ebsworth, viii. 225):—

'Altho' his back be at the wa',
We'll drink his health that's far awa.'

A Jacobite ditty, real or sham, with the same title begins thus:—

'Altho' his back be at the wa'
Another was the fautor!
Altho' his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water!
He gat the skaith, he gat the scorn,
I lo'e him yet the better:
Tho' in the muir I hide forlorn,
I'll drink his health in water.'

But plainly Burns knew not of this when he wrote the note on *Lewie Gordon*.

THE WINTER OF LIFE

No. 486 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns': signed 'B.' Burns's ms. sent to Johnson is in the Hastie Collection. He sent a copy

THE to Thomson, 19th October, under the title of *The Old*
WINTER *Man*. This ms., which is at Brechin Castle, corresponds
OF LIFE with that in the Hastie Collection. The song is included
in Thomson (Vol. iii.).

Doubtless suggested by a song with the same title which
we have found in *The Goldfinch*, Edinburgh 1777 :—

‘In Spring, my dear Shepherds, your gardens are gay,
They breathe all their sweets in the sunshine of May :
Their Flowers will drop when December draws near—
The winter of life is like that of the year,’ *etc.*

THE TAILOR

No. 490 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796) : Unsigned. The ms.
is in the Hastie Collection.

Suggested (at least) by *The Tailor* in Herd’s Collection,
which begins :—

‘The tailor came to clout the claes,
Sic a braw fellow ;
He fill’d the house a’ fou of fleas—
Daffin down, and daffin down—
He fill’d the house a’ fou of fleas—
Daffin down and dilly !’

THERE GROWS A BONIE BRIER-BUSH

No. 492 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796) : Signed ‘Z.’ The ms.
is in the Hastie Collection.

Appropriated by Hogg for his so-called *Jacobite Relics*.
Stenhouse states that, ‘with the exception of a few lines,
which are old,’ this song was written by Burns for the
Museum ; but, as usual, he says nothing as to where those
lines are to be found. Sharpe (*Ballad Book*, 1823) gives
this fragment :—

‘He’s a bony, bony lad that’s a courting me,
He’s a bony, bony lad that’s a courting me :
He’s cripple of a leg and blind of an e’e,
He’s a bony, bony lad that’s a courting me !’

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH

No. 495 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.'

Burns's sister, Mrs. Begg, affirmed that the song was well-known in Ayrshire when her brother was a boy. Burns sent a tune along with the song, but it was rejected in favour of a strathspey tune called *Loggan Burn*. The verses are doggerel; but they may quite well be early Burns.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING

No. 497 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned; but, as we have said, it was the poet's habit not to acknowledge his Jacobitisms.

The facsimile of the ms. of this noble and moving lyric was published in Scott Douglas's Edinburgh Edition; and in Stanza v. Line 3 there is a deleted reading—'Upon my abs'—showing that Burns changed the line in the process of copying out. Apart from this, the touch of the master, either as makker or as editor and vampper, is manifest throughout. Yet Hogg, in his *Jacobite Relics*, gravely informs you that 'it is said to have been written by Captain Ogilvie,' of Inverquharity, who fought for James VII. at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. Who said it? or when and where was it said? All that Hogg leaves to the imagination. It was certainly not said by either Burns or Johnson (who must have known; for there is no earlier copy than that which was written by Burns, and published in the *Museum*). We can scarce go wrong in assuming that Hogg's informant was Peter Buchan. Now, neither Hogg nor Buchan knew that Burns had sent the thing to the *Museum*. Moreover, his name had never been associated with it. Thus, the ingenious Buchan, still bent on fathering everything on somebody, had full scope for his idiosyncrasy. Before the Buchan-Hogg mare's-

IT WAS A' nest was discovered to an admiring world, Sir Walter
 FOR OUR himself had adopted Stanza III. in *Rokeby* and *The*
 RIGHTFU' *Antiquary*; and either he had not seen, or he had for-
 KING gotten, the ballad in the *Museum*, so that he had nothing
 to say when Tom Sheridan 'pointed it out' to him. Now, what Tom Sheridan 'pointed out' was simply the *Museum* set; and it was thus that the *Museum* set became that 'entire copy of this beautiful song which seemed to express the fortunes of some followers of the Stuart family.' Sir Walter knew nothing of Burns's claim; for Burns's claim had not then been discussed—the first to show that he had sent the song to Johnson being Stenhouse (1839).

Moreover, Hogg's statement, not only lacks the thinnest shadow of corroboration but, is demonstrably false; for the song in the *Museum* is modelled on the same originals as *A Red Red Rose* (see *ante*, p. 402); and these, as we have seen, trace back to the blackletter *Unkind Parents*, published, as Mr. Ebsworth points out (*Roxburghe Ballads*, vii. 554), before Captain Ogilvie could ever have 'turn'd him right and round about Upon the Irish shore.' Nor is this all. Sharpe was the first to suggest that Burns got his Stanza III.—'He turned him right and round about,' *etc.*—from the chap-book ballad of *Mally Stewart* [hence, no doubt, Sir Walter must have lifted it into *Rokeby*], which is incontestably a partial derivative from the aforesaid *Unkind Parents*. Sharpe gave no information, however, as to the year of the stall copy on which he founded his charge; and the earliest dated known to us is one of 1807. But dates in this species of publication are the exception; and Mr. Ebsworth has informed us that *Mally Stewart* is included in a garland of 'New Songs' in his Trowbesh Collection, embellished with a rude cut of William Duke of Cumberland on horseback. Several numbers in this same garland, and in yet another with the same cut, refer to current topics, and both indubitably date c. 1746. The long

dispute as to the origin and the authorship of *It Was A' for Our Rightfu' King* may therefore be regarded as finally settled.

IT WAS A'
FOR OUR
RIGHTFU'
KING

By Mr. Ebsworth's permission, we give the Trowbesh set of *Mally Stewart*, which, of all that we have seen, alone is free from manifest interpolations and corruptions:—

'The cold Winter is past and gone, and now comes in the Spring,
And I am one of the King's Life-guards, and must go fight for
my King,

My dear,
I must go fight for my King.'

'Now since to the wars you need to go, one thing pray grant
to me ;

That I dress myself in man's attire, and march along with thee,

My dear,
To go through the world with thee !'

'Not for ten thousand pound, my Love, shall you to danger go,
The rattling drums and shining swords would cause you sorrow
and woe,

My dear,
They would cause you sorrow and woe.

'Yet one thing for my Love I will do that she cannot do for me ;
I will wear black cuffs on my red coat sleeve, and mourn for
her till I die,

My dear,
I will mourn till the day I die.'

'Nay, I will do more for my true Love, than he will do for me ;
I will cut my hair, my snood I will tear, and mourn for him
till I die,

My dear,
And mourn till the day I die.'

'So farewell to my father and mother, farewell and adieu to you !
And farewell, my bonny Mally Stuart, the cause of all my woe,

My dear,
The cause of all my woe.'

IT WAS A'
FOR OUR
RIGHTFU'
KING

'When we leave bonny Stirling town, no more we sleep in tent,
For by the King we are order'd down, and to Ireland we are sent,
My dear,
To Ireland we are sent.

'So farewell bonny Stirling town, from the maids we are forc'd
to go,
And farewell, bonny Mally Stuart, the cause of all my woe
My dear,
The cause of all my woe.'

The trooper turn'd himself about all on the Irish shore,
He has given the bridal-reins a shake, saying 'Adieu for ever-
more,

My dear,
Adieu for evermore.'

In later copies two irrelevant stanzas are usually interpolated before this last. *It Was A' for Our Rightfu' King* was mainly inspired by the first and last of the balladist. Burns used the last as his own central, grouping his others, which are largely suggested by it, round about it. He was also greatly influenced by the first, which undoubtedly helped him to his own beginning. For the rest, he took the situation and the characters, and touched his borrowings to issues as fine, perhaps, as the Romantic Lyric has to show.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT

No. 498 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): Unsigned. The ms. is in the Hastie Collection.

Burns supplied the music, which he got from a lady in the north of Scotland. The refrain is borrowed from the old song in Johnson (No. 89, Vol. i.), said to have been a lament for Glencoe:—

'O was not I a weary wight!
Oh on, O chri oh!
Maid, wife, and widow in one night,
Oh on, O chri oh!'

THOU GLOOMY DECEMBER

No. 499 in Johnson (Vol. v. 1796): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'R.'

The first two stanzas were sent to Clarinda on 27th December 1791 as a song to 'a charming plaintive Scots tune':—'The rest of the song is on the wheels. Adieu ! Adieu !' This ms. is in the Watson Collection ; that sent to Johnson is one of the Hastie Autographs.

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure':—*Cf.* Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. Scene 3 :—

'Good night ! Good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow.'

STANZA III. LINE 2. 'Till the last leaf o' the summer is *gone*,' deleted reading in the Hastie ms.

MY PEGGY'S FACE, MY PEGGY'S FORM

No. 501 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803), Currie (1800), and Thomson (1801).

It was written in 1787, and sent to Johnson with the following letter :—'Dear Mr. Publisher,—I hope, against my return, you will be able to tell me from Mr. Clarke if these words will suit the tune. If they don't suit, I must think on some other air, as I have a very strong private reason for wishing them in the *second* volume. Don't forget to transcribe me the list of the Antiquarian Music. Farewell.—R. BURNS.' No reason was given by Johnson for the delay in publishing ; but it is probable that Miss Chalmers (see *ante*, p. 332, Prefatory Note to *Where, Braving Angry Winter's Storms*) objected.

Thomson, who got the song from Currie, took the liberty of substituting 'Mary' for 'Peggy.'

O, STEER HER UP, AND HAUD HER GAUN

No. 504 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' The first half stanza is Ramsay's, from a set founded on an old, improper ditty.

WEE WILLIE GRAY

No. 514 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Written for this work by R. Burns.' A nursery ditty for the tune *Wee Totum Fogg*.

WE'RE A' NODDIN

No. 523 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Corrected by Burns,' and signed 'B.'

'The greater part of the verses, however'—thus Stenhouse—'are taken from the old satirical song formerly sung to the tune of *John Anderson My Jo*': for which see *ante*, p. 349, Prefatory Note to *John Anderson My Jo*. As matter of fact, the present ditty is a medley of two old songs with variations and amendments, the *John Anderson My Jo* aforesaid—which gives us Stanzas iv. and v., the best things in the Burns set, *verbatim*—and an unpublished fragment in the Herd ms.:—

'Cats like milk, and Dogs like Broo,
Lads like lasses and lasses lads too;
And they're a' nodding, nidding, nidding, nodding,
They're a' nodding at our house at hame.

'Kate sits i' the neuk supping hen broo,
Deil take Kate if she does not know it too;
And they're a' nodding, nidding, nidding, nodding,
They're a' nodding at our house at hame.'

To Robert Ainslie (Edinburgh, 23rd August 1787), Burns quoted a stanza thus:—'Now for a modest stanza of classical authority:—

“The cats like kitchen;
The dogs like broo;
The lasses like the lads weel
And th’ auld wives too.

WE’RE A’
NODDIN

Chorus

“An’ we’re a’ noddin,
Nid, nid noddin,
We’re a’ noddin fou at e’en.”:—

which may be a quotation from memory made not long after he had read the scrap preserved by Herd.

O, AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME

No. 532 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): ‘Written for this work by Robert Burns.’ The tune, in Oswald’s *Pocket Companion*, has the title *My Wife She Dang Me*. Stenhouse states that the old verses are unfit for modern print, but Motherwell gives a decent enough set:—

‘I was twenty years a bachelor
And liv’d a single life;
But I never could contented be
Until I got a wife,
But I hadna lang married been
Till she began to bang me,
And near dung out my very een,
And swore she would gae hang me.’

For the copy of a ms. we are indebted to Mr. J. W. Ellsworth, Chicago.

CHORUS. LINES 1-3 in the MS. read:

‘*My Wife she dang me.*
My Wife she dang me,
And gie a woman a’ her will.’

STANZA I. LINE 2. ‘And fool I was, I *marry*,’ MS. 4. ‘*As* cursedly *miscarry*.’

STANZA II. LINE 1. ‘Some sairie comfort *still* at last,’ MS.

SCROGGAM

No. 539 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and signed 'B.' Founded on an older ditty, or, it may be, garbled from more than one. Save for the refrain (of which nothing is known), the first stanza is adapted from a song preserved in *The Merry Muses* :—

'There wonned a wife in Whistlecockpen—
Will ye no, can ye no, let me be!
She brewed guid ale for gentlemen,
And ay she waggit it wantonly.'

Cockpen—(associated with another song, *When She Cam Ben She Bobbit*, which Burns improved [see p. 381], and which suggested a famous Lady Nairne)—is the name of a parish in Midlothian, where the 'auld Cowl' of the text seems to have been priest.

O, GUID ALE COMES

No. 542 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Corrected by R. Burns.' Stenhouse states that only the chorus is old. A ms. is in the possession of the Paisley Burns Club.

STANZA II. LINE 3. See Vol. ii. p. 343, Note to *Address to the Toothache*, Stanza IV. Line 2.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST

No. 543 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Chorus written for this work by R. Burns.'

Sharpe remarks of Burns's authorship :—'This is probably wrong; or Burns suppressed the last stanza, to be found in the stall copies, besides substituting "three goose feathers and a whittle" for the indecent line in the third: it is likely that he only altered the song

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

By permission of John Dick, Esq., J.P., of Craigenelt

Reduced from 13½ in. × 7 in.

for the *Museum*, making it applicable to himself as an author, by the three goose-quills and the penknife. The last stanza begins :—

ROBIN
SHUREIN
HAIRST

"Now I'm Robin's bride, free frae kirk fo'ks' bustle,
Robin's a' my ain, wi's," etc.

But Burns did not mean the song to apply to himself. He meant it to apply to Robert Ainslie:—"I am still catering for Johnson's publication, and among others, I have brushed up the following old favourite song a little, with a view to your worship. I have only altered a word here and there; but if you like the humour of it, we shall think of a stanza or two to add to it" (R. B. to Ainslie, January 6th, 1789).

Letter and song as sent to Ainslie (but with no mention of him) appeared in *The Scots Magazine* for 1801.

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

No. 546 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' Published also in *The Edinburgh Courant* for May 4th, 1795; *The Dumfries Journal* for the 5th of the same month; *The Caledonian Mercury* on the 7th; and in Currie (1800). A ms.—ms. (A)—is at Lochryan, and another—ms. (B)—in the possession of Mr. John Dick of Craigengelt, Stirlingshire.

STANZA I. LINE 5. 'Corsincon':—"A high hill at the source of the Nith" (R. B. in *Courant*, etc.). 6. 'Criffel':—"A mountain at the confluence of the Nith with the Solway Firth" (R. B. in *Courant*, etc.). 7. 'Ere we allow a foreign foe,' ms. (B).

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'O, let us not like snarling curs,' Johnson and ms. (B). 7. 'For only but by British hands,' ms. (A).

STANZA IV. LINE 2. 'And the wretch his true-born brother,' Currie; but there is no authority for the word. 3. 'Who would [or 'Who'd'] set the mob *aboon* the throne,' Currie, *Courant*, etc.

O, ONCE I LOV'D A BONIE LASS

No. 551 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803) and Currie (1800): Unsigned. Entered in the *First Common Place Book*—ms. (A)—April 1783 :—‘The following composition was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of life, when my heart glowed with honest warm simplicity; unacquainted, and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. The performance is, indeed, very puerile and silly : but I am always pleased with it, as it recalls to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest and my tongue was sincere. The subject of it was a young girl who really deserved all the praises I have bestowed on her.’ Burns presented a copy to Mrs. Stewart of Stair, and this ms.—ms. (B)—is now in the possession of Mr. Adam Wood, Troon. ‘The following song,’ he remarks, ‘is only valuable to those who would see the author’s first productions in verse. It was composed when he was a few months more than his sixteenth year.’ In the *Autobiographical Letter to Dr. Moore*, he states that the young girl was his partner in ‘the labors of harvest.’ ‘Among her other love-inspiring qualifications,’ so he further relates, ‘she sung sweetly; and ’twas her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptive as to imagine that I would make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a small country laird’s son, on one of his father’s maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he, for except shearing sheep and casting peats, his father living in the moors, he had no more scholarcraft than I had.’

His criticism of the song (in the *First Common Place Book*) is interesting enough to reprint in full :—‘The first distic of the first stanza is quite too much in the

fimsy strain of our ordinary street ballads; and on the other hand, the second distic is too much in the other extreme. The expression is a little awkward, and the sentiment too serious. Stanza the second I am well pleased with, and I think it conveys a fine idea of that amiable part of the Sex—the agreeables; or what in our Scotch dialect we call a sweet sonsy Lass. The third stanza has a little of the fimsy turn in it; and the third line has rather too serious a cast. The fourth stanza is a very indifferent one; the first line is, indeed, all in the strain of the second stanza, but the rest is mostly an expletive. The thoughts in the fifth stanza come finely up to my favourite idea, a sweet sonsy Lass; the last line, however, halts a little. The same sentiments are kept up with equal spirit and tenderness in the sixth stanza, but the second and fourth lines ending with short syllables hurts the whole. The seventh stanza has several minute faults; but I remember I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of passion, and to this hour I never recollect it, but my heart melts, and my blood sallies at the remembrance.’

The tune to which Burns wrote his verses was *I Am a Man Unmarried*, and it had a chorus, ‘Tal al de Ral’ or ‘Fal al de Dal’; but he sent another to Johnson.

STANZA I. LINE 2. ‘*An’ aye* I love her still,’ Johnson. ‘*An’* whilst that *honor* warms my breast,’ MSS. (A and B). 4. ‘*I* love my handsome Nell,’ MS. (B).

STANZA IV. LINE 2-4. in MS. (B) read:—

‘*Good humour’d, frank and free,*
And still the more I view them o’er
The more they capture me.’

STANZA V. is omitted in MS. (B).

MY LORD A-HUNTING

No. 554 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): ‘Written for this work by Robert Burns.’

SWEETEST MAY

No. 559 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.'

An imitation, open and unabashed, of Ramsay's *My Sweetest May, Let Love Incline Thee*.

MEG O' THE MILL

No. 566 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' Suggested doubtless by an older ditty, which, however, has escaped us. Another set was sent to Thomson, which he declined (see Vol. iv.).

STANZA IV. LINE I. Among the Scots lower classes the newly married pair were bedded in presence of the company.

JOCKIE'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS

No. 570 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' Published by Currie (1800).

O, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS

No. 574 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.'

STANZA I. LINE 2. 'He aft has wrought me meikle wae':—
Cf. *The Two Herds*, Vol. ii. p. 23, Stanza XII. Line 2:—

'M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae.'

CAULD IS THE E'ENIN BLAST

No. 583 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.'

The old words, to the tune *Peggy Ramsay*, began, says Stenhouse, thus:—

'Bonny Peggy Ramsay, as ony man may see,
Has a bony sweet face, and a gleg glintin e'e.'

CAULD IS
THE
E'ENIN
BLAST

In effect the ballad thus beginning is fully set forth, in what at one time passed for Scots, in *Wit and Mirth* (1703). It is amazingly coarse, and, as either original or derivative, was certainly known to Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night*, Act II. Scene iii., Sir Toby Belch *loq.* :—'Malvolio's a Peg a-Ramsay'). Staunton, in his notes to Shakespeare, states, on the authority of Chappell, that 'there are two tunes under the name, and both as old as Shakespeare's time.' See further Staunton's *Shakespeare*, vol. iii. p. 194. The refrain runs on the word 'mill,' the sense of which, as in Burns, is not technical but equivocal: a sense which is classic.

THERE WAS A BONIE LASS

No. 586 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'By R. Burns.' A cento of old catchwords.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS

No. 589 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.'

The tune in the Old Skene ms. has the title *I Wunna Gang to My Bed Till I Sud Die*; and Stenhouse states that 'the song was retouched by Burns from a very ancient one, called *I Wunna Gang to My Bed Until I Get a Man*,' but quotes no further. Scott Douglas, again, suspects that 'the words were written merely to preserve the pretty little melody which our bard recovered.' It is plain, however, that 'our bard's' original is a fragment in the Herd ms. :—

'Newes, Lasses, Newes !
Gude Newes I hae to tell,
There's a boat fu' o' young men
Come to our town to sell.

THERE'S NEWS
LASSES, NEWS

'Mither, quo' she; Father, quo' she,
Do what ye can,
For to my Bed I wunna gae
Till I get a man.'

STANZA III. with the equivocal 'ley-crop' (lea-crop) in Line 3, and 'till'd' in 4, was probably an emendation of a stanza in some other ancient ditty.

O, THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED

No. 593 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Corrected by R. Burns,' and the last stanza 'added by Burns.'

Burns quotes all that is old of this song in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 1795. His quotation includes Stanza I. and the Chorus. Doubtless he found it in the Herd ms.

A ballad in the Crawford Collection, *Women's Work is Never Done* (c. 1750-70) begins thus:—

'O that I had ne'er been married,
Since I lead a careful life!
Things with me are strangely carried,
Now I am become a wife,' etc.

It is in octaves, however, and sets forth the sorrows and trials of a woman with a tyrant-husband.

MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET

No. 597 in Johnson (Vol. vi. 1803): 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.'

WANDERING WILLIE

Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, Vol. i. Part 1. (May 1793).

Some hold the song suggested by Burns's relations with Maria Riddell; others, by Clarinda's proposal of reconciliation to her husband. Both theories are far-fetched; and, in any case, if Burns wrote his verses in the March of 1793, shortly before sending them to Thom-

son, the latter is demonstrably false, for Clarinda had just returned unreconciled. The fact is, in this matter theorising is labour lost. For *Wandering Willie* is simply adapted from an old thing in Herd (1769):—‘I leave you, my dear Sir, to determine whether the above or *Thro’ the Lang Muir* is best’ (R. B. to Thomson). Here is the original set:—

WANDERING
WILLIE

‘Here awa, there awa, here awa Willie,
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;
Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
Now I have gotten my Willie again.

‘Thro’ the lang muir I have follow’d my Willie,
Thro’ the lang muir I have follow’d him hame,
Whatever betide us, nought shall deuide us;
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

‘Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie,
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame:
Come Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleases while Willie’s at hame.’

The MS. sent to Thomson is at Brechin Castle. Thomson and the Hon. Andrew Erskine suggested certain changes, most of which Burns accepted (some, it may be, out of pure good nature); but on a copy of Thomson’s First Volume sent to Miss Graham of Fintry he wrote in several modifications of the original; and the version thus revised we have adopted as our text. Currie (1800) published the verses as written. The Thomson set was copied into Brash and Reid’s *Poetry Original and Select*, Vol. i.

STANZA I. LINES 1-2 as sent to Thomson read thus:—

‘*Lang* here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Now tired with wandering haud awa hame.’

3. ‘Come to my bosom, my *ain* only dearie,’ Erskine’s amendment. Burns reverts to the original ‘ae’ in Miss Graham’s copy.

STANZA II. LINE 1. ‘*Loud* blew the *cauld* winter winds at our parting,’ MS.; ‘*Winter winds* blew *loud* and *cauld* at our

WANDERING parting,' Erskine's amendment. 2. '*Fears for my Willie*
WILLIE *brought tears to my e'e,*' Erskine's amendment. 4. '*As Simmer*
to Nature, *so Willie to me,*' Erskine's amendment, in which Burns did not acquiesce.

STANZA III. LINES 1-3 in Burns's MS. read :—

' *Ye hurricanes rest in the cave o' yow'r slumbers,
O, how your wild horrors a lover alarms !
Awaken ye breezes, row gently ye billows.*'

Burns accepted Erskine's amendments for Lines 1-2, as adopted in our text, but in 3, for Erskine's '*Blow soft*' he substituted '*Wauken.*'

STANZA IV. LINE 1. '*But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nannie,*' MS. ; the reading in the text is Erskine's. 2. For '*wide roaring,*' Erskine suggested '*dark-heaving*'; but Burns would none of it. 4. For '*But, dying, believe,*' Erskine suggested '*While dying, I think*': it also was declined.

BRAW LADS O' GALLA WATER

THOMSON'S *Scottish Airs*, Vol. i. Part 1. (May 1793). (Sent to Thomson in January 1793.) Thence copied into *The Scots Magazine* (July 1797), Brash and Reid (Vol. iii.), and *The Musical Repository* (1799).

Burns got his lyrical idea from one of '*Five Excellent New Songs*' in a very old chap—a copy is in the possession of Mr. George Gray, Glasgow—printed and published in Niddry-wynd [Edinburgh]. It is included in Herd; and it is set to music in Johnson's Second Volume, with this chorus :—

' *Braw, braw lads of Galla Water,
O, braw lads of Galla Water !
I'll kilt my coats below my knee,
And follow my love through the water.*'

In *Scottish Songs* (ii. 327), Chambers gives what he is pleased to call '*the original,*' as recited to him by '*a person in that interesting district*': it substitutes a

'Bonie lass' for the 'Braw lads.' (There is also a chap-book *Lass of Gallawater*, one of a garland of *New Songs* in the Abbotsford Collection; one, too, in the Motherwell Collection, with the date 1790.) Another set, which Chambers mysteriously introduces (ii. 666) as 'probably the first song written to the tune,' has better claims on the attention; for he found it (though he carefully forgets to say so) in the (vanished) Mansfield ms., written about 1780. It has eight stanzas, with the chorus:—

BRAW
BRAW
LADS

'Braw, braw lads o' Gala Water,
Bonie lads o' Gala Water;
The Lothian lads maun ne'er compare
Wi' the braw lads o' Gala Water.'

STANZA I. LINES 1-2 in Burns's MS. read thus:—

'There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather.'

LINE 2 in Thomson reads, '*Ye wander thro'*,' etc.

STANZA II. LINE 4. Burns first wrote, '*He's* the bonie lad,' etc.

AULD ROB MORRIS

THOMSON'S *Scottish Airs*, Vol. i. Part i. (May 1793). Thence copied into *The Scots Magazine* (July 1797), and Brash and Reid (Vol. ii.). 'I have partly taken your idea of *Auld Rob Morris*. I have adopted the first two verses, and am going on with the song on a new plan, which promises pretty well' (R. B. to Thomson, 4th November 1792). The set was sent on 4th December 1792, and is at Brechin Castle.

The set in Ramsay (*Tea-Table Miscellany*) is signed 'Q', which means 'an old song with additions.' It is a spirited enough piece, in the form of a duet:—

Mither

'Auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen
He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld men,
Has fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too:
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.'

AULD ROB
MORRIS

Daughter

'Ha'd your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree :
They'll never agree, and that will be seen ;
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.'

Burns's ms. is at Brechin Castle.

STANZA I. LINE 3. 'He has gowd in his coffers, he has *sheep, he has kine*,' Thomson. 4. 'And ae bonie lassie, his *darling* and mine':—Thomson's reading, because though 'dautie' is a good word for a father to use, it is 'too familiar an expression for a humble lover, scarcely hoping for success.'

STANZA III. LINE 2. 'And my daddie has *nought* but a cot-house and yard,' Thomson.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, O

THOMSON's *Scottish Airs*, Vol. i. Part I. (May 1793). The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

It is doubtful how far Burns is indebted to an original ; for none has ever been found. Enclosing his verses to Thomson he wrote:—'I do not know whether this song be really mended.' We can but conjecture as to whether he referred to a piece by another hand or to an earlier set of his own making. In Thomson it is headed :—'As altered for this work by Burns'; and the air is marked as Irish. A blackletter in the British Museum and in the Crawford, Pepys, and Roxburghe Collections, entitled *The Repulsive Maid*, is to the tune *Open the Door and Let Me Come In*.

Young Man

'Sweet, open the door and let me come in,
For to be a Wooper I now begin,
And say thy Lover I yet have been,
I'll love thee and no more.'

Maid

'To open the door, Love, that could I do,
And if it were for an hour or two ;
But *that* if my father or mother should know,
I should be beaten sore,' etc.

It may be that Burns knew some derivative of this; but O, OPEN after all it is possible that his original was merely O, *Open THE DOOR the Door*, Lord Gregory, in Johnson :—

‘Oh, open the door, Lord Gregory,
Oh open and let me in :
The rain rains on my scarlet robes,
The dew drops o’er my chin.’

STANZA I. LINES 1 and 2. Cf. *Lord Gregory* (p. 220), Stanza II. Lines 3-4 :—‘At least, some pity,’ etc. 2. ‘Oh, open the door to me,’ Thomson.

STANZA III. LINE 1. ‘The wan moon *is setting* behind the white wave,’ Thomson. 2. ‘And *Life* is setting with me, oh,’ deleted reading in the MS.

STANZA IV. LINE 2. ‘She sees *his* pale corse on the plain,’ Thomson.

WHEN WILD WAR’S DEADLY BLAST

THOMSON’S *Scottish Airs*, Vol. i. Part 1. (May 1793). Sent to Thomson in April 1793 :—‘I send you also a ballad to the tune of *The Mill and the Mill, O*.’ Almost identical versions appeared in *The Caledonian Mercury* for 20th September 1793, Brash and Reid’s *Poetry Original and Select*, Vol. i., and *The Scots Magazine* for November 1797. Thomson made certain changes in the song; but on a copy sent to Miss Graham of Fintry Burns restored the old readings.

The original set of *The Mill, Mill, O* is in *The Merry Muses* :—

‘As I cam down yon waterside
An’ by yon Shillin Hill, O !
There I spied a bonie lass,
A lass that I lo’ed right weel, O !
O the mill, mill, O, and the kill, kill, O,
An’ the coggin,’ etc.

The returning soldier appears to a very different purpose from that of his descendant in Burns [a similar story

WHEN is told in the second chapter of Montaigne's Second
WILD WAR'S Book] in a set by Allan Ramsay :—

DEADLY
BLAST

'Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid
Was sleeping sound and still, O ;
A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her wi' good will, O.

'Her bosom I prest ; but, sunk in her rest
She stirr'd na my joy to spill, O
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept
And kissed and kissed her, my fill, O.'

A MS. was before the Aldine Editor (1839).

STANZA I. LINES 3-4 were altered by Thomson to this :—

*'And eyes again with pleasure beam'd
That had been blear'd with mourning.'*

8. 'A poor *but* honest sodger,' *Scots Magazine* and Brash and Reid.

STANZA II. LINE 5. 'Coil':—a stream in the Kyle district of Ayrshire. 7. 'I *thought upon* the witching smile,' Thomson.

STANZA III. LINE 5. 'Wha spied I but my ain dear lass,' MS.

STANZA IV. LINE 1. 'Wi' *fremit* voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,' MS.

STANZA V. LINE 2. 'And lovelier *look'd* than ever,' MS. ; 'grew,' Brash and Reid.

STANZA VI. LINE 2. 'Syne *wallow't like* a lily,' MS. :—Cf. the ballad *Geordie* in Johnson's *Museum*, No. 346 :—

'But she had na read a word but twa,
Till she wallow't like a lily.'

STANZA VII. LINE 3. 'Tho' *wealth be sma'*, we're rich in love,' MS. 5. 'Quo' she, my grandsire left me *gear*,' MS. 7. 'And come my *ain dear* soger lad,' MS.

DUNCAN GRAY

Second Set

THOMSON (Vol. i. Part II. 1798). The MS. is at Brechin Castle.

The second—the drawing-room—set. Both are founded on a song preserved in the Herd MS., and printed, with

variations (in all likelihood by Burns), in *The Merry Muses* (see *ante*, p. 322, Prefatory Note to the first set, which is mostly Burns's own). The Herd set begins:—

'Can ye play wi' Duncan Gray
 (Hey, hey, the girdin o't !),
O'er the hills and far away
 (Hey, hey, the girdin o't !)?
 Duncan he came her to woo
 On a day when we were fou',
 And Meg she swore that she wad spew,
 If,' etc.

It is clear that Burns borrowed directly from the Herd set and not from that in *The Merry Muses*, for the second quatrain of the latter runs thus:—

'Duncan cam our Meg to woo,
 Meg was nice and wadnae do,
 But like an ether puffed and blew
 At,' etc.

The Herd and *Merry Muses* sets are very closely related to the set in Thomson: indeed, the story is practically the same in all. In its terms the oldest is reminiscent of an ancient song which Allan Ramsay transferred from the Bannatyne ms. to his *Tea-Table Miscellany*:—

'Rob's Jock came to woo our Jenny
 On ae feast day when we was fou;
 She busked her and made her bonie,
 When she heard Jock was come to woo,' etc.

Other derivatives are *Hey, Jenny, Come Down to Jock* (Herd); a blackletter ballad in the Crawford Collection, *All for Love, or the Happy Match between Jocky and Jenny*; and an English playhouse song, *Jockey's Gone to the Wood*, in Playford's *Choice Ayres* (1659), extended into a blackletter broadside (Crawford and Huth Collections) with the title, *The Scotch Wooing; or Jockey of the Lough and Jenny of the Lee*.

Enclosed, together with *Auld Rob Morris*, to Thomson,

DUNCAN 4th December 1792 :—‘The foregoing I submit, my dear
GRAY Sir, to your better judgment; acquit them or condemn
them as seemeth good in thy sight. *Duncan Gray* is
that kind of lighthorse gallop of an air which precludes
sentiment. The ludicrous is its ruling feature.’

STANZA I. LINE 3. ‘*On ae feast* night when we were fou,’
original reading in the MS. : Thomson objected to this reading
because it is in the old song; and Burns substituted ‘*blythe*
Yule-nicht’; but Thomson adopted ‘*On New-Year’s night*.’

STANZA II. LINE 3. ‘*Ailsa Craig*’ :—A rocky islet in the
Firth of Clyde, opposite Ayr, much frequented by sea-fowl,
whose screaming it has endured for ages without remonstrance.

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE

THOMSON (Vol. i. Part II. 1798). ‘Then for *The Collier’s*
Daughter take the following old bacchanal’ (R. B. to
Thomson).

The ideas and sentiments are common enough; so is
the phrasing; and ‘old bacchanal’ is probably a figure
of speech.

HERE IS THE GLEN

THOMSON (Vol. i. Part II. 1798). The MS. is at Brechin
Castle. ‘I know you value a composition because it
is made by one of the great ones as little as I do.
However, I got an air, pretty enough, composed by
Lady Elizabeth Heron of Heron, which she calls *The*
Banks of Cree. Cree is a beautiful romantic stream,
and, as her ladyship is a particular friend of mine, I have
written the following song to it.’

The tune did not please Thomson, who set the verses
to *The Flowers of Edinburgh*. That they made a love-song
for Maria Riddell, as some hold, is scarce consistent
with Burns’s statement. Moreover, he must have in-
tended that Lady Elizabeth Heron should see them.

LET NOT WOMEN E'ER COMPLAIN

THOMSON (Vol. i. Part II. 1798). The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

Alternative English words to the tune *Duncan Gray*: — 'These English songs gravel me to death. I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue. In fact I think my ideas are more barren in English than in Scottish. I have been at *Duncan Gray* to dress it in English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid' (R. B. to Thomson, 19th October 1794). There is nothing to add to this, except that the song exists (if that can be said to exist which is never sung, never quoted, and, if ever read, immediately forgotten) as pure Burns.

LORD GREGORY

THOMSON (Vol. i. Part II. 1798). Written, at Thomson's request, to the air of *The Lass of Lochryan*.

Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcott) wrote English verses for Thomson on the same theme. They are frigid rubbish; but 'the very name of Peter Pindar is an acquisition to your work. His *Gregory* is beautiful. I have tried to give you a set of stanzas in Scots on the same subject, which are at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter—that would be presumption indeed! My song, though much inferior in poetic merit, has, I think, more of the ballad simplicity in it' (R. B. to Thomson, 26th January 1793).

His originals were the fragment in Johnson's *Museum* (No. 5), and *The Bonny Lass of Lochryan*, in Herd, in which last the hero is called Love Gregory. Of the several sets of this ballad, the most corrupt and the worst deboshed is *The Lass of Ocrum*, in the Roxburghe Collection.

The ms. sent to Thomson is at Brechin Castle. Another, sent to Alexander Cunningham from Brew, a fortnight

LORD before Burns's death, is included in the Cunningham MSS.
 GREGORY The song is also inscribed in the *Afton Lodge Book* at Alloway.

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'And a' for loving thee,' Thomson MS.
 3-4. 'At least some pity,' etc.:—Cf. *O, Open the Door*, p. 211,
 Stanza I. Lines 1-2, and *Mary Morison*, p. 286, Stanza III.
 Lines 5-6:—

'If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown.'

STANZA V. LINE 3. 'Thou dart of Heaven that flashest by,'
 Thomson MS. 4. 'O, wilt thou give me rest,' Thomson MS.

O POORTITH CAULD

THOMSON (Vol. i. Part II. 1798). The MS. is at Brechin Castle.

Gilbert Burns told Thomson that Burns's heroine was 'a Miss Jane Blackstock, afterwards Mrs. Whittier of Liverpool.' But it was probably Jean Lorimer (see *post*, p. 482, Prefatory Note to *Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks*), who was then contemplating the marriage of which she instantly repented. *O Poortith Cauld* is held to refer to her rejecting a gauger for the man she married (see *ante*, p. 364, Prefatory Note to *Craigieburn Wood*). It was sent to Thomson in January 1793, for the tune of *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen*; but Thomson thought the verses had 'too much of uneasy, cold reflection for the air.' To this Burns:—'The objections are just, but I cannot make it better. The stuff won't bear mending; yet, for private reasons, I should like to see it in print.' With a new chorus and other amendments, it was set in the end to *I Had a Horse and I Had Nae Mair*.

CHORUS. This in the first set reads:—

'For weel I lo'e my Jeanie,
 I canna want my Jeanie;
 How happy I were, were she my ain,
 Tho' I had nê'er a guinea!'

In LINE 2 of this Chorus Thomson—(with a fine Eighteenth o POORTITH Century feeling for style)—substituted '*I doat upon*' for '*I CAULD canna want.*'

STANZA I. LINE 2. '*Ye wreck my peace between you,*' Thomson. 4. '*But tynin o' my Jeanie,*' first set.

STANZA II. LINE 3. '*Fy, fy on silly coward man*':—Thomson, notwithstanding that in both sets Burns retained the reading in the text. The '*O fie*' of certain Editors is mere wantonness.

STANZA V. LINE I. '*How blest the simple cottar's fate*':—Thomson, wholly without the author's sanction. 2. '*He woos his simple dearie,*' deleted reading in the ms. 3-4 in the first set read:—

'The silly bogles, *Ran̄k* and State
Did never make *them* eerie.'

O, STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOODLARK

THOMSON (Vol. i. Part II. 1798). The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

Scott Douglas, in his Edinburgh Edition, printed what seems to be a first sketch, from a pencil manuscript (Burns) then in the possession of his publisher, called *Song Composed on Hearing a Bird Sing While Musing on Chloris*:—

'Sing on, sweet songster o' the brier,
Nae stealthy traitor-foot is near!
O soothe a hapless lover's ear,
And dear as life I'll prize thee.

'Again, again that tender part,
That I may learn thy melting art,
For surely thou would touch the heart
O' her that still denies me.

'Oh was thy mistress, too, unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
For nocht but Love and Sorrow join'd,
Sic notes of woe could wauken.

'Thou tells,' etc.

SAW YE BONIE LESLEY

THOMSON (Vol. i. Part ii. 1798).

'Bonie Leslie' was Miss Leslie Baillie, daughter of Mr. Baillie of Mayfield, Ayrshire. She married, in June 1799, Mr. Robert Cumming of Logie, and died in July 1843. 'The heart-struck awe, the distant humble approach, the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of Heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home, among the coarse, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in transport—such, so delighting and so pure were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley Baillie, your neighbour at Mayfield. Mr. B., with his two daughters, accompanied with Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me; on which I took my horse—though God knows I could ill spare the time—and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine I think that I left them, and riding home I composed the following ballad, of which you will probably think you have a dear bargain, as it will cost you another groat of postage. You must know that there is an old ballad beginning with:—

My Bonie Lizzie Baillie, I'll rowe thee in my plaidie,'

so I parodied it as follows, which is literally the first copy "unanoited, unannealed," as Hamlet says' (R. B. to Mrs. Dunlop, 22nd August 1792). The ballad of *Lize Baillie*—'a new song very much in request'—is one of the Laing Broad-sides, now in the possession of the Earl of Rosebery. It is also in the Herd ms., and was partly published in Johnson's *Museum* (No. 456).

Burns sent two stanzas to Cunningham, 10th Septem-

ber 1792, prefaced in similar terms. On 8th November 1792 he enclosed the song to Thomson:—‘I have just been looking over *The Collier’s Bonie Dochter*; and if the following rhapsody, which I composed the other day on a charming Ayrshire girl, Miss Lesley Baillie of Mayfield, as she passed thro’ this place to England, will suit your taste better than *The Collier’s Lassie*, fall on and welcome.’ The ms. sent to Thomson is at Brechin Castle.

SAW-YE
BONIE
LESLEY

STANZA II. LINE 4. ‘And *ne’er made sic anither*,’ Thomson:—“‘And never made *anither*.” This is, in my opinion, more poetical than “‘*ne’er made sic anither*”’ (R. B. to Thomson). As, indeed, it is.

STANZA III. LINE I. ‘Thou, *bonie Lesley, art a queen*,’ Cunningham MS. 3. ‘Thou, *bonie Leslie, art divine*,’ Cunningham MS.

STANZA IV. LINES 1-2 in the Cunningham MS. read:—

‘The *vera Deil* he couldna scaith
Whatever wad belang thee!’

SWEET FA’S THE EVE

THOMSON (Vol. i. Part II. 1798). ‘If I can catch myself in a more than ordinary propitious moment, I shall write a new *Craigieburn* altogether. My heart is much in the theme’ (R. B. to Thomson, November 1794). ‘How will the following do for *Craigieburn Wood*?’ (R. B. to Thomson, January 15th, 1795).

The ms. is at Brechin Castle. For the first set of *Craigieburn Wood*, see p. 86; and see also Prefatory Note, *ante*, p. 363.

YOUNG JESSIE

THOMSON (Vol. i. Part II. 1798). Sent to Thomson in April 1793 under the title *Song: Tune—Bonie Dundee*:—‘I send you a song on a celebrated fashionable toast in this country to suit *Bonie Dundee*’ (R. B.).

YOUNG The lady was Miss Jessie Staig (daughter of Provost
JESSIE Staig of Dumfries), on whose recovery from a dangerous illness Burns afterwards wrote the epigram *To Dr. Maxwell* (see Vol. ii. p. 255). She married Major William Miller, son of Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, and died at twenty-six in the March of 1801.

The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

STANZA I. LINE I. 'The sad swain o' the Yarrow'—It is probable that Burns refers to the hero of the old ballad *The Dowie Dens of Yarrow*:—

'As he gaed up the Tinnies bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine armed men,
On the dowie houns of Yarrow.'

5. 'To equal young Jessie seek *Scotland* all over,' Thomson.

ADOWN WINDING NITH

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). 'Another favourite air of mine is *The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre*. When sung slow, with expression, I have wished that it had better poetry: that I have endeavoured to supply as follows. . . . Mr. Clarke begs you to give Miss Phillis a corner in your Book, as she is a particular Flame of his. She is a Miss Phillis M'Murdo, sister to the "Bonie Jean" which I sent you some time ago. They are both pupils of his' (R. B. to Thomson, August 1793).

Phillis M'Murdo married Norman Lockhart, afterwards third baronet of Carnwath. Before this Burns had sent Thomson another song on the same lady, *Phillis the Fair*, with which he did not pretend to be satisfied, and which Thomson did not accept (see Vol. iv.).

The ms. shows a deleted Stanza after II.:—

'The primrose is o'er for the season,
But mark where the violet is blown,
How modest it peeps from the covert,
So modesty sure is her own!'

A LASS WI' A TOCHER

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). 'The other day I strung up a kind of rhapsody to another Hibernian melody that I admire much' (R. B. to Thomson, February 1796). The 'Hibernian melody' was *Balinamona Ora*.

Plainly suggested (at least) by *A Lass with a Lump of Land* in *The Tea-table Miscellany*:—

'Gie me a lass with a lump of land,
And we for life shall gang thegither,
Tho' daft or wise, I'll never demand,
Or black or fair it maks na whither.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane is no worth a shilling,
But she that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.'

The ms. is at Brechin Castle. Here is a Stanza deleted before II. :—

'I grant you, your Dearie is bonie and braw,
She's gentle, and strappin, and stately witha';
But see yon strappin oaks at the head o' the shaw:
Wi' the whack of an ax how stately they'll fa' !'

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). Suggested by Fraser the oboist's interpretation of *The Quaker's Wife*:—'Mr. Fraser plays it slow, and with an expression that quite charms me. I got such an enthusiast in it that I made a song for it, which I here subjoin, and enclose Fraser's set of the tune. If they hit your fancy they are at your service; if not, return me the tune, and I will put it in Johnson's *Museum*. I think the song is not in my worst manner' (R. B. to Thomson, June 1793).

Later, in his remarks on Thomson's *List*, he inserted *Blythe Hae I Been on Yon Hill*:—'which,' he wrote, 'is one of the finest songs ever I made in my life; and is

BLYTHE composed on a young lady, positively the most beautiful
 HAE I lovely woman in the world. As I purpose giving you
 BEEN ON the name and designation of all my heroines to appear
 YON HILL in some future edition of your work, perhaps half a
 century hence, you must certainly include the boniest
 lass in the world in your collection.' For the 'boniest
 lass in the world,' see *ante*, p. 458, Prefatory Note to *Saw
 Ye Bonie Lesley*.

The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

BY ALLAN STREAM

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). 'I walked out yesterday even-
 ing with a volume of the *Museum* in my hand, when,
 turning up *Allan Water* ('What number shall my Muse
 repeat,' etc.), it appeared to me rather unworthy of so
 fine an air; and recollecting it is on your list, I sat and
 raved under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote one to
 suit the measure. I may be wrong, but I think it is not
 in my worst style' (R. B. to Thomson, August 1793).

There are mss. at Lochryan and at Brechin Castle.

STANZA I. LINE 1. 'By Allan *side* I chanced to rove,'
 Lochryan MS. 2. 'Benledi';—'A mountain to the north of
 Stirling' (R. B. in Lochryan MS.); 'A mountain in Strath-
 allan, 3009 feet' (R. B. in Thomson MS.). His geography is
 faulty: Strathallan is to the north of Stirling [the Allan flows
 by Dunblane and Bridge of Allan into the Forth], but Ben
 Ledi is about 20 miles west-north-west. 7. 'O *dearly do I
 love thee, Annie*,' alternative reading:—'You must know that
 in Ramsay's *Tea-Table*, where the modern song first appeared,
 the ancient name of the tune, Allan says, is *Allan Water*, or
My Love Annie's Very Bonie. This last has certainly been a
 line of the original song; so I took up the idea, and, as you
 will see, have introduced the line in its place, which I presume
 it formerly occupied; though I likewise give you a *choosing*
 line, if it should not hit the cut of your fancy' (R. B. to
 Thomson). It did not 'hit the cut' of Thomson's 'fancy,' but

as Burns himself preferred it, we have adopted it in our text. BY ALLAN
The original *Allan Water, or A Lover in Captivity*, is one of STREAM
the Laing Broad-sides in possession of the Earl of Rosebery.
It confirms, but partially, the conjecture of Burns, the words
he quotes occurring only in one line :—

‘Allan Water’s wide and deep,
And my dear Anny’s very bony,
Wide’s the strath that lyes above’t,
If’t were mine I’d give it all for Anny.’

STANZA III. LINE 7. ‘Like *seeing* her, our bosom’s treasure,’
alternative reading in Thomson MS.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). Sent to Thomson, 20th November 1794. ‘Well, I think this, to be done in two or three turns across my room, and with two or three pinches of Irish blackguard, is not far amiss. You see I am determined to have my quantum of applause from somebody’ (R. B.). Burns sent a copy to Maria Riddell (MS. in the possession of Dr. De Noë Walker); and she replied with a *Stay, My Willie, Now Believe Me*, about the authorship of which there has hitherto been some doubt. The MS. sent to Thomson is at Brechin Castle.

It is reminiscent of Burns’s own song sent to Johnson, *Stay My Charmer* (p. 12; see also Prefatory Note to this last, *ante*, p. 312); and the name of the heroine at least may have been suggested by a similar song, *Will Ye Go and Marry Katie*, found in *The Charmer* and other books, and sometimes credited to Burns.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). ‘That tune, *Could Kail*, is such a favourite of yours that I once roved out yester evening for a gloamin shot at the Muses; when the Muse that

COME, LET ME presides o'er the shores of Nith, or rather my old inspir-
 TAKE THEE ing dearest nymph, Coila, whispered me the following.
 TO MY I have two reasons for thinking that it was my early,
 BREAST sweet Inspirer that was by my elbow, "smooth-gliding
 without step," and pouring the song on my glowing fancy.
 In the first place, since I left Coila's native haunts, not a
 fragment of a Poet has arisen to cheer her solitary
 musings by catching inspiration from her, so I more than
 suspect she has followed me hither, or at least made me
 an occasional visit ; secondly, the last stanza of this song
 I sent you is the very words that Coila taught me many
 years ago, and which I set to an old Scots reel, in John-
 son's *Museum* (R. B. to Thomson, August 1793). The
 song referred to is *And I'll Kiss Thee Yet* (p. 34).

The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). '*Apropos* to bacchanalian songs
 in Scottish, I composed one yesterday for an air I liked
 much—*Lumps o' Pudding*. . . . If you do not relish the
 air I will send it to Johnson' (R. B. to Thomson,
 November 1794). Also :—'I have some thoughts of sug-
 gesting to you to prepare a vignette . . . to my song
Contented wi' Little and Cantie wi' Mair, in order the
 portrait of my face and the picture of my mind may go
 down the stream of Time together' (R. B. to Thomson,
 May 1795).

The stanza is that of *Lumps o' Pudding*, with which
 Burns no doubt designed his song as a whimsical
 contrast. But the sentiment seems to have been partly
 suggested by a G. A. Stevens :—

'Contented I am, and contented I'll be ;
 For what can this world more afford,
 Than a friend that will sociably tipple with me,
 And a cellar that's plentifully stored.'

The ms. sent to Thomson—ms. (B)—is at Brechin Castle, and for an opportunity to inspect an early draft—ms. (A)—on excise paper, we are indebted to Mr. A. P. Watt, London.

STANZA I. LINE 4. See Vol. i. p. 323, Note to *Scotch Drink*, Stanza ix. Line 4.

STANZA II. LINES 3-4. A deleted reading of these lines in MS. (A) is:—

*'For Wealth I am merry, how can I be poor,
And my Freedom's my birthright not kings shall injure.'*

3. 'My merry good-humour is coin in my pouch,' MS. (A). STANZA III. is omitted in MS. (A).

STANZA IV. A deleted reading of LINES 3-4 in MS. (A) is:—

*'Come ease, or come travail; come canker or joy
Approach, you are welcome, you lea'e me, good-bye.'*

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). The second set of a song which originally began:—

*'The last time I came o'er the moor
And left Maria's dwelling.'*

This set, of which the ms.—ms. (A)—is at Brechin Castle, was sent to Thomson in April 1793:—'I had scarcely put my last letter into the post-office, when I took up the subject of *The Last Time I Came O'er the Moor*, and ere I slept drew the outlines of the foregoing. How far I have succeeded I leave you to decide.'

The heroine was Maria Riddell, to whom Burns sent a copy—ms. (B)—now in the possession of Dr. De Noë Walker. To this he added this note (unpublished):—'On reading over the song, I see it is but a cold, inanimated composition. It will be absolutely necessary for me to get in love, else I shall never be able to make a line worth reading on the subject.' As first written,

FAREWELL *Farewell, Thou Stream*, was suggested by an Allan
 THOU Ramsay :—
 STREAM

‘The last time I came o’er the moor
 And left my love behind me’—

itself adapted from an older song. In January 1794 occurred the estrangement from Mrs. Riddell (see Vol. ii. p. 420, Prefatory Note to *Impromptu on Mrs. Riddell's Birthday*); and in July 1794 Burns informed Thomson that he meant to set the verses which he had sent him for *The Last Time I Came O'er the Moor to Nancy's To the Greenwood Gane*, and that he had ‘made an alteration in the beginning’—both which circumstances Thomson seems to have ignored. In November Burns sent another copy—MS. (C)—(now at Brechin Castle):—‘Now for my English song to *Nancy's to the Greenwood Gone*’; and Thomson answered that he thought the song an excellent one, but ‘too serious to come after *Nancy*’; so he set it to a melody called *The Silver Snood*. Burns borrowed the first lines of his new version from Smollett's *Adieu, Thou Stream That Smoothly Flows*.

STANZA I. in MS. (A) reads :—

‘*The last time I came o'er the moor
 And left Maria's dwelling,
 What throes, what tortures passing cur'd
 Were in my bosom swelling?
 Condemned to see my rivals reign,
 While I in secret languish :
 To feel a fire in every vein,
 Yet dare not speak my anguish.*’

MS. (B) corresponds, except Line 5 (which agrees with MS. [C] and our text) and Line 6 (which has ‘And still’).

STANZA II. in MS. (A) reads :—

‘*Love's veriest wretch despairing I
 Fain, fain my crime would cover ;
 The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
 Betray the guilty lover.*

I know *my doom must be* despair :
Thou wilt, nor canst relieve me,
 But O *Maria*, hear *my* prayer :—
 For pity's sake, forgive me !'

FAREWELL
 THOU
 STREAM

Ms. (B) agrees with Ms. (C) and our text, except that Line 1 reads :—'*The wretch of love* unseen, unknown'; and that 2 has '*crime*' as in Ms. (A) for '*griefs*.'

STANZA III. LINE 7. '*In* circling horrors,' erroneous reading.
 8. '*To* overwhelming ruin,' Ms. (A).

HAD I A CAVE

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

'That crinkum-crankum tune, *Robin Adair*, has run so in my head, and I succeeded so ill in my last attempt [*Phyllis the Fair*, see Vol. iv.], that I ventured in my morning's walk one essay more. You, my dear Sir, will remember an unfortunate part of our worthy friend Cunningham's story, which happened about three years ago. That struck my fancy, and I endeavoured to do the idea poetic justice, as follows' (R. B. to Thomson, August 1793).

See further, Prefatory Notes to *Anna* (Vol. i. p. 447); *To Alexander Cunningham* (Vol. ii. p. 371); and *She's Fair and Fause* (*ante*, p. 399).

HERE'S A HEALTH

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). 'I once mentioned to you an air which I have long admired, *Here's Health to Them That's Awa, Hinney*; but I forget if you took notice of it. I have just been trying to suit it with verses; and I beg leave to recommend the air to your attention once more' (R. B. to Thomson, May 1796). About a fortnight before his death he sent a copy to Alexander Cunningham :—'Did Thomson show you the following song, the last I made,

HERE'S A or probably will make for some time?' After his death
 HEALTH an additional stanza—not in the ms. sent to Thomson
 (Brechin Castle), nor in the ms. sent to Cunningham
 (Watson Collection)—was found among his papers. But
 as there is no evidence that he passed it, we have not
 included it in the text:—

'I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e—
 But why urge the tender confession
 'Gainst Fortune's fell cruel decree,' *etc.*

The heroine, Jessie Lewars, sister of John Lewars, a fellow-exciseman, was of great service to the Burns household during the last illness. She is also commemorated in certain complimentary verses (Vol. ii. pp. 141, 260), and in that very beautiful song, *O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast* (Vol. iv.). On 3rd June 1799 she married Mr. James Thomson, Writer in Dumfries, and she died 26th May 1855.

STANZA II. LINE 3. 'But welcome the *hours* o' sweet slumber,' Watson MS.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). Sent to Thomson, 9th May 1799, as 'a song altered from an old English one': which 'old English one' is found in *The Hive* (London, 1733), in *The Thrush* (London, 1749), and in *Apollo's Cabinet* (London, 1756). Here it is:—

'How cruel is that parent's care,
 Who riches only prizes,
 When finding out some booby heir,
 He thinks he wondrous wise is.
 While the poor maid, to shun her fate,
 And not to prove a wretch in state,
 To 'scape the blockhead she must hate,
 She weds where she despises,

'The harmless dove thus trembling flies,
 The ravenous hawk pursuing:
 A while her tender pinions tries,
 Till doom'd to certain ruin.
 Afraid her worst of foes to meet,
 No shelter near, no kind retreat,
 She drops beneath the faulkner's feet,
 For gentle usage suing.'

HOW CRUEL
 ARE THE
 PARENTS

The MS. is at Brechin Castle.

STANZA I. LINE 7. 'To shun a *cruel* Father's hate,' alternative reading in the MS.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). Sent to Thomson in December 1793:—'Tell me if you like the following verses to *My Jo Janet*.'

The MS. is at Brechin Castle, and what appears to be an early draft is among the Pickering mss. in the British Museum, copied by W. W. C.

STANZAS I. and II. Instead of these two the draft MS. has this one:—

"If the word is still obey.
 Always love and fear you,
 I will take myself away
 And never more come near you."
 "Sad will I be so bereft,
 Nancy, Nancy,
 Still I'll try to make a shift,
 My spouse Nancy."

STANZA IV. LINE I. 'Well *even* from the silent dead,' draft MS.

IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). Meant as English words to *Dainty Davie*, and abridged from a song in *The Tea-Table Miscellany*. 'You may think meanly of this, but take

IT WAS a look at the bombast original and you will be surprised
 THE that I have made so much of it' (R. B. to Thomson,
 CHARMING November 1794).

MONTH All the same, Burns rather selected from than renewed
 and re-inspired the 'bombast original.' Practically nothing
 is his but the repeats and the chorus; and even these
 have their germs in the *Miscellany*. The rest of his set
 is 'lifted' almost word for word, and simply edited and
 rearranged.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). Sent to Thomson 3rd July 1795.
 The ms.—ms. (A)—sent to Thomson is at Brechin Castle.
 Another—ms. (B)—sent to Provost Staig, Dumfries, is in
 the Kilmarnock Monument Museum. The song also
 appeared in one of the tracts 'printed by Chapman and
 Lang for Stewart and Meikle.' A corrupt set was
 published in Johnson's *Museum* (Vol. vi. 1803).

As regards the Johnson set Stenhouse is both fanciful
 and false. Thus :—(1) Johnson did not publish it as
 'originally for his work,' but simply as 'by Burns,' and
 signed it 'an old lover.' (2) There is no evidence that it
 was written for Vol. ii. in 1787. (3) That Johnson's re-
 ligious scruples originally prevented his inserting it is a
 self-evident absurdity. (4) There is no need to assert—
 nor even to surmise—that Johnson printed it from a ms.,
 for—under the title, *Gud Forgie Me for Liein*—the same
 set had already appeared as one of 'Seven Excellent Songs,
 entered according to order, 1799,' and, in fact, this special
 chap-book set, frequently reprinted, was not copied from,
 but utilised by, Johnson.

STANZA I. LINE 1. 'Last May a braw wooper *came* down
frae the glen,' Stewart. The chap-book and Johnson set
 agrees with our text, except for the substitution of '*As day*' for
 'Last May.' 4. '*But how could the gowk e'er believe me,*'

Stewart; 'The deuce *take the lad,*' etc., chap-book, but John- LAST MAY son accepted the reading in Thomson.

STANZAS II. and III. are transposed in the chap-book and A BRAW WOOER Johnson.

STANZA II. LINE 4. 'But the Lord forgie me for *lying,*' Stewart; 'lying,' MS. (B). 'The Gude forgie me,' etc., chap-book and Johnson.

STANZA III. LINE 2. 'And *bridal off-hand* were his proffers,' MS. (B), and also chap-book and Johnson, but with '*was the proffer*' for 'were his proffers'; 'Marriage *affhan* was his *proffer,*' Stewart. 4. 'But I thought I might *get a waur offer,*' Stewart, chap-book, and Johnson.

STANZA IV. LINE 1. 'But what *do you* [or 'ye'] think?' Stewart, chap-book, and Johnson. 2. '*He has a poor taste,*' chap-book and Johnson. 3. 'He up the *lang loan,*' MS. (B) and Thomson; '*lang lane,*' Stewart; '*He's down to the castle,*' chap-book and Johnson:—"Gate-Slack," the word you object to in my last ballad, is positively the name of a particular place, a kind of passage up among the Lowther hills, on the confines of this county [Dumfries]. . . . However, let the line run, "He up the lang loan" (R. B. to Thomson).

STANZA V. LINE 1. 'But a' the niest week as I *fretted* wi' care,' Currie and Stewart, but both MSS. have 'petted.' 2. 'Dalgarnock':—"Also the name of a romantic spot near the Nith, where are still a ruined church and a burial place" (R. B. to Thomson). 3. 'An' wha but my fine fickle *wooner* was there,' Stewart; '*braw fickle wooer,*' chap-book and Johnson.

STANZA VI. LINE 3. 'My *lover* he caper'd as he'd been in drink,' Stewart. 4. 'An' *swore* that I was his dear *lassy,*' Stewart.

STANZA VII. 2. 'And if she'd recovered,' etc., chap-book and Johnson. 3. 'And how my *auld shoon fitted her shack't* feet,' a very doubtful reading, taken from Johnson, who got it from the chap. Scott Douglas is at the pains to explain that the line 'has been changed since Burns's day to give it additional point,' and to make 'it correspond with a common proverbial expression: when a lover deserts one mistress for another the latter is twitted with wearing the *old shoes* of her predecessor.'

LAST MAY But the proverb was as well known to Burns as to Scott
 A BRAW Douglas and other impertinents: he clearly had it in his mind
 WOOPER when, writing with art and discretion, he so contrived the line
 as to make his heroine at once flatter her sweetheart and reflect
 on her cousin. Moreover, to substitute 'auld' is to rob the
 lady's inquiry of a great part of its point, for there is no
 contrast between 'auld' and 'shachl't.' 4. 'But *Lord!* how
 he fell a-swearin,' Stewart; '*Gude saf' us,*' chap-book and
 Johnson.

STANZA VIII. LINE 3. 'So *just* to preserve the poor body
 in life,' Stewart; '*And just,*' chap-book and Johnson. 4. 'I
believe I maun wed him to-morrow,' Stewart.

MY NANIE'S AWA

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). Sent to Thomson, 9th December 1794. The ms. is at Brechin Castle, and another was before the Aldine editor.

'There is one passage in your charming letter. Thomson nor Shenstone never exceeded it, nor often came up to it. I shall certainly steal it, and set it in some future poetic production and get immortal fame by it. 'Tis where you bid the scenes of Nature remind me of Clarinda' (Sylvander to Clarinda, 7th February 1788). It may be, as some suppose, that this smooth and pleasant ditty represents the theft.

STANZA I. LINE I. '*Gay nature arrays,*' Aldine MS. 3. 'While birds warble *welcome,*' erroneous reading; '*And*' for 'While,' Aldine MS.

STANZA II. LINE I. 'The *primrose and daisy our glens* may adorn,' Aldine MS. 3. 'They *torture my bosom,*' Aldine MS.

STANZA III. LINE I. 'Thou lav'rock that *starts* frae the dews of the lawn,' alternative reading in the Thomson MS.

STANZA IV. LINE I. 'In yellow *array,*' Aldine MS.

NOW ROSY MAY

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

A *rifaccimento* of *The Gard'ner wi' his Paille* (p. 48), adapted to the tune of *Dainty Davie*. The original *Dainty Davie*, on which the chorus is modelled, is preserved in the Herd ms. and *The Merry Muses*. See also Vol. ii. p. 311, Note to *The Jolly Beggars*, Recitativo VII. Stanza II. Lines 8-9. 'The words "Dainty Davie" glide so sweetly in the air, that to a Scots ear, any song to it, without Davie being the hero, would have a lame effect' (R. B. to Thomson, August 1793).

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). Sent to Thomson in August 1795. The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

Stanzas II.-IV. were enclosed in a letter to Mrs. Riddell, 20th January 1796, and a facsimile of them has been published. Another copy, sent to Cunningham, was before the Aldine editor.

STANZA II. LINE 2. '*That glides* a silver dart,' Brechin Castle MS.

O, THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). Set to the tune, *This is No My Ain House*.

According to Burns (Interleaved Copy of Johnson's *Museum*), the original of Ramsay's set of *My Ain House* begins:—

'O, this is no my ain house,
My ain house, my ain house!
This is no my ain house—
I ken by the biggin o't.

O, THIS IS
NO MY AIN
LASSIE

There's bread and cheese are my door cheeks,
My door cheeks, my door cheeks;
There's bread and cheese are my door cheeks,
And pan-cakes the riggin o't.'

The second stanza of this same set may have suggested his *Reel o' Stumpie* (see *ante*, p. 422).

'*This is No My Ain House* puzzles me a good deal; in fact I think to change the old rhythm of the first, or chorus part of the tune, will have a good effect. I would have it something like the gallop of the following' (R. B. to Thomson, June 1795). In the first draft of the Chorus he wrote 'Body' for 'Lassie'; but in August he directed Thomson to substitute 'Lassie.'

The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

O, WAT YE WHA THAT LO'ES ME

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799).

There is no evidence as to when this song was sent to Thomson; but he printed it as 'written for this work by Burns.' A copy sent to Cleghorn in January 1796—now in the Laing Collection in the University of Edinburgh—agrees with Thomson's text.

CHORUS. LINE 3. 'O *she's* the queen o' womankind,' erroneous reading.

STANZA I. LINE 1. 'O *wha is she* that lo'es me,' Currie—evidently his own.

SCOTS, WHA HAE

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799).

First published in *The Morning Chronicle*, May 1794. Replying to Perry's offer of an engagement on that print (see *Bibliographical*, Vol. ii. p. 282), Burns wrote:—'In the meantime they are most welcome to my ode; only let them insert it as a thing they have met with by accident and unknown to me.' Accordingly, the ode

SCOTS WHA HAE

By permission of Mrs. F. Locker-Lampson, Cromer

Reduced from 13½ in. × 7 in.

was thus ingenuously prefaced :—‘ If the following warm and animating ode was not written near the times to which it applies, it is one of the most faithful imitations of the simple and beautiful style of the Scottish bards we ever read, and we know but of one living Poet to whom to ascribe it ’ : a piece of criticism which, if you reflect that in grammar, style, cast, sentiment, diction, and turn of phrase, the ode, though here and there its spelling deviates into Scots, is pure Eighteenth Century English, says little for the soundness of Perry’s judgment, however it may approve the kindness of his heart. The ode appeared, too, in Vol. iv. of Brash and Reid’s *Poetry Original and Select* (1798), and in No. 2 of the *Gray Tracts* (1799).

Varying accounts are given of the time and circumstances of its origin. John Syme connects it with a tour with Burns in Galloway in July 1793 :—‘ I told you that in the midst of the storm on the wilds of Kenmure, Burns was rapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride from St. Mary’s Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day he produced me the following address of Bruce to his troops, and gave me a copy for Dalzell.’ Burns tells a different tale. After some remarks to Thomson (August or September 1793) on the old air *Hey Tutti Taiti*, and on the tradition that ‘ it was Robert Bruce’s march at the battle of Bannockburn,’ he introduces *Scots Wha Hae* :—‘ This thought, in my yesternight’s evening walk, roused me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scots ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot’s address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning.’ The two statements are irreconcilable ; and we must conclude either that Syme misdated the tour, and that the ‘ yesternight ’ of Burns was the night of his return to Dumfries, or that

SCOTS

WHA HAE

SCOTS Burns did not give Syme a copy until some time after
 WHA HAE his return, and that, like some other circumstances he
 was pleased to father, his 'yester-night's evening walk
 need not be literally interpreted.

Thomson reprobated the 'idea of giving it a tune so totally devoid of interest or grandeur' as *Hey Tutti Taiti*, and suggested certain additions in the fourth line of each stanza to fit it to that of *Lewie Gordon*. To accept these expletives was to ruin the effect; but, as in the case of *Ye Flowery Banks o' Bonnie Doon*, accepted they were. Some other suggestions Burns declined:—'I have scrutinized it over and over; and to the world, some way or other, it shall go as it is.' At the same time, he seems to have been scarce reconciled to the change to *Lewie Gordon*, for says he:—'It will not in the least hurt me, tho' you leave the song out altogether, and adhere to your first idea of adopting Logan's verses.' But, having agreed to it, he adopted the changes in all such copies as he sent out in ms., not even excepting that given to Mrs. Gilbert Burns (now in the possession of Mrs. J. G. Burns, Knockmaroon, Dublin); so that if transcripts from the earlier set—to the tune *Hey Tutti Taiti*—were sent to Syme and Dalzell, they have not turned up. After the publication of the *Thomson Correspondence*, general opinion pronounced in favour of *Hey Tutti Taiti*; and Thomson, in Vol. iii. (1802), published the ode as written, and set it to the air for which it was made, and to which (as sung by Braham and others) it owes no little of its fortune. This set—of which the ms. is at Brechin Castle—we have adopted as our text.

In sending a copy (now in Harvard University Library, U.S.A.) to Lord Buchan, Burns was moved to descant on the battle itself:—'Independently of my enthusiasm as a Scotsman, I have rarely met with anything in history which interests my feelings as a man equal with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand a cruel, but able usurper, leading on the finest army in Europe, to extin-

guish the last spark of freedom among a greatly-daring and greatly-injured people; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant nation, devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country or perish with her. Liberty! thou art a prize truly and indeed invaluable, for never canst thou be too dearly bought.' Some have concluded herefrom that the writer had mixed his usurpers, and thought that the Edward beaten at Bannockburn was the *Malleus Scotorum*, the victor of Falkirk and the hangman of Sir William Wallace. But if he did, he was afterwards better informed; for to a copy (now in the Corporation Council Chamber, Edinburgh) presented to Dr. Hughes of Hereford (8th August 1795) he appended the following note:—'This battle was the decisive blow which first put Robert the First, commonly called Robert de Bruce, in quiet possession of the Scottish throne. It was fought against Edward the Second, son to that Edward who shed so much blood in Scotland in consequence of the dispute between Bruce and Baliol.' It is also to the purpose to note that, on the poet's own showing (letter to Thomson), this very famous lyric was inspired, not only by the thought of Bannockburn but also, 'by the glowing ideas of some other struggles of the same nature *not quite so ancient*': that, in other words, it is partly an effect of the French Revolution.

The stanza, binding-rhyme and all, is that of *Helen of Kirkconnel*, a ballad which Burns thought 'silly to contemptibility':—

'I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
O, that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirkconnel Lea!'

Another classic in much the same rhythmus is *The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn*, by the Rev. John Skinner. The song, however, was written to *Tutti Taiti*; and here is the chorus of a Jacobite lyric (ms. copy included in a *Collection of Miscellaneous Poems* in the Advocates' Library, Edin-

SCOTS
WHA HAE

SCOTS burgh, made some time before 1705) to the same tune:—
 WHA HAE

'Fill, fill a bumper high!
 Drain, drain your barrels dry!
 Out upon him, fie, fie
 That will not do't again.'

See also *Landlady, Count the Lawin* (p. 25), and *Carl, an the King Come* (p. 57).

There are no variations of any importance in the copies of the second set. These are the last lines:—Stanza I. 'Or to glorious victorie'; Stanza II. 'Edward, chains and slaverie'; Stanza III. 'Traitor! Coward, turn and flee!'; Stanza IV. 'Caledonian [Burns in his first copy wrote 'soger hero'], on wi' me'; Stanza V. 'But they shall, they shall be free'; and Stanza VI. 'Forward! let us do or die!'

STANZA II. LINES 2-4 in the early draft (in the possession of Mrs. Lampson-Locker) read:—

'See approach proud Edward's power,
 Sharply maun we bide the stour,
 Either they or we.'

STANZA V. reads thus in the early draft:—

'Do you hear your children cry:—
 "Were we born in chains to lie?"
 No! Come Death or Liberty!
 Yes, they shall be free.'

LINE I. 'By oppression's wrongs and pains!' some MSS.

STANZA VI. 'I have borrowed the last Stanza from the common stall edition of *Wallace*:—

"A false usurper sinks in every foe,
 And liberty returns with every blow":—

a couplet worthy of Homer' (R. B. to Thomson).

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). 'The Irish air, *Humours of Glen*, is a great favourite of mine, and as, except the silly verses in *The Poor Soldier*, there are not any decent words

for it, I have written for it as follows' (R. B. to Thomson, April 1795). THEIR
GROVES O'

The ms. is at Brechin Castle. The song was published in *The Edinburgh Magazine* for May 1797, and in *The Scots Magazine* for June 1797. It is included also in Brash and Reid's *Poetry Original and Select* (Vol. iii. 1798). But there are no variations to record. SWEET
MYRTLE

THINE AM I

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). Sent to Thomson about October 1793. The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

Intended as English words to *The Quaker's Wife*. It is possible that the verses had done duty with Clarinda:—'I have altered the first stanza, which I would have to stand thus:—

"Thine am I, my faithful Fair,
Well thou may'st discover!
Every pulse along my veins
Tells the ardent Lover"

(R. B. to Thomson, 19th October 1794). But on 2nd August 1795, being long, long off with Clarinda and very much on with Jean Lorimer, he wants his first line changed to 'Thine am I, my Chloris fair':—'If you neglect the alteration, I call on all the Nine conjunctly and severally to anathematise you.' A parallel case is that of Mr. Arthur Pendennis, thriftily turning his Fotheringay rhymes to account with Miss Amory.

In a ms. now at Liverpool Free Library '*lovely Kate*' is an alternative reading in Line 1 for 'faithful fair'; and in 2 the choice is between '*Well thou may'st discern*' and our text; and in 4 between '*Tells the ardent Lover*' and our text. As Burns's changes were rather due to whim than to inspiration, we have ventured to retain his original readings.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

Suggested to Thomson (September 1793) as words for *Fee Him Father* :—‘I enclose you Fraser’s set of this tune when he plays it slow : in fact, he makes it the language of despair ! I shall here give you two stanzas in that style, merely to try if it will be any improvement. Were it possible, in singing, to give it half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirably pathetic song. I do not give these verses for any merit they have. I composed them at the time in which “*Patie Allan’s mither de’ed*”—that was, “about the back o’ midnight”—and by the leese of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company except the *Hautbois* and the Muse.’

Thomson accepted the song as ‘an additional one’; but, setting it to *My Boy Tammie*, felt bound to change the hero’s name to ‘*Tam*,’ and did so without a blush. It is slightly reminiscent of an older lyric, *Thou Art Gane Awa Frae Me, Mary*.

HIGHLAND MARY

THOMSON (Vol. ii. 1799). The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

Sent to Thomson, 14th November 1792 :—‘The foregoing song pleases myself ; I think it is in my happiest manner ; you will see at first glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days ; and I own that I would be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would ensure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, ’tis the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition.’ For Mary Campbell see *ante*, p. 308, Prefatory Note to *My Highland Lassie*.

MY CHLORIS, MARK

THOMSON (Vol. iii. 1801) and Currie (1800). The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

'On my visit the other day to my fair Chloris (that is the poetic name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration) she suggested an idea which on my return from the visit I wrought into the following song' (R. B. to Thomson in November 1794). For Chloris see *post*, p. 482, Prefatory Note to *Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks*.

STANZA I. LINE I. '*Behold my love, how green the groves,*' Thomson. In February 1796 Burns wrote:—'In my by-past songs I dislike one thing—the name of Chloris'; but there is no evidence that he either suggested or permitted the change. 4. 'And wave thy *flowing* hair,' Thomson:—'What you once mentioned of 'flaxen locks' is just; they cannot enter into an elegant description of beauty' (R. B. to Thomson, February 1796). But the pertinency of Thomson's criticism dawned on him only when Chloris had gone the way of Clarinda and Maria Riddell.

STANZA III. LINE I. 'Let minstrels,' *etc.*:—Burns gave Thomson the choice of '*touch*' and '*rouse*' as well as '*sweep*.'

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS

THOMSON (Vol. iii. 1801) and Currie (1800). Burns's last song. 'I tried my hand on *Rothiemurchie* this morning. The measure is so difficult that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines; they are on the other side' (R. B. to Thomson, 12th July 1796).

As in 1787 he had complimented Charlotte Hamilton in *The Banks of the Devon*, it may be that she is the 'fairest maid' of the present song, although some refer it to a break in his friendship with Peggy Chalmers, or to her refusal to marry him (see *ante*, p. 437, Prefatory Note to *My Peggy's Face*). But although the Devon is real enough, the 'maid' in this case may have been pure fiction.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS

THOMSON (Vol. iii. 1801) and Currie (1800). 'I have finished my song to *Rothiemurchie's Rant*. . . . The piece has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral; the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are regularly rounded' (R. B. to Thomson, November 1794).

The Chloris, who did duty as Burns's Muse for some time after his break with Maria Riddell, was the daughter of William Lorimer, farmer and publican, Kemmishall, near Dumfries. She was born in September 1775, at Craigieburn Wood, which her poet has associated with a Mr. Gillespie, a brother gauger (see p. 364) and his passion for her: Gillespie's disappointment, when she eloped to Gretna Green with a prodigal young Englishman, one Whepdale, tenant of a farm near Moffat, being shadowed forth in *O Poortith Cauld* (p. 221). The lady was still a bride, when her husband fled his creditors across the border; and, her illusion being no more, she returned to her parents and resumed her maiden name. Her misfortunes so touched the Bard that he became exceedingly enamoured of her. He re-wrote *Whistle and I'll Come to You My Lad* in her honour; on her behalf appropriated part of an earlier song, *And I'll Kiss Thee Yet* (p. 34), to complete *Come, Let Me Take Thee to My Breast* (p. 233); celebrated her illness in a new set of *Ay Wauken*, *O* (p. 260); and exalted her in such 'reveries of passion' as the present song, as *My Chloris, Mark* (p. 256), as *Mark Yonder Pomp* (p. 273), as *Forlorn My Love* (p. 266), and as *O, Bonie Was Yon Rosy Brier* (p. 263), to name but these. He thus described to Thomson her relation to his work:—
'The lady on whom it [*Craigieburn Wood*] was made is one of the finest women in Scotland; and, in fact (*entre nous*) is, in a manner to me, what Sterne's Eliza was to him—a Mistress, or Friend, or what you will, in the guileless simplicity of Platonic love. (Now don't put any of

your squinting constructions on this, or have any clish-
 maclavers about it among our acquaintances.) I assure
 you that to my lovely Friend you are indebted for many
 of your best songs of mine. Do you think that the sober
 gin-horse routine of existence could inspire a man with life,
 and love, and joy—could fire him with enthusiasm or melt
 him with pathos equal to the genius of your Book? No,
 No! Whenever I want to be more than ordinary in song
 —to be in some degree equal to your diviner airs—do you
 imagine I fast and pray for the celestial emanation? *Tout*
au contraire! I have a glorious recipe; the very one
 that for his own use was invented to the Divinity of
 Healing and Poesy, when erst he piped to the flocks of
 Admetus. I put myself in the regimen of admiring a
 fine woman; and in proportion to the adorability of her
 charms, in proportion you are delighted with my verses.
 Towards the close of 1795 he (for whatever reason) grew
 disenchanted with the ‘adorability’ of this particular
 ‘fine woman,’ and would rather, as we have seen, that
 neither her name nor her ‘charms’ were associated with
 his fame. The poor lady’s later years were unfortunate.
 Her father lost his money, and, compelled to support her-
 self, she went into service, dying as late as September
 1831.

There are two mss. at Brechin Castle, one containing
 Stanza II., which was omitted by both Currie and Thom-
 son, and for a second copy whereof we are indebted to
 Mr. C. C. Maxwell, Dundee. (It is included as well in
 a ms. copy in the Kilmarnock Monument Museum.)

STANZA III. LINE 2. ‘Has *cheared* each drooping little
 flower,’ Kilmarnock ms.

STANZA V., according to Currie, runs thus in some MSS.:—

‘And *should* the howling wintry blast
Disturb my lassie’s midnight rest,
I’ll fauld thee to my faithfu’ breast,
 And comfort thee, my dearie, O.’

LINE 3. ‘*Enfauld*ed to my faithfu’ breast,’ Kilmarnock ms.

LONG, LONG THE NIGHT

THOMSON (Vol. iii. 1801) and Currie (1800).

Sent to Thomson in May 1795. A rather tawdry set of *Ay Wauken O* (p. 45). See *ante*, p. 482, Prefatory Note to *Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks*.

LOGAN WATER

THOMSON (Vol. iii. 1801) and Currie (1800). 'Have you ever, my dear Sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading, or seeing how these mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay Nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollected the air of *Logan Water*, and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some Public Destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequences of a country's ruin. If I have done anything like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three-quarters of an hour's lucubrations in my elbow-chair, ought to have some merit' (R. B. to Thomson, 25th June 1793).

'I remember two ending lines of a verse in some of the old songs of *Logan Water* (for I know a good many different ones) which I think pretty :—

“Now my dear lad maun face his faes
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes.”

(R. B. to Thomson, 3rd April 1793). It may be that these lines occur in an old song; but in any case they were used as a refrain in the *Logan Water* of John Mayne (author of *The Siller Gun*, and joint editor with Peter

Stuart of *The London Star*), which was popular at Vauxhall some years before Burns wrote. Burns's set was intended as the Scots alternative to James Thomson's *For Ever, Fortune, Wilt Thou Prove*, which was set to *Logan Water* in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius* (1725). Chappell (*Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 475) supposes the original to have been a dialogue duet in an English play, afterwards lengthened into a broadside, of which a blackletter copy, printed by 'J. Conyers at the Black Raven in Holborn,' is in the Roxburghe Collection (ii. 41): a whiteletter by the same publisher, with the music, being in the Pepys Collection (v. 269). It is entitled '*The Bonny Scottish Lad and the Yielding Lass*, to an excellent new tune much in request, called *The Liggan Waters*.' Consistently to maintain the impossibility of a Scots original, Chappell evolved an amusing theory:—'In adopting an imitation Scottish dialect, the ballad-writer seems to have imagined that Logan Water is somewhere in the north of our island instead of being, where it really is, in Ireland, about north-west of Drogheda.' But (1) how came the English writer to think of Logan Water at all, unless it had been associated with some older tune? (2) 'Water' is a distinctively Scottish equivalent for 'river' or 'stream.' And (3) there are several Logan Waters in Scotland—one a tributary of the North Esk in Midlothian, and another in Lanarkshire. The English broadside begins thus:—

Lad. 'Bonny Lass, I love thee well'
Lass. 'Bonny Lad, I love thee better.'
Lad. 'Wilt thou pull off thy hose and shoon
 And wend with me to Liggan Water?'
Lass. 'Liggan Water is so deep,
 And I am loath to wet my feet,
 But if you 'll promise to marry me
 I'll put off my shoon and follow thee.'

It is clear that this ballad is closely related to an old Scots thing in Herd (1776):—

LOGAN
WATER

'Logan-Water and Logan-Braes,
I helped a bonnie lassie on wi' her claiiths,
On wi' her stockings, and on wi' her shoon ;
And she gae me the glaiks when a' was done,' *etc.* :—

and included with verbal differences in *The Merry Muses*. And it is very much less likely that the Scots balladist got his inspiration from the very silly blackletter than that the blackletter is a faint derivative from this or from some earlier Scots original. A ballad, *Logan Water, or A Lass in Captivity*, is included in a certain collection (1660-1720), which we have failed to trace.

There are mss. at Lochryan—ms. (A)—and at Dalhousie—ms. (B).

STANZA I. LINE 2. 'The day I was my Willie's bride,'
ms. (A).

STANZA III. LINE 3. 'Her faithfu' mate to share her toil,'
ms. (A).

STANZA IV. LINE 1. 'O wae be to you, Men o' State,'
erroneous reading. 5-6 were objected to by Thomson. Burns replied :—'The faulty line in *Logan Water* I mend thus :—

' "How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry."'

Having no fear of Thomson, we have preferred the original reading.

YON ROSY BRIER

THOMSON (Vol. iii. 1801) and Currie (1800). Sent to Thomson in August 1795. The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

WHERE ARE THE JOYS

THOMSON (Vol. iii. 1801) and Currie (1800). '*Saw Ye My Father?*' is one of my greatest favourites. The evening before last I wandered out, and began a tender song in

what I think is its native style. . . . My song is but just begun ; and I should like, before I proceed, to know your opinion of it' (R. B. to Thomson in his comments on the latter's list of an hundred songs, September 1793). The completed song he sent to Thomson shortly afterwards, with the advice to set the air to the old words, and let his 'follow as English verses.'

WHERE
ARE THE
JOYS

Both mss. are at Brechin Castle. The later has an additional stanza, and is in English. Except for this the two agree.

BEHOLD THE HOUR

THOMSON (Vol. iv. 1805) and Currie (1800). Sent to Thomson in December 1793 :—'The following song I have composed for *Oran Gaoil*, the Highland air that you tell me in your last you have resolved to give a place in your book. I have this moment finished the song, so you have it glowing from the mint. If it suit you, well ! if not 'tis also well !' (R. B. to Thomson, September 1793).

It is from a song sent to Clarinda in 1791 ; but this itself was little more than a transcript of a certain *Farewell to Nicè*, to be found in *The Charmer* and other books (see Vol. iv.).

FORLORN MY LOVE

THOMSON (Vol. iv. 1805) and Currie (1800). 'How do you like the foregoing? I have written it within this hour ; so much for the *speed* of my Pegasus, but what say you to his *bottom*?' (Burns to Thomson, May 1795). Thomson appears to have objected to the grammar of Lines 1-2 of Stanza III., and on 2nd August Burns, admitting that his objection was 'just,' sent, hoping it would 'please' him, this :—

'Cold, alter'd *friends*, with cruel art,
Poisoning fell *Misfortune's* dart.'

Both mss. are at Brechin Castle. A ms. in the possession of Mr. A. P. Watt, London, retains the old reading.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES

SECOND SET

THOMSON (Vol. iv. 1805) and Currie (1800). Sent to Thomson in September 1794. See *ante*, p. 350, Prefatory Note to *Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes* (First Set). The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

STANZA I. LINE 3. 'Then a-faulding let us gang':—*i.e.* to gather the sheep into the fold. Cf. the song, *My Peggy is a Young Thing*, in Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*:—

'My Peggy is a young thing
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her
At the wauking of the fauld.'

HOW CAN MY POOR HEART

THOMSON (Vol. iv. 1805) and Currie (1800). The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

'The last evening as I was straying out, and thinking of *O'er the Hills and Far Away*, I spun the following stanzas for it; but whether my spinning will deserve to be laid up in store, like the precious thread of the silkworm, or brushed to the devil, like the vile manufacture of the spider, I leave, my dear sir, to your usual candid criticism. I was pleased with several lines in it at first, but I own that it appears rather a flimsy business. . . . I give you leave to abuse this song, but do it in the spirit of Christian meekness' (R. B. to Thomson, 30th August 1794). Thomson took him at his word, whereupon he replied:—'I shall withdraw my *O'er the Seas and Far Away* altogether; it is unequal, and unworthy of the work. Making a poem is like begetting a son; you cannot know whether you have a wise man or a fool, until you produce him to the world and try him.'

IS THERE FOR HONEST POVERTY

THOMSON (Vol. iv. 1805) and Currie (1800). 'A great critic (Aikin) on songs says that Love and Wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song. . . . I do not give you the foregoing song for your book, but merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*; for the piece is not really poetry' (R. B. to Thomson, January 1795).

In all likelihood the oldest set of *For A' That* is one in *The Merry Muses* (see Vol. ii. p. 304, Prefatory Note to *The Jolly Beggars*). Apparently suggested by the Highlander's imperfect Scots (the hero is specifically some bare-breeched Donald), the phrase was found effective for a certain class of ditty—the ditty which (as Burns says of this one) 'is not really poetry.' A Jacobite derivative, which he knew likewise, is included in a *Collection of Loyal Songs*, 1750. It begins thus:—

'Tho' ——— reigns in ——— stead
I'm grieved, yet scorn to shaw that:
I'll ne'er look down nor hang my head
On rebel Whig for a' that':—

and has this chorus:—

'For a' that and a' that,
And twice as muckle's a' that,
He's far beyond the seas the night,
Yet he'll be here for a' that.'

A slightly different set is included in the *True Loyalist* (1779); a corrupted one in Hogg's *Relics*.

Like *Scots Wha Hae*—('the Scottish *Marseillaise*': whatever that may mean)—this famous song—('the *Marseillaise* of humanity': whatever *that* may mean)—which, according to Chambers, 'may be said to embody all the false philosophy of Burns's time and of his own mind,' is very plainly an effect of the writer's sympathies with the spirit and the fact of the French Revolution, and of

IS THERE that estrangement from wealthier loyalist friends, with
 FOR which his expression of these sympathies and his friend-
 HONEST ship with such 'sons of sedition' as Maxwell (see Vol. ii.
 POVERTY p. 440, Prefatory Note to *Ye True Loyal Natives*, and
 Vol. ii. p. 443, Prefatory Note to *To Dr. Maxwell*) had
 been visited. It appeared in *The Glasgow Magazine* for
 August 1795; in *The Oracle* for June 2nd, 1796; in a
 chap-book, Paisley 1796; in the *Scots Magazine* for
 August 1797; and in the tracts of Brash and Reid (Vol.
 ii. of the Collected Series, 1797), and of Stewart and
 Meikle.

The ms. sent to Thomson is at Brechin Castle. A copy
 inscribed in a 1794 Edition was first made known by
 Mr. J. R. Tutin in his Edition in the series of Newbery
 Classics; it agrees with that published in *The Oracle*.

STANZA I. is wanting in the sets in *The Glasgow Magazine*,
Oracle, and *Scots Magazine*, and the Tutin ms.

LINES 1-2 in Brash and Reid read thus:—

'Wha wad for honest poverty
 Hing down his head an' a' that.'

4. 'And dare be poor for a' that,' Brash and Reid, and
 Stewart. 5-8. In some copies of Brash and Reid there is an
 absurd version of this half stanza, apparently the invention of
 the ingenious Reid:—

'For a' that and a' that,
 Their purse-proud looks and a' that,' etc.

LINE 7. 'The rank is but the guinea stamp,' Stewart. It
 has been pointed out that the thought in this verse and the next
 is conveyed from a sentence in Wycherly's *Plain Dealer*. It is
 also found in *Tristram Shandy* and other works. Indeed, it
 might be found anywhere.

STANZA II. LINE 3. 'Gie fools their silk,' early sets. 7-8 in
 the early sets read:—

'An' honest man tho' ne'er sae [or so] poor
 Is chief o' [or of] men for a' that.'

STANZA III. LINE 3. 'Tho' hundreds beckon at his nod,'

Oracle and Tutin MS. 6. 'His dignities an' a' that,' *Oracle* and Tutin MS. 7. 'A man of independent mind,' the early sets. 4. 'Can sing and laugh at a' that,' *Oracle* and Tutin MS.; 'can look and laugh,' *Glasgow Magazine*, *Scots Magazine*, Brash and Reid, and Stewart.

IS THERE
FOR
HONEST
POVERTY

STANZA IV. LINE I. 'The King can mak [or make] a belted knight,' the early sets. 4. 'Fa' that':—This phrase has puzzled the Editors. Here they usually translate it 'attempt.' But the common meaning is 'have' (*i.e.* 'possess'), or, better still, 'claim,' or 'lay claim to,' as in the following examples:— 'We Norlands manna fa' To eat sae nice and gang sae braw' (Beattie); 'The Whigs think a' that weal is won, But faith they manna fa' that' (*Collection of Loyal Songs, ut sup.*); 'He that some ells of this may fa'' (Fergusson); 'Or wha in a' the country round, The best deserves to fa' that' (Burns). This, too, is the sense in the archetypal song:— 'Put butter in my Donald's brose, For weel does Donald fa' that':—as in the present derivative, where 'Gude faith, he manna fa' that' plainly means that the power of making an honest man, as a belted knight is made, is one no king can be allowed to claim. 6. 'His dignities and a' that,' *Glasgow Magazine*, *Scots Magazine*, Brash and Reid, and Stewart; 'His garters, stars, and a' that,' *Oracle* and Tutin MS. 8. 'Are better far than a' that,' *Oracle* and Tutin MS.; 'Are grander far,' *Glasgow Magazine*, *Scots Magazine*, Brash and Reid, and Stewart.

STANZA V. LINE I. 'Then let us pray the time may come,' *Oracle* and Tutin MS.; 'And [An'] come it will,' *Oracle* and Tutin MS.; 'As come it shall,' *Glasgow Magazine*, *Scots Magazine*, Brash and Reid, and Stewart. 3. 'When Sense and Truth o'er a' the earth,' early sets. 4. 'Shall bear the gree for a' that,' *Oracle* and Tutin MS. 6. 'An' [And] come it will for a' that,' *Oracle* and Tutin MS. 7-8 in the *Scots Magazine* read:—

'And man to man shall brothers be
The world o'er for a' that.'

7. 'And man to man the world o'er,' *Glasgow Magazine*, Stewart; 'When man to man the world o'er,' Brash and Reid.

MARK YONDER POMP

THOMSON (Vol. iv. 1805) and Currie (1800). The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

A 'reverie' on Chloris. 'Well, this is not amiss' (R. B. to Thomson, May 1795).

O, LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT

THOMSON (Vol. iv. 1805) and Currie (1800). Both MSS. are at Brechin Castle.

Founded on a song in Herd's *Collection* (1769), which Burns revised for Johnson's *Museum*. The first stanza and the chorus are borrowed from the Herd set, which is one of many derivatives from a group of blackletter ballads (see *ante*, p. 377, Prefatory Note to *Wha Is That at My Bower Door*, and p. 450, Prefatory Note to *O, Open the Door*). In August 1793 Burns sent Thomson a second; in September 1794 a third; in February 1795 'another trial,' with the remark:—'I do not know whether it will do.' This last one Thomson used. After the Chorus and Stanza 1. the earlier version runs thus:—

'Tho' never durst my tongue reveal,
Lang, lang my heart to thee's been leal;
O Lassie dear, ae last fareweel,
For Pity's cause alane, jo.

'O wyte na me until thou prove
The fatal force o' mighty love;
Then should on me thy fancy rove
Count my care by thine ain, jo.

'O Pity's ay to woman dear:
She heav'd a sigh, she drapt a tear;—
'Twas love for me that brought him here,
Sae how can I complain, jo?'

CHORUS. LINE 3. '*For Pity's sake* this ae nicht,' Thomson and Currie, but there is no MS. authority. 4. '*I'll no come back again*, jo,' Herd and earlier Burns.

STANZA I. LINE I. 'O Lassie, *art thou* sleepin [or *sleeping*] O, LET ME yet,' Herd and earlier Burns.

STANZA II. LINE I. 'O hear'st *thou not the* wind an' weet?' IN THIS AE NIGHT
erroneous reading.

STANZA IV. of *Her Answer*. LINES 2-4 read in the MS.
thus :—

'Is now the cruel fowler's prey,
Let witless, *trusting* woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo' :—

but Burns discarded this for the reading in the text, with the remark :—'By God I have thought better.'

O PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY

THOMSON (Vol. iv. 1805) and Currie (1800). 'Did you not once propose *The Sow's Tail to Geordie* as an air for your work? I am quite delighted with it; but I acknowledge that is no mark of its real excellence. I once set about verses for it, which I meant to be in the alternate way of a lover and his mistress chanting together. . . . I have just written four stanzas at random, which I intended to have woven somewhere into, probably at the conclusion of, the song' (R. B. to Thomson, September 1794).

He finished the duet one morning in November, 'though a keen blowing frost,' in his 'walk before breakfast.' The portion written in September consisted of Stanzas iv. and v. In the earlier MS. 'Jeanie' and 'Geordie' were the 'He' and 'She.'

Both MSS. are at Brechin Castle.

STANZA V. LINE 7. '*I care na wealth* a single fie,' earlier MS. 8. 'The lad I *loe's* the lad for me,' earlier MS.

O, WERE MY LOVE

THOMSON (Vol. iv. 1805) and Currie (1800).

The second stanza is a fragment preserved in Herd's Collection :—'This thought is inexpressibly beautiful,

O, WERE and, so far as I know, quite original. It is too short for MY LOVE a song, else I would forswear you altogether except you gave it a place. I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain. After balancing myself for a musing five minutes on the hind-legs of my elbow-chair, I produced the following [*Were My Love Yon Lilac Fair, etc.*]. The verses are far inferior to the foregoing I frankly confess; but, if worthy of insertion at all, they might be first in place, as every Poet who knows anything of his trade will husband his best thoughts for a concluding stroke' (R. B. to Thomson, June 1793).

In the Herd ms. there is also a set three stanzas in length:—

'O, if my love was a pickle of wheat,
And growing upon yon lilly white lea,
And I myself a bonny sweet bird,
Away with that pickle I would flie.

'O, if my love was a bonny red rose,
And growing upon some barren wa',
And I myself a drap of dew,
Down in that red rose I would fa'.

'O, if my love was a coffer of gold,' etc.

And of burlesque fancies (not to be repeated here), there is no lack.

The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

STANZA I. LINE 8. '*Gallant*' and '*merry*' are alternative readings with '*youthfu*,' and '*leaf*' is an alternative reading for '*bloom*.'

SLEEP'ST THOU

THOMSON (Vol. iv. 1805) and Currie (1800). Burns sent a copy to Thomson, 19th October 1794, and a revised copy on the 27th October.

Both mss. are at Brechin Castle. An early sketch is in the possession of the Earl of Rosebery.

STANZA I. LINES 5-9 originally read:—

'Now thro' the leafy woods
 And by the reeking floods,
 Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly, stray.
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower.'

SLEEP'ST
 THOU

STANZA II. LINES 5-12 originally read:—

'When absent from my fair,
 The murky shades of care
 With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky,
 But when in Beauty's light
 She meets my ravish'd sight,
 When thro' my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart,
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.'

THERE WAS A LASS

THOMSON (Vol. iv. 1805) and Currie (1800).

Certain stanzas were sent to Thomson in April 1793, and the finished ballad on July 2nd. The heroine was Jean M'Murdo, daughter of Burns's friend, John M'Murdo (see Vol. ii. p. 375, Prefatory Note to *To John M'Murdo*). To her he sent a copy:—'In the inclosed ballad I have, I think, hit off a few outlines of your portrait. The personal charms, the purity of mind, the ingenuous *naïvété* of heart and manners in my heroine are, I flatter myself, a pretty just likeness of Miss M'Murdo in a cottage.'

Slightly reminiscent of *Buttery May* in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and other books, which begins:—

'In yonder town there was a May
 Snack and perfyte as can be ony':—

and of which this is Stanza II. :—

'Her bonnyness has been foreseen
 In ilka town baith far and near;
 And when she kirns her minny's kirn,
 She rubs her face till it grows clear:

THERE
WAS A
LASS

But when her minny she did perceive
Sic great inlack amang the butter :—
"Shame fa' that filthy face of thine,
'Tis crish that gars your grunzie glitter."

The MS. sent to Thomson—MS. (B)—is at Brechin Castle, and another—MS. (A)—giving several interesting new readings, is in the possession of Mr. R. B. Adam, Ohio, U.S.A.

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'And ay she wrought her *mammie's* wark,' Currie and Thomson; and similarly in lines of other Stanzas.

STANZA IV. LINE 2. 'That *turn'd the maute in yon town-en*,' MS. (A).

STANZA V. LINE 1. 'Tryste' may here refer to the appointed meeting-place of lovers (cf. *Mary Morison*, Stanza 1. Line 2, 'The trysted hour'). It is also a common word for a cattle fair.

STANZA VI. is omitted in MS. (A):—'Is this stanza not original?' (R. B. to Thomson).

STANZA VII. LINES 2-4 in MS. (A) read :—

'*Her life was naught but care and pain,
Yet kend na what her ail could be
Or what would ease her heart again.*'

STANZA VIII. LINE 3. 'When Robie tauld a tale o' love,' MS. (A).

STANZA IX. in MS. (B) and as hitherto printed reads :—

'*The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheeks to hers he fondly laid,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love.*'

STANZA X. LINE 4. 'And learn to *turn the maute wi' me*,' MS. (A).

STANZA XI. in MS. (A) reads :—

'*Thy handsome foot thou shalt na set
In barn or byre to trouble thee;
But sit on a cushion and sew at thy seam,
And learn to turn the maute wi' me.*'

STANZA XII. LINE I. 'Now *Jeanie wist na what to say*,' MS. (A). 4. 'And *bliss* was ay between them twa,' MS. (A).

THE LEA-RIG

THOMSON (Vol. iv. 1805) and Currie (1800).

'On reading over *The Lea-Rig*, I immediately set about trying my hand on it, and after all, I could make nothing more of it than the following, which Heaven knows is poor enough.'—(R. B. to Thomson). Here he probably referred to *The Lea-Rig* in Johnson's *Museum* (No. 49, Vol. i.). This is his note on it in the Interleaved Copy:—
'The old words of this song are omitted here, though much more beautiful than those inserted, which were mostly composed by poor Fergusson in one of his merry humours. The old words began thus:—

"I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind deary, O,
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind deary, O.
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wat,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind deary, O."

A fuller set of the *Museum* words is in the Herd ms.—(it may be noted here that Fergusson and Herd were cronies)—and a set is preserved in *The Merry Muses*, which, save for a difference in the refrain—'I'll lay thee' for 'I'll row thee'; and 'My lovely Mary, dearie, O' (used six times) for 'My ain kind dearie, O' (used once)—is very nearly identical with the 'old words' quoted by Burns in the Interleaved Copy. The set in the Herd ms. has this stanza:—

'I'll row you east, I'll row you west,
I'll row you the way you like best;
And I'll row you o'er the lea rig,
Mine ain kind dearie, O.'

THE But the Herd ms. also contains a fragment, which is,
LEA-RIG perhaps, the archetypal original :—

‘Tho’ the night were ne’er sae dark,
And I were ne’er sae weary,
I’d meet on the Ley Rig
Myn ain kind Deary.’

There are two mss.—(A) and (B)—at Brechin Castle.

STANZA I. LINE I. ‘*E’ning star*’ and ‘*parting sun*’ are alternative readings for ‘*Eastern star*’; but ‘*I will have it the eastern star*’ (R. B.). 5. ‘*Down by the burn, where birken-bobs,*’ MS. (A); ‘*birken-buds,*’ deleted reading in MS. (B).

STANZA II. LINE I. ‘*In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,*’ MS. (A). 5. ‘*Altho’ the night were ne’er sae wet,*’ MS. (A).

STANZA III. was added in MS. (B). 3. ‘*At noon the fisher seeks the glen,*’ alternative reading in MS. (B).

MY WIFE’S A WINSOME WEE THING

THOMSON (Vol. v. 1818) and Currie (1800). ‘*In the air—My Wife’s a Wanton Wee Thing*—if a few lines smooth and pretty can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following I made *extempore* to it; and though, on further study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air, so well as this random clink’ (R. B. to Thomson, 8th November 1792). To this Thomson replied :—‘*Of the other song, My Wife’s a Winsome Wee Thing, I think the first eight lines very good, but I do not admire the other eight, because four of them are a bare repetition of the first verse. I have been trying to spin a stanza, but could make nothing better than the following: do you mend it, or, as Yorick did with the love-letter, “whip it up in your own way” :—*

“O leeze me on my wee thing,
My bonie blythesome wee thing!
Sae lang’s I hae my wee thing,
I’ll think my lot divine,

“Though warld’s care we spare o’t,
And may sae meikle mair o’t,
Wi’ her I’ll blythely bear it,
And ne’er a word repine.”

MY WIFE’S
A WINSOME
WEE THING

Burns, being especially resolved that he would not alter *Bonnie Lesley*, thought fit to flatter Thomson by stating that his corrections were ‘perfectly right,’ and that the alteration of the second stanza was ‘a positive improvement.’ He gave, however, no further sign, and Thomson did not publish the song till 1818, when he incorporated his own amendments:—‘*My Love’s a Winsom Wee Thing*, changed from the old name of the air, *My Wife’s a Wanton Wee Thing*, the first stanza by Burns, the others by George Thomson.’

Burns’s ms. is at Brechin Castle.

CHORUS. This was all the original Burns that Thomson left, and in Line 3 he substituted ‘*bonie*’ for ‘*lo’esome*.’ 4. ‘This *dear* wee wife o’ mine,’ deleted reading.

STANZA II. LINE I. ‘*Wrack*’ = ‘*Vengeance*’ or ‘*wrath*,’ but here probably used in the sense of ‘*evil*’ in general.

MARY MORISON

THOMSON (Vol. v. 1818) and Currie (1800). The ms. is at Brechin Castle.

This little masterpiece of feeling and expression was sent to Thomson, 20th March 1793. ‘The song prefixed is one of my juvenile works. I leave it among your hands. I do not think it very remarkable either for its merits or demerits’ (R. B. to Thomson); and Thomson sat on it for upwards of twenty-five years. Gilbert Burns told him that Mary Morison was the heroine of some light verses beginning:—*And I’ll kiss thee yet, yet* (see p. 34). She has therefore been identified with *Elison Begbie*. But a Mary Morison, the daughter of one Adjutant Morison, who lived at Mauchline from 1784, is

MARY MORISON said to have been as beautiful as amiable. She died of consumption, 29th August 1791.

For the stanza of *Mary Morison* see *ante*, Vol. i. p. 371-2, Prefatory Note to *The Lament*. It is prettily exemplified, with the addition of a refrain, as in the ballade proper, in the three octaves of a song (here modernized) in the Bannatyne ms., which Burns most certainly read in *The Evergreen*, and which may very well have given him the metrical scheme of his own immortal lyric :—

‘When Flora had o’erfret the firth
 In May, of every moneth queen ;
 When Merle and Mavis sings with mirth,
 Sweet melling in the schawës sheen ;
 When all lovers rejoicèd been
 And maist desirous of their prey ;
 I heard a lusty lovr mene :—
 “ Whom I love I dare nocht assay ! ” ’

STANZA I. LINE 2. ‘The trysted hour’ = the hour appointed.

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